

THE Country GUIDE

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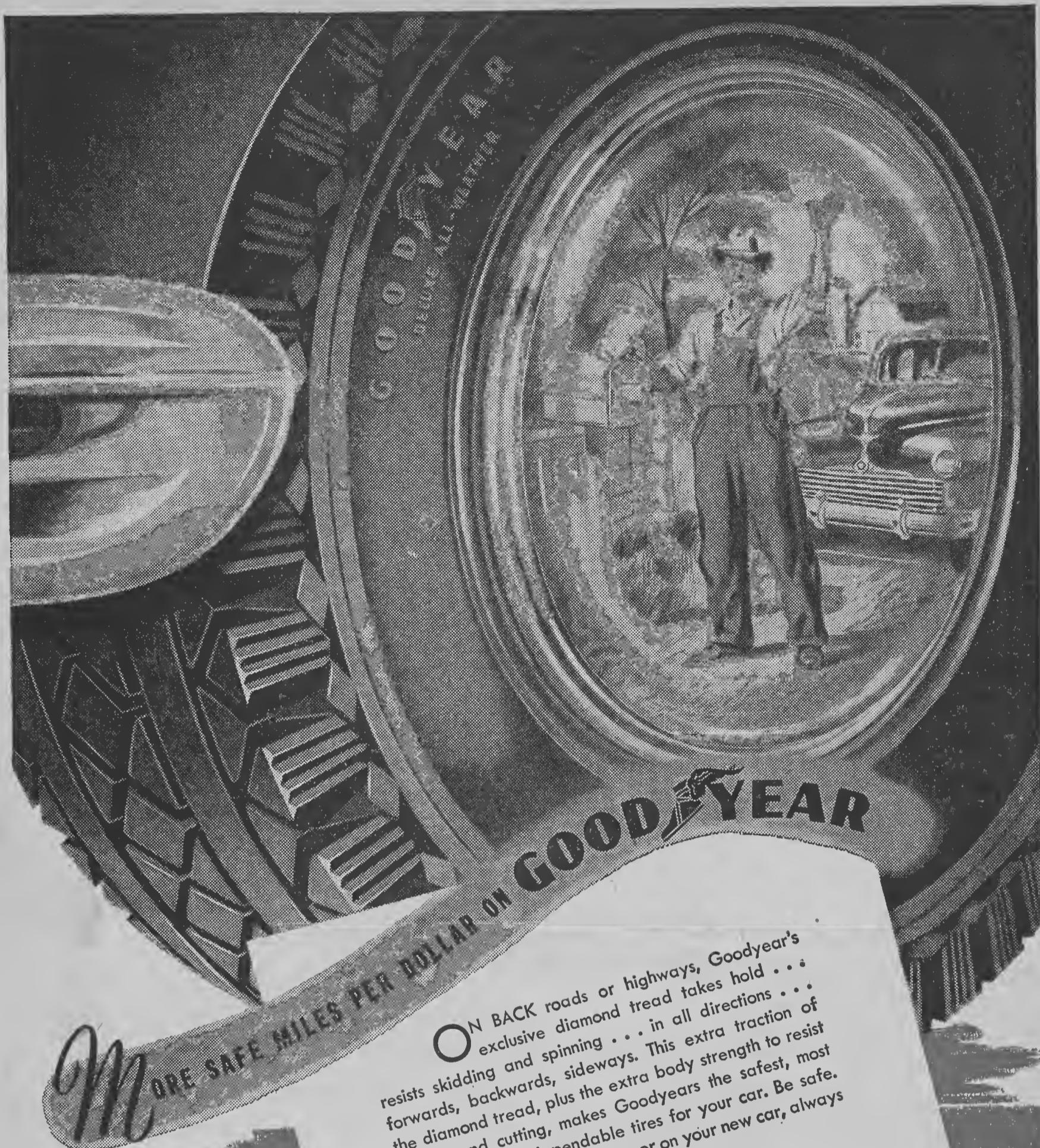
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Britain's Farm Disaster

THE plight of British agriculture is one of the most serious factors in that nation's precarious economy. The losses of food and food potential, together with the capital destruction in farm buildings and effects, makes a staggering total. Latest reports list the losses as follows: Sheep dead from severe winter weather number 4,000,000; cattle lost and slaughtered to prevent starvation, 30,000; winter grain, mostly wheat, amounting to 300,000 acres, has been winter killed or flooded; and 100,000 tons of badly needed potatoes have been destroyed by frost and flood. The value of small stock losses is estimated at £500,000, while 600,000 acres of land, including some of the best in Britain, has been flooded, in some cases to a depth of six feet or more. A month after the floods broke, the National Farmers' Union estimated the loss from that cause alone at £40,000,000. It is doubtful if the whole score can be known for many months.

In Great Britain the 1946 harvest season was one of the worst on record. Torrential rains followed by floods brought destruction to much of the sorely needed grain harvest. In desperation some farmers resorted to bulldozers to remove the sodden sheaves from the fields and dump them in the rivers. In addition to grain losses, great quantities of fodder could not be saved for essential winter feed. In many localities fall land work could not be carried out. Disastrous as these conditions were, they paled into insignificance beside the stark tragedy that overtook much of British agriculture in succeeding months. The harvest rains were followed by heavy snowfall and successive freezing and thawing. Temperatures reached the lowest point in living memory. Late winter blizzards piled up mountains of snow. Transportation was at a standstill. Sheep by the millions died from exposure. In many localities feed supplies became exhausted and, with roads and railways blocked, these supplies could not be replenished. Only limited relief could be gained through the valiant efforts of the R.A.F. in dropping bales of fodder from the air. Cattle by the hundreds were slaughtered to prevent starvation.

And then came the floods. Heavy falls of snow and rain, accompanied by high winds, continued through-



Losing the first battle to close the Ouse gap. Below: The gap finally closed with the use of tanks.

out the winter and spring months. The climax came during the middle of March. Gales blew with a velocity of 70 to 90 miles per hour. In bomb-wrecked London, skeleton walls collapsed before the storms and walking on the street was a physical struggle of no mean proportion. Out in the fenlands the rivers burst their retaining walls and poured out over a rich farming country, covering many thousands of acres with water from three to six feet deep.

Serious as the loss of the crop is to British farmers, of greater importance is the loss of livestock, feed stocks, and unthreshed grain, and perhaps above all, the terrible destruction of farm buildings, dwellings and personal effects. The National Farmers' Union has estimated the capital loss to farmers at £20,000,000.

My arrival in England to attend the International Wheat Conference happened to coincide with the spreading of the flood waters, and it seemed to me important to interpret the agricultural situation to the readers of *The Country Guide*.

ON the northeast coast of England, there is a large square indentation in the coast line known as The Wash. Into this great arm of the sea empty four large rivers, the Witham, Welland, Nene and the Great Ouse. Centuries ago these rivers lost themselves in a huge inland marsh, or fen as it is known in England. Up to the middle of the 16th century the inhabitants of the area made their living chiefly from fishing and hunting the wild fowl that then abounded.

The agricultural development of the fenlands in this area dates back to Francis Russell, the fourth Earl of Bedford, and like most great changes was not accomplished without accompanying social and economic

disturbances. Prior to the time of Oliver Cromwell, the Duke of Bedford, already a large landholder, decided to expand his acreage. To this end he formed a company of adventurers and set out to drain the fenlands. And thus began the process of building canals through which to carry the river waters across the marshes to the sea.

There was, of course, considerable resistance to these developments. The fenmen, being largely hunters and fishermen, realized that with the drainage of the fens the fishing would shortly become a bit dusty. Consequently they conducted night raids on the banks of the canals, breaking them in order to let the water back over the marsh areas. Oliver Cromwell recognized the agricultural possibilities of these marshes, if they could be properly and permanently drained, and he therefore intervened with military force and protected the river embankments. Near the village of Earith, on the banks of the Great Ouse canal, I saw irregular mounds of earth which marked the remnants of one of Cromwell's forts, erected for the protection of the river banks in that area.

In March, 1947, the army again came to the rescue of the river walls. This time with the full co-operation of the fenmen, they fought shoulder to shoulder, using sandbags, tanks and draglines to prevent a breaching of the banks. The fight was a losing one and the result

was tragic to most of the large fens. The most serious damage occurred in East Anglia and the basins of the rivers Trent and Ouse.

A first-hand account of the incalculable losses experienced by Britain's hard pressed farmers, from a wet 1946 harvest, unprecedented winter weather and disastrous spring floods

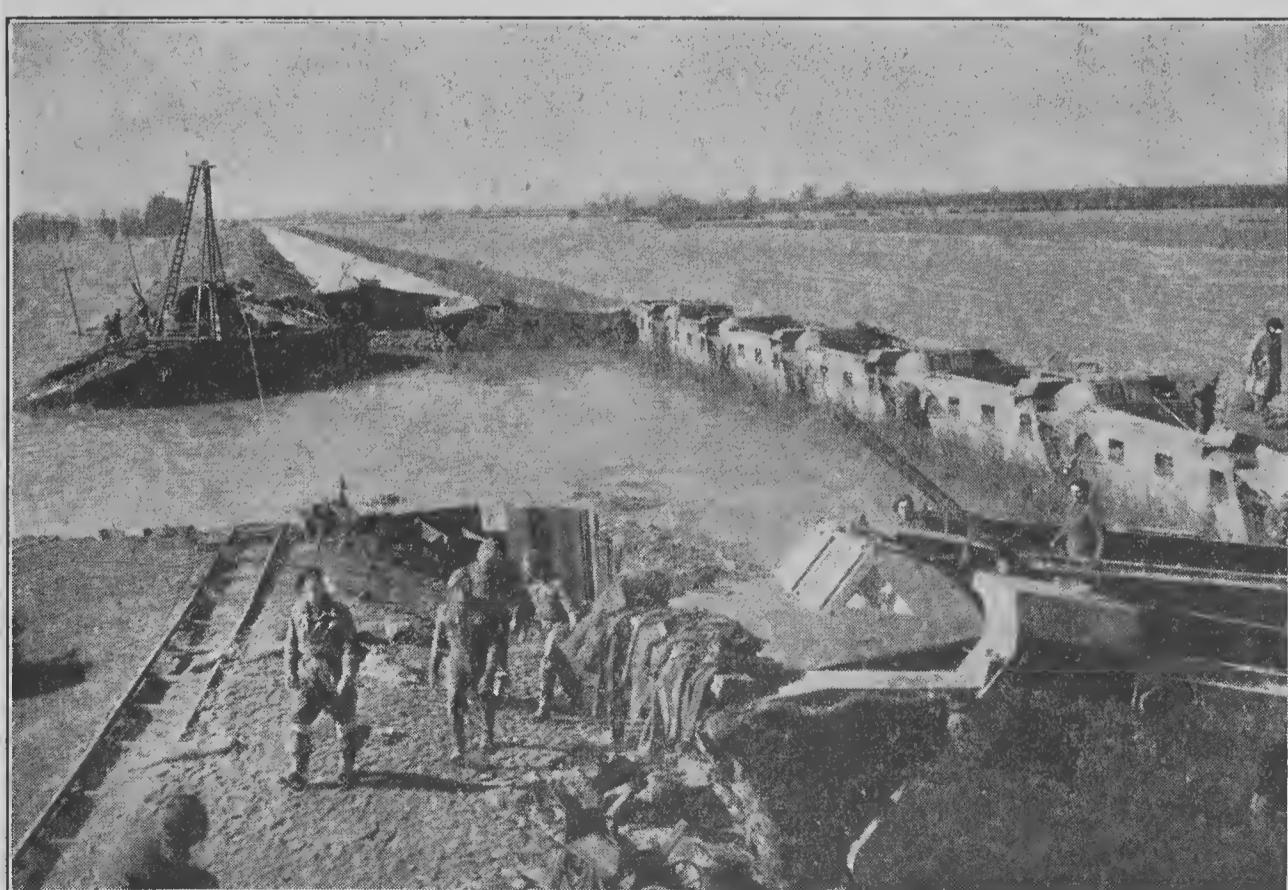
by
R. C. BROWN

lands after the dykes had been destroyed by the retreating German armies. While we have all been more or less familiar with the situation in Holland, I doubt if many Canadians know that thousands of acres of farm land in England are similarly below sea level.

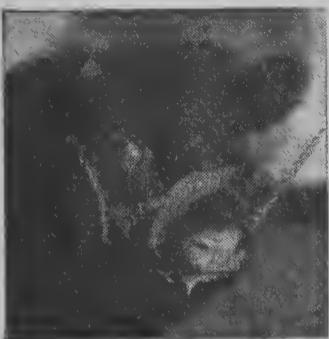
In the 300 years that have elapsed since the Earl of Bedford's first drainage project the various fenlands have become recognized as some of the most valuable agricultural areas in Great Britain. The maintenance of the necessary drainage is no longer a private responsibility. Catchment boards have been established to supervise and maintain each river channel. Where the channels pass through the fens they are, in reality, artificial canals with banks raised to a considerable height above the surrounding land. These canals normally lead the water from the higher inland areas directly to the sea.

Under the authority of the Inland Drainage Commission the actual drainage of the fens is accomplished through a network of smaller canals and ditches. The windmill has given way to more modern equipment and before the floods put them out of

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What's behind a purebred livestock registration certificate and how it came to mean what it does

By H. S. FRY

BRENDA and Pauline were Hereford cows. Pauline, born in England in 1880, was imported into Canada and probably died some time after Brenda (a freemartin-twin with a male) was born in the United States. Both were purebreds, but only Pauline became a registered Hereford female in Canada. The descendants of neither, however, could get registration in the herd book of the American Hereford Association—Pauline, because neither the date of her birth, nor the name of her importer, were recorded in the Canadian record; and Brenda, because having been born a freemartin and therefore likely to be sterile, was not registered by her United States owner within the time limit.

Brenda never came to Canada herself, but proving to be a prolific breeder, her four heifer calves, Brenda 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, were purchased by W. H. Hunter, Orangeville, Ontario, brought to Canada and registered here. For the last 50 years Canadian Hereford breeders have been plagued by the consequences of these earlier slipshod methods of registration; and though about 20 out of every 100 Herefords in Canada probably trace to Brenda or Pauline (about 19 to Brenda and one to Pauline), none of their descendants could be sold to the United States and registered there until the spring of 1947.

Now, of course, it would be quite unfair to blame either Brenda or Pauline. The blame attaches to the inaccurate, uncoordinated and provincial systems of

recording pedigrees existing in Canada until the year 1905.

Even this comparative laxity is understandable to some extent, when we remember for how comparatively short a time purebred livestock has been bred in Canada. While it is true that early Leicester sheep of the type bred by Robert Bakewell in England, were introduced into Quebec as early as 1800, the first Shorthorn cattle of pure blood about 1826, and the Clydesdale horses in 1840, followed by Southdown sheep in 1846, many of our pure breeds of livestock have come to us in the last 80 years—Hereford and Angus cattle in 1860, Shropshire sheep in 1864, Jersey cattle in 1868, Percheron horses in 1878, Holstein cattle in 1881 and improved Yorkshire pigs in 1886.

Thus, the establishment of many of our pure breeds goes back only a little farther than the settlement of western Canada in its early stages. During the period of breed introduction, the Dominion of Canada itself was welded together (1867-73), out of several separately governed territorial units—the three Maritime Provinces, Lower Canada (Quebec), Upper Canada (Ontario), Manitoba and British Columbia. Not until 1905 were the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta carved out of the old Northwest Territories and the nine provinces fully organized from sea to sea. It is, therefore, fitting perhaps that the nationalization of livestock records should have occurred about that time. Nevertheless,

as Brenda and Pauline have so well illustrated, the fact was that nationalization was sadly needed.

THE Livestock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture had been inaugurated in 1899 under Commissioner F. W. Hodson. Mr. Hodson lost no time in developing the possibilities of national records by means of the collection of data and discussions with provincial authorities and breed record associations. In 1900, Parliament passed the Dominion Live Stock Pedigree Act, which made it possible for the supporters of any individual breed to form a Dominion association for the purpose of recording pedigrees of purebred animals.

There were at this time many books of record. The Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture conducted or controlled the records for some six breeds of cattle. In New Brunswick, the Deputy Minister of Agriculture supervised the records and herd books for seven breeds of cattle, four breeds of swine and three breeds of sheep. In Quebec, there was a General Breeders' Association, which kept the records for French-Canadian horses and French-Canadian cattle, and for five breeds of sheep and six breeds of swine. Prior to 1896, the stud books of Quebec had been under the control of the Council of Agriculture. In Ontario, the provincial government supported, by annual grants, the records kept in the office of Henry Wade, who was the secretary of several breed associations conducting their own record keeping. These included the Clydesdale, Shire and Hackney horses, Hereford, Polled Angus, Shorthorn and Ayrshire cattle, as well as sheep and swine associations. In addition, the Holstein-Friesian Association, then, as now, conducted its own herd book, while James Mitchell, Goderich, Ontario, secretary of the Draft Horse Breeders' Association, conducted the Dominion Draft Horse Registry stud book. In 1903, the Territorial Sheep and Swine Breeders' Associations, whose secretary was the late C. W. Peterson, Calgary, opened their own records for sheep and swine, with Mr. Peterson as registrar. Up to 1904, when, on March 7, the first convention of breed association representatives and officials of provincial and Dominion governments was held in Ottawa to consider the nationalization of purebred record keeping, there were no records for the registration of livestock in Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, or British Columbia.

It was easier to agree on the principle of national records than to secure agreement on details and organization. There was some fear that too much control might ultimately rest in the hands of the Livestock Commissioner and his breeder friends; and it was only after the then Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Sydney Fisher, urged that control should remain in the hands of breed associations, that further progress was made. It was realized that the administration of the Live Stock Pedigree Act must remain with the department, but meanwhile it would be necessary to arrange with the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, as well as with the General Breeders' Association of Quebec and the Territorial Breeders' Association of the West, for the turning over of their records.

Some difficulty was still experienced with the breed associations in Ontario, and a second convention held in April, 1905 was necessary to complete agreement. At this meeting, the Minister of Agriculture presented an agreement to be completed between himself and each of the record associations joining in the organization of national records. By this agreement the Minister undertook to supply office accommodation, stationery, a seal of certification, some degree of financial assistance (to be administered by the record associations), and to appoint a special officer of the Department to examine and approve each individual certificate of registration before affixing the seal.

Each record association undertook to remove all its records to Ottawa, to appoint a registrar (not necessarily a separate person for each breed), to ad-

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Mr. Clay and Almon Boswell look over some gilts from 'Cornwall Empress' first litter. Taken on the farm of Lincoln Boswell, owner of this champion sow.

The packers like 'em; so do eastern breeders. Will western farmers take to them?

ISLAND YORKS

By
R. D. COLQUETTE

ago they began to find it difficult to find the type of York we wanted. We couldn't see eye to eye with them on standards. The breeders up there were favoring a shorter bodied hog, with heavier shoulders than we liked and a tendency to carry too much fat in proportion to lean. They also favored a decidedly short head and we think a short head goes with a short body. And so we were forced to discontinue all importations."

And what did they do about it? They decided on the kind of a hog they wanted and then went ahead and produced it. To begin at the front, it has a rather long head. A stubby nosed pig, with a wrinkled face that reminds you somewhat of the physiognomy of a bulldog, would be routed to the slaughter house even if it could trace its lineage back to the time when our ancestors were hunting its ancestors in the bush with clubs. They figure that a good length of head goes with a good length of body, which is what the market is yelling for. They also believe that a stubby nose is conducive to rhinitis, or bull nose, recently described in this magazine, and proudly point out that there isn't a case of bull nose on the Island.

THE neck is inclined to be rather long but here again they claim that by the law of correlation this also is indicative of length of body. The body conforms to the true bacon type, with smooth, compact shoulder, long, deep side and a ham that is long and tapering, quite long and tapering in fact. To prove that they have got something they proudly point to the record of their hogs on the rail. Mr. Clay believes that if all the market hogs were shipped at the proper weights, the percentage of Grade A's would be 75 instead of 50.

Another strong argument he makes is that the dressing percentage of the Island strain is very high. "When Canada Packers opened up here last summer," he said, "tests were made which showed that there was four per cent more ham to the carcass than with hogs from any other part of Canada. This seemed incredible and we thought the tests should be confirmed.

Some more carcasses were tested and they went even better. The fact is that our hogs are so lean that there is very little waste in trimming. We are getting what we went after, more ham and less shoulder.

"Another thing we go after is early maturity. We don't look on a hog that will fatten easily as an easy feeder. We have no use for a pig that will come to 125 pounds with lots of fat and then take a heck of a long time to reach 200 pounds. We think an easy feeding hog is one that will come to 200 pounds at five months of age without over finish. Not all of them will do that, but many of them do and that is

what we are driving for. Our strain of Yorks is growthy. They don't get fat, they grow. We want a hog that will dress up to 170 pounds without over finish and our very best ones do just that. Advanced registry records show that our hogs take no more feed to make market weights than hogs in other parts of Canada and that they reach that weight as soon as any, or sooner. Very few of them are marketed at over six months.

"Practically all our breeders are testing their sows under the Advanced Registry policy and ruthlessly eliminating all that fail to qualify. As your readers will know, under Advanced Registry they have first to qualify for production. They have to save at least eight pigs to six weeks of age. Four of these pigs are placed on test, usually at a federally inspected testing station. They have to come up to 200 pounds at 200 days. Then they have to come up to the standard when their carcasses are graded on the rail."

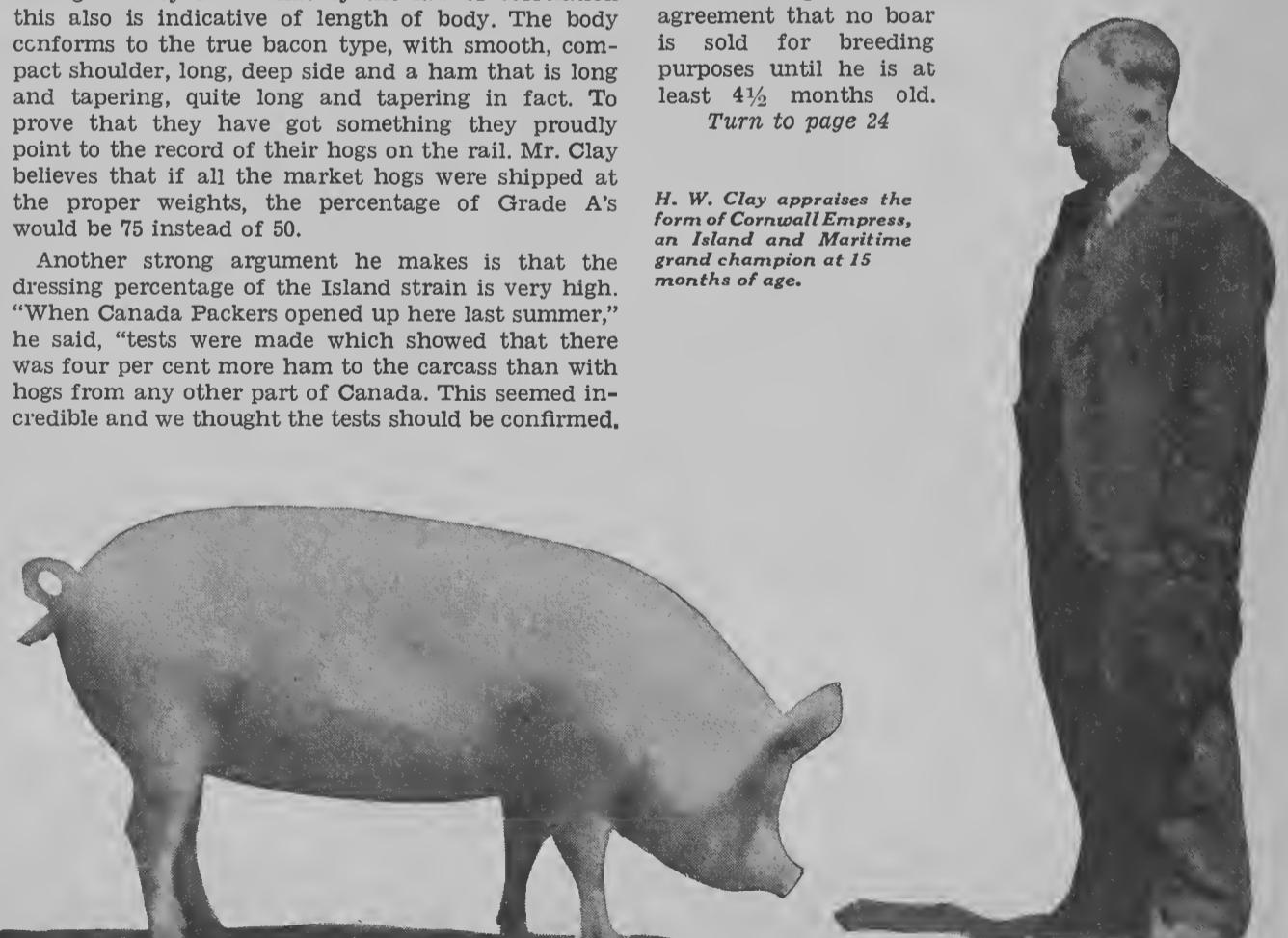
MR. CLAY took me across to see W. R. Shaw, deputy minister of agriculture for this agricultural province. "This Island produces chiefly dairy products, bacon hogs and poultry, with potatoes as a cash crop," said Mr. Shaw. "We are especially proud of what has been done with hogs. Five years ago we initiated a policy of boar inspection. Every breeder on the Island is visited once a month in summer and we never let an inferior type of boar into service. The boars are classified into three categories, according to our standards, and a yearly premium of \$12.00, \$9.00 and \$6.00 is given. To earn the premium the animal must conform to the standards and the breeder must keep him in service, provide him with good living quarters, keep him free from lice and so on. Under our system of inspection we can keep vigor and type up to standard, the standard of the Prince Edward Island strain of Yorkshire hog.

"The sows are also inspected, of course. If they have small litters, out they go to the packing plant. Shy breeders are out. If they are poor mothers, or have pigs which develop rupture or any physical imperfection, out they go.

"There is a gentleman's agreement that no boar is sold for breeding purposes until he is at least 4½ months old.

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H. W. Clay appraises the form of Cornwall Empress, an Island and Maritime grand champion at 15 months of age.



P RINCE EDWARD ISLAND scores again. But then she is accustomed to being well out in front, geographically and otherwise. The first known inhabitants of the Island were the Micmac Indians. Readers are not asked to believe that the mics were Irish and the macs Scotch, but rather that the Frenchman Cartier was the first white man to see that low, red clay coast, which puts the Island well back in Canadian history at that. Lord Selkirk planted a colony there years before the first Selkirk Settler reached the Red River. The idea of a united Canada was born in 1864 at a conference in Charlottetown, which still calls itself the Cradle of Confederation. People joked about a law which used to keep automobiles off the roads on market days and Sundays. They forgot, or never knew, that the first automobile ever to be demonstrated in Canada, a steam-driven affair, made a mile at a high rate of speed before 900 spectators away back in 1866 at a place called Rustico, on this same Island.

In matters agricultural, the little province in the gulf has quite a list of firsts to her credit. She gave the fox farming industry to the world. This spring she landed an order for 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes from Britain because she could guarantee them free from ring rot. At its last session, the legislature passed a law that nothing lower than certified seed shall be planted for growing export potatoes, which guarantees that they shall be disease-free and true to variety. In cattle, the whole province is a T.B.-free area. A recent widespread check revealed only 10 reactors. As for hogs, and this is where P.E.I. has scored again, the entire province is under a self-imposed policy of breeding which has produced a distinct Island strain of York, has run the proportion of Grade A hogs up to 50 per cent and promises to make the province a great source of Yorkshire breeding stock for this Dominion.

All this has not been accomplished without restrictive laws, departmental regulations and collective acquiescence. But make no mistake about it, those Islanders are rugged individualists. Call it paternalism, bureaucracy, regimentation or what you will, it doesn't prevent them from sticking up for their rights. Seventy-five per cent of the people are on the land and they control the destinies of the province. I dropped into a Charlottetown store one morning recently to get a couple of rolls of films.

"I see you are not on fast time here," I remarked.

"Oh, no," replied the proprietor, "the farmers don't like it."

"Are they still running the Island?" I queried.

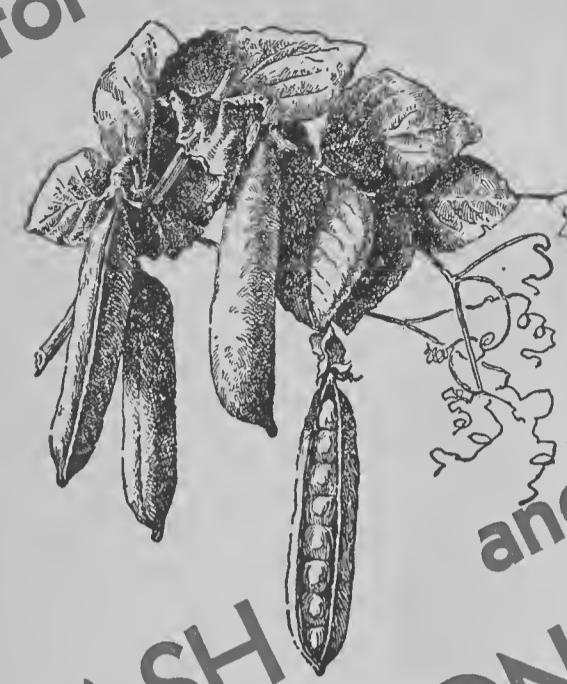
"I'll say," said he. "Why, they even got the legislature to pass a law that no town can go on fast time unless the whole province does."

BUT about those hogs. P.E.I. has developed a special strain of Yorkshire which is attracting nation-wide attention. It came about in this wise: Away back 25 years or so ago, when hog grading was introduced in Canada, the Islanders decided that the York was the best bacon hog for them and that they were not going to fool around with any other breed. The first step was to restrict the prize money for pigs at country fairs to Yorks only. That soon settled the color question as far as Island hogs were concerned.

I talked with H. W. Clay, officer in charge of the federal Livestock Field Services for P.E.I., and a native of the province, who, in theory and in practice, practically runs the purebred hog business of the Island as if it were a single breeding unit and he was general manager. After all, there is nothing revolutionary about that. Every other industry in the country has a general manager.

"We used to depend chiefly on Central Canada for breeding stock," said Mr. Clay. "Every year a man would go up there and make purchases and some good hogs were brought in. But here about ten years

for



CASH and CONSERVATION

By P. M. ABEL

Portage farmers develop a crop which has been profitable during the war years and which they hope to keep as a permanent feature of their agriculture

CITYBREDS east of the Red River have a habit of telling prairie farmers of the terrible fate which awaits those who persist in mining the soil by continuous grain growing. But the "wicked" grain grower stops his ears to all this half-baked advice because his problem of making both ends meet transcends every other consideration. Though he may admit the evils of exclusive grain growing, nobody has yet demonstrated a more likely way of paying his bills from the produce of a dry land farm.

Except in two cases. In Saskatchewan's Carrot River Valley, and on the Portage Plains of Manitoba two groups of farmers have found a cash crop which is a soil builder, and at the same time as profitable as the soil exhausting small grains, a crop uniquely adapted to their environment—field peas.

Let us take a look at what is going on at Portage. It all began 22 years ago with Allan McCallister, who farms six miles north of town. In the troubled years after the first war, when farmers were uneasily experimenting with a wide range of new fangled ideas in order to ride out the first post-war depression, McCallister satisfied himself that there was money in field peas. But he was one of those lads who are not cut out to follow a general pattern. Even in those days he depended on strawberries and corn to make a serious contribution to his income. In the twenties McCallister was a generation ahead of his time. Commonly regarded as an unsafe man to imitate.

In those days Ontario and Quebec were formidable rivals in the growing of field peas. At the turn of the century Quebec was growing 4,000,000 bushels annually, and the makings of her traditional dish came off her own fields. Ontario's yearly crop was to the order of 18,000,000 bushels, and she was busily engaged in establishing a reputation for pea-fed bacon in export markets.

BUT tragedy stalked the pea crop in eastern Canada. The pea weevil made his appearance, and many a farmer who binned a harvest of peas in the fall discovered by spring that he had nothing but a bin full of shells. So devastating was the work of this insect that Quebec now grows fewer peas than the combined acreage west of the Great Lakes, and Manitoba alone exceeds the scant half million bushels which come out of Ontario. What remained of pea growing in the older provinces was relegated to the back country—Manitoulin Island, the Bruce peninsula, the upper Ottawa Valley; districts said to be "outside the weevil belt." More about this later.

The virtual disappearance of the pea crop from central Canada necessitated

importation. Poland filled the gap. For many years before the last war the price of peas in Montreal was set by the cost of sea borne supplies from Danzig. The ten-year average of dried peas before the commencement of Hitler's war was about \$1.05 a bushel f.o.b. Portage. The average yield on McCallister's farm was about 20 bushels per acre. Compared with the price of wheat, and regardless of Polish competition, peas began to look attractive as Hitler became more arrogant. Even some of McCallister's skeptical neighbors began to flirt with the idea of growing them.

In 1939 the Poles perforce gave up the pea business. The Montreal market was obliged to find or develop new sources of supply. The price of Canadian peas, never controlled throughout the course of the war, began to soar. In 1946 contract peas sold for \$2.45 a bushel at Portage. Some peas grown without contracts fetched more. Seed peas, of which there was a crop better than 17,000 bushels from Portage alone, sold all the way up to \$4.50. The four western provinces pushed their acreage up to 47,000 and grew 1,797,000 bushels, including the sizable contribution from Alberta's irrigation belt.

Sooner or later, Poland, in need of hard money, will recover from its prostration and Danzig peas will be on the quay at Montreal again. What will happen then to Canada's new found agricultural sideline? It was with this question in mind that I visited the pea farmers at Portage.

Whatever the long-term developments may be, Portage pea growers are not concerned about the immediate future. The floor price in the contract has been reduced from \$2.00 in 1946 to \$1.75 for the coming crop, but the trade is confident that the market

Straight combining peas on the farm of Allan McCallister

price will be substantially above the floor, with every prospect of it being as good as it was last year. Acreage under contract has increased from 9,000 to 11,500, made up by about 200 farmers. There are about 50 farmers growing peas without a contract.

Looking farther into the future, Portage people are confident that pea culture has come to stay. They recognize that at the present stage the limited market could be swamped and prices utterly wrecked by too rapid expansion. But assuming that this doesn't occur, there are favorable signs to guarantee the permanence of field peas as a prairie crop.

Allan McCallister says that he can grow peas cheaper than wheat, obtain better weed control, and come through dry years with greater certainty. One has to make some discount for enthusiasm but there is some positive evidence in support of his claims. The pea crop at Portage is handled with ordinary grain equipment. The peas go into the ground with the same drills that sow wheat, with every spout running. They come off in the fall by straight combining. Wheat on the McCallister farm requires the extra operation of swathing. Certainly peas are being grown, marketed and railed with less expense than when McCallister was meeting Polish competition before the war, and it may just be that with the application of mechanization to this crop the prairie farmer can face the Polish product with confidence, not only in Montreal but in export markets.

WHAT at Portage requires early seeding for best results. Peas can be sown throughout the month of May. This provides an opportunity for spring cultivation for weed control, which is the basis of Mr. McCallister's second claim. On the other hand, peas are more sensitive to chemical weed killers than the small grains are, and the farmer who is going to place reliance on this form of weed control had better forget all about peas.

In 22 years cropping, wet years and dry, McCallister has never had a pea crop failure. Regardless of this record it seems wise on land with less than 20 inches of rainfall annually, to leave peas out of the calculation.

Getting away from this debatable ground, there are two strong reasons why peas will probably remain after the war-time fat has been skimmed off all prices. In the first place there seems to be a general acceptance of the fact that small grains following peas yield more heavily. The soil fertilizing effect of peas is no longer scientific theory on the Portage Plains. Too many farmers have seen its effect on their own fields.

The other consideration has to do with the pea weevil, the bane of the crop in older lands. There is strong reason to believe that portions of western Canada, to use the language of old Ontario, is "outside the weevil belt." Stated with greater precision, the rascally beetle cannot survive our severe winters.

Weevils appeared at Portage last year, brought in with seed from another province. After they had had a taste of a Manitoba winter, Dr. R. D. Bird, of the Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Brandon, checked 1,500 samples of infested seed and found not one living weevil. With characteristic scientific caution, Dr. Bird will not say that weevils cannot live through a Manitoba winter. It may be that a winter of early and heavy snowfall, providing a blanket for three unbroken months, may give the pest the protection it requires. It may be that in time the weevil may adapt himself to this climate. But

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A crop of oats following peas yielded 103 bushels per acre for Garfield Sissons, Portage la Prairie. This feature of pea culture helps to guarantee its permanency.

THE OLD LADY HAS HER DAY

MY great-aunt Lou's shrill voice dropped suddenly into the pocket where we were sitting that October morning.

"Ha-hoop! You, Joe! Ha-hoop!"

My great-uncle Joe swung his heavy bulk around, down-curved his mouth, and looked plaintively at me, his mustache twitching, his blue eyes half droll, half sad. He uncrossed his legs and leaned away from the bole of the gnarled oak.

"I'm a-comin'," he shouted in the direction of the house, which lay some distance across the fields, only the gable of it jutting into the sky above an expanse of cornshocks and stubble, orange with pumpkins.

He got up, frightening a chipmunk from where it had been sitting with its curious eyes fixed upon us.

"I suppose ain't no use tryin' t' get outa seein' what my ol' woman wants," he said. "It's got so a body can't even set a spell but what he's missed. . . . You better come along, Old-Timer, or she'll be on my back for leavin' you here alone. Seems she seen a rattler here once las' year."

We went through the woods, rustling the yellow, red, and saffron leaves along the ground, up the slope of Stone's Pocket, cut into the fields, and came presently into the Stoll yard by way of the fence leading from the north down the pasture to the barn.

My great-aunt stood on the low back porch, one arm akimbo from her thin body, the other holding a limp towel. She eyed us over her spectacles, her pursed lips presaging trouble for my great-uncle. He was resigned to it.

"Since when has the cornfield moved to Stone's Pocket?" she demanded. "Sent Tom to find you where you was supposed to be workin', but he couldn't see you. Settin' in the pocket, with work to do! My soul and body, if that ain't just like you!"

"You ain't called me back jest t' tell me that," said my great-uncle, faintly indignant.

"I have not, Joe Stoll. Gus Elker's been and wants you to come right over to Hank Bloom's place. Hank's in some kind of trouble, seems like. Wants you and Gus to see about it."

My great-uncle looked relieved. "Sure," he said, "I c'n do that. I reckon that corn c'n wait."

My great-aunt snorted. "It's been waitin' this long while," she said.

"Now, Lou, don't let it get the best a you," said my great-uncle. He turned to me. "C'mon, Old-Timer. We'll go see what's eatin' off Hank Bloom."

"And you keep your fingers out of it, whatever 'tis," warned my great-aunt sternly. "I know you, Joe Stoll, when you're a-fixing things up for people."

Hank's neighbors planned to help him on the day of the sale, but Great-aunt Lou worked out her own line of strategy

by

AUGUST W. DERLETH

that it was in fact, though it touched upon Gus Elker's land, some distance from my great-uncle's. We cut back to the pocket, this time walking along its southern slope, and made for Bloom's.

The morning was warm for October, but aromatic from the pocket with the smell of fallen leaves and smoke in the air from where it lay all around the horizon. The earth was alive with movement—mice in the fields, gophers in the pocket, and squirrels scuttling rapidly from tree to tree, some with pouches filled with acorns and hickory nuts, plentiful that fall. The jays, seeing us, shrilled warnings into the pocket, and once a chipmunk whistled in alarm. There was a background of twitterings and chirpings from a host of small winter birds in the pocket.

Gus Elker, his melancholy yellow mustache drooped about his mouth, sat on the rail of Hank Bloom's barnyard fence. Bloom, a lanky man with iron-grey hair, though he was still young, sat beside him. Both of them looked the epitome of woe, Gus particularly, because, being naturally gloomy of aspect, the effect of genuine sadness on him was indescribable. Bloom was dejected in a dispirited way, and my great-uncle's coming roused response in Gus only, and this was a feeble and somewhat shallow enthusiasm.

"Here he is," he said. "Joe'll fix it. I mind me how he fixed that tractor works stock."

"What's up?" asked my great-uncle, his voice immediately officious and betraying his consciousness of Gus Elker's confidence in him.

"You tell him," said Bloom, turning to Gus.

Gus launched at once into his tale. "It's that there Stulpy . . ."

"Hoh! That ol' buzzard. What's he done now?"

"Ain't what he's done, but what he's aimin' t' do," said Bloom morosely.

"He's aimin' t' take Hank's place away from him," explained Gus. "He's a-goin' t' foreclose the mortgage on it."

My great-uncle raised his eyebrows. "Ain't no trouble about that," said he, without hesitation. "You,

"You let me do the worryin', Lou," he said.

Hank Bloom's farm lay northwest of Gus Elker's farm, at the far end of Stone's Pocket and nearer to the junction of the Spring Green road at the Fair Valley store. It was bordered on the south by the winding hills along the Logtown road, and beyond, by the Ferry Buff range. Along its western boundary lay Stone's farm. It was a large farm, as farms were known in the Sac Prairie region, and rambling, so

Gus, you got enough money t' help Hank make his quarterly payment, ain't you?"

"Sure, and I offered it real neighbor-like, but Hank ain't takin' it."

My great-uncle looked suspiciously at Hank Bloom, who stared glumly away, scuffing dust with one foot. "Why not?" demanded my great-uncle.

Hank shrugged. "Ain't no sense to it, röhöw," he said. "That Stulpy's a mind t' have my place, and he'll just be waiting for the next time, that's all. It'll just be puttin' it off, the way I figger."

My great-uncle shoved his hat back and scratched his head, a gesture indicating the process of profound thought. "Some sense t' that," he admitted warily. "But jest the same, the money's a help."

Hank shook his head.

"Seems there oughta be somethin' we c'n do about it," said Gus.

"If he forecloses, this place'll go up for sale," said my great-uncle. "We might buy it in, or we might buy up the mortgage."

"I can't let you fellers do that," said Bloom. "You'll be needin' your money. Something we ain't ever got too much of. And Stulpy, he'll be biddin' the place up. Tain't so much the money he wants—it's the place. It's a good place, and he c'n make money on it, and he knows it."

"How much's the mortgage?" asked my great-uncle.

"Never you mind," said Hank shortly.

"Three thousand," drawled Gus. "Tain't exactly chicken feed any way you figger it."

"No, I guess not," agreed my great-uncle.

THERE followed one of those strained silences which none of them could break with any relevant contribution to the problem. A flock of tufted tit-mice came suddenly around the barn and scattered above us, calling shrilly and causing a momentary diversion.

"Bird-time again," said Hank. "They won't be here long anymore."

"Oh, them will," said my great-uncle. "Some a them maybe jest come. Them's winter birds."

Gus inched around on the fence-rail and peered off into the distance along the way we had come.

"I be dog if that don't look like your ol' woman, Joe," he said uneasily.

My great-uncle turned and looked. "It is Lou," he said presently. "If she ain't the mos' restless woman!" He cupped his hands about his mouth and called, "Ain't you comin' the wrong way, woman?"

"I? Sure not," she called back, her voice arched with shrillness. "Ain't trustin' you to come back soon enough."

My great-uncle turned to Gus and Hank, spreading his hands in disgust. "I don't see how a man a my parts come t' marry a woman like that," he said.

My great-aunt came up.

"Looks like a funeral," she said tartly. "Ain't seen you all lookin' so down for a good month. Somebody gone off with Hank's best milker?"

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I scrambled into the car and sat at the wheel. "Now what?" I asked her.

NOT long ago a Canadian Holstein cow, Ormico Reta Roberts, hung up a new Canadian record for yearly milk production and a world record for cows milked three times daily, of 35,207 pounds of milk containing 1,075 pounds fat in 365 days. This beats the previous record made in 1939 by Colony Fleta Heilo, of 34,636 pounds of milk on four-times-a-day milking, and exceeds the 34,003.9 pounds former world champion record by a Wyoming cow in 1934.

Interesting, too, is the fact that the day after Reta's certificate was issued in Ottawa, another was issued to a British Columbia cow, Colony Miranda DeKol Heilo, for a record of 34,166 pounds of milk produced under similar test, so that Canadian cows at this writing hold first and second position in three-times-a-day milking record. The B.C. cow, too, has produced for Colony farm in six lactation periods a total of 165,824 pounds of milk containing 5,173 pounds butterfat.

If anyone were still ignorant of the fact, these records would prove the assertion that the dairy cow is a wonderful producing animal. She provides the nearest approach to industrial mass production that is to be found in any segment of our farm economy. Eggs can be gathered every day, broilers marketed in two to three months, Angora rabbits clipped every three months, pigs marketed in five to six months, lambs in six to seven months and a full grown steer in two years, but only the dairy cow yields her choice, nutritious and essential product two, three and four times per day.

The high yields achieved in the records already referred to are from five to seven times the production of the average dairy cow. They are unusual and not to be attained in any but the most exceptional herds of highly developed, purebred cattle. Nevertheless, their abnormality is matched by the woeful inefficiency of many producing dairy animals. Year after year, in times of extreme labor shortage and high cost, many animals are maintained on Canadian farms which do not begin to pay for the labor required to take care of them, to say nothing of the feed they eat—and all of this waste is so unnecessary.

It is unnecessary because of the ease with which the efficiency of the cow can be checked, since she transforms feed into milk so readily and so quickly that her efficiency can be checked at every milking. By the simple process of weighing the milk from each cow for from one to three days a month, say on the 10th, 20th and 30th, and sending average samples to be tested for butterfat content, the way is open to any dairy cattle owner to increase his efficiency and his profit on a sure foundation of fact. Admittedly, it is not so easy for an individual to test for fat content, though he can generally make arrangements with the nearest creamery to do this for him.

GOVERNMENTS, however, have come to the aid of enterprising dairymen, and several provinces have organized cow testing associations, on the basis of comparatively little cost to the individual milk producer. Schemes of this kind are in effect in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia and, very recently, in Manitoba. No two provincial schemes are exactly alike, nor need they necessarily be alike. This article is intended primarily to describe the system in effect in British Columbia, partly for the reason that it goes somewhat beyond most cow testing schemes, and also because it has been in existence since 1913.

From 1914 to 1925 the test period was the full 365-day year, but since 1926, the 305-day period has been in use. Spectacular increases as the result of cow testing are not to be found unless in individual herds. Over a large number of records they are practically

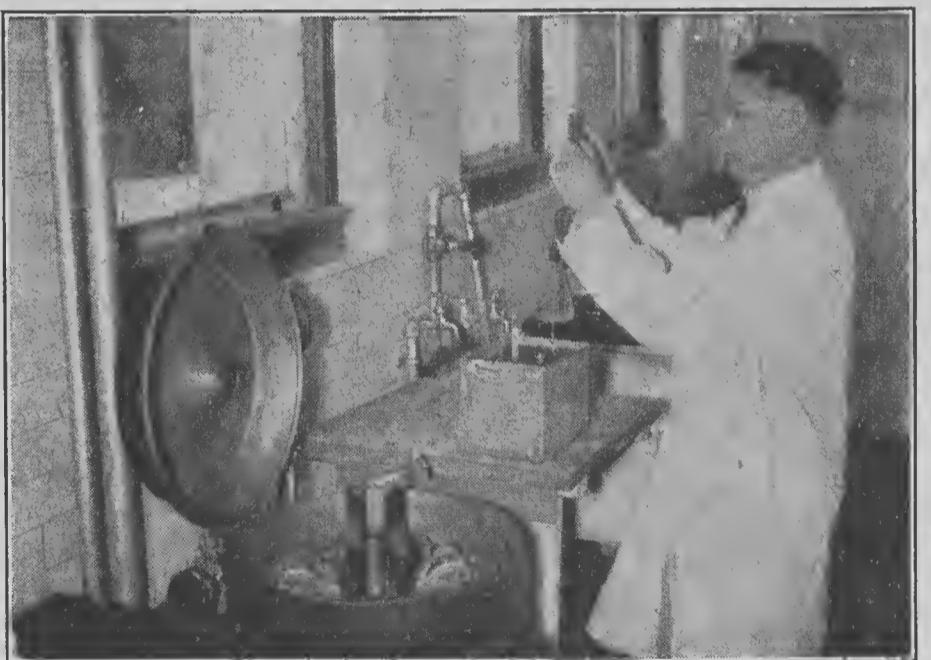


Weighing and recording. Below: Reading a Babcock test sample.

MILK RECORDS PAY OFF

By D. W. NASH

Over thirty years experience with cow-testing associations in British Columbia has revealed slow but substantial progress toward higher total and average production



impossible. In 1914, for example, the first year of cow testing association records in B.C., 193 records were secured, which showed an average of 6,706 pounds of milk per cow, averaging 278 pounds of fat from an average 4.14 fat test. This was the first year of World War I, and during the next two years average milk yields fell somewhat, as it always does when farmers become absorbed in the business of the mass production of food. Again in the mid-30's, when prices were low and farm work discouraging, there was a recession in average yield. Fortunately, the inevitable decrease in World War II was very slight.

By 1945, cow testing experience over 32 years showed the average raised to 8,606 pounds of milk, for an increase of 1,900 pounds since 1914; an average butterfat yield of 374 pounds for an increase of 96 pounds per cow; and an average fat test of 4.34 per cent for an increase of .2 per cent. Also, the number of records had increased from 193 in the first year of cow testing to a high of 6,307 in 1941. Influence of World War II was shown more in the number of cows under regular

milk weighing and testing than in the average production per cow.

Cow testing, since its inception, has been under the direction of the provincial Department of Agriculture and at the present time, approximately 9,000 cows are tested each month by 17 supervisors working in 14 cow testing associations. These associations are incorporated under The Societies Act, and are operated by the owners of dairy herds who are members in good standing. The B.C. Department of Agriculture furnishes, for each supervisor's route, all necessary forms for the herd record book, as well as a complete testing outfit. The 305-day record used is compiled from 10 spot tests of 24 hours each, representing a period of one month, and the production of a cow for 15 days prior to and 15 days after the actual test. The test is conducted entirely by the supervisor at the time of his regular visit, and the herd owner takes no part in the weighing or sampling of the milk. Supervisors are trained in their work, and the Department of Agriculture conducts periodical courses of instruction with a view to providing enough trained persons, who, as needed by the association, can be employed as supervisors. In addition, the Department subsidizes each cow testing association to the extent of \$60 to \$75 per month. Members of the association contribute an equal amount in fees, so that, from money contributed in this way, the supervisors can be paid. When the record is completed for any individual cow, a Certificate of Production is issued by the Department of Agriculture; and any later qualifying records are entered on the same certificate and endorsed by an official of the Livestock Branch.

THIS method of employing supervisors to carry out all the work of weighing, taking and testing the samples, as well as computation of records, is referred to as a Scandinavian or Wisconsin plan of cow testing. In actual practice, supervisors do much more than this. By making regular visits to each herd 10 times per year, the supervisor becomes acquainted with the individual herd, and to a considerable extent with the individual cows in each herd. He posts a production record for each cow on his route (about 500 animals), and also prepares a report on the rations fed on each farm at the time of his visit. Because of his experience with several different herds, he is able to make recommendations and suggestions as to more suitable rations and to render substantial assistance in the direction of herd improvement through improved breeding practice.

Under the scheme, all heifer calves from registered sires and whose dams are on test, are eligible for ear-tagging. Furthermore, to assist any member in selecting a proper young sire, the Department will prepare a

parental production summary from the Departmental records which contain details of all cow testing associations and Record of Performance tests completed by registered cows in British Columbia. This summary of parental production includes, of course, the sire and each of the grandsires and the dam and each of the granddams. For the latter, information is given as to the number and average production of recorded daughters and, in the case of sires, the average production of any five or more daughter-dam pairs. In the case of dams, too, the names of sons with five or more recorded daughters are given, if reported in the annual Departmental list of dairy sires.

THIS annual list of sires, incidentally, is of more than passing interest. The list for 1946 constituted the 16th list issued to date and, by breeds, shows information with respect to all sires having (principally in B.C.) five or more daughters with records either in cow testing associations or the Record of Performance.

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**At night in a lonely cabin, Danny
and Red wage a fierce battle
against a wily foe**

Illustrated by
CLARENCE TILLENIUS



With a little thud, the wolverene dropped into the open fireplace. In one mighty leap Red was upon him. . . .

BIG Red

PART IV

by

JIM KJELGAARD

IT WAS dark when Danny led Asa out of the beech woods and up to the maple tree in the pasture. The doe and buck were dragging behind the mule, sliding like sleds over the soft snow. Danny hung them in the tree, and for a moment stood with one hand on the buck's frozen carcass. A warm feeling crept through him. Life in the beech woods might be hard, harsh, and dangerous. But only the strong survived there, and Danny felt a swelling pride as that fact was driven home to him. The dead buck, hung by its antlers and swinging gently in the wind, was more than just another deer. It was another achievement and another victory, an assurance that he was strong. Danny stabled and fed Asa, and went into the cabin.

Ross was sitting in front of the stove, and Danny's hot supper simmered on it. Red threw himself down on his bed. Danny felt like doing the same. But a man just couldn't give way to weariness. He sat down to eat the meal his father had prepared, and leaned back to sigh.

"Hard day?" Ross inquired.

Danny shrugged. "There was a lot to do."

Neither spoke any more of the day's incidents. What was past was done with. What lay ahead was important. Ross drank a glass of water and coughed. Danny looked at him.

"How you feelin'?"

"Better. I'll be all set in a couple more days. It's hard to sit in, but I reckon it was a foolishness to want to get out."

"It sure was. And I'm glad you're seein' it that way."

"You aimin' to run Stoney Lonesome, come mornin'?"

"Yup."

"All of it?"

Danny hesitated. Stoney Lonesome was a long line. When travel was good, and unencumbered by snow, it was possible to leave the shanty in the beech woods at half-past two in the morning, go to the end of the Stoney Lonesome line, and be back by dark. But with snow on the ground, Stoney Lonesome was a two-day line. Danny looked keenly at Ross.

"That depends on how you're feelin'."

"I'm all right," Ross said. "I can take care of Asa and the milkin'."

"You sure?"

"Certain sure," Ross grinned. "Don't be such a fuss-budget."

"Well, I reckon I might as well run all of it."

"You might as well. I'll make you a pack."

When dawn came, Danny was far up the mountain. He swung the pack on his shoulders a little to one side, and shifted the axe that hung from his belt so that its wooden handle would not continue to rub

the same place on his hip. He brought one narrow-webbed snowshoe up beside the other and turned to look back at Red.

"How do you like winter in the Wintapi, Red? It sure enough is here!"

The big red setter, walking where Danny had packed the snow and stepping over the intervening ridges, came up and sat down on the tail ends of Danny's snowshoes. He raised his head and wagged his plumed tail gently back and forth as Danny slipped one mitten off and reached down to tickle his ears. Danny looked over the dog, down into the valley that yawned below him, at the winter-stripped beech trees that rattled gauntly in the wind. It was cold, but not so cold that the foxes wouldn't be running or the little white ermine sneaking through the thickets in their eternal quest for something to kill. A worried little frown creased Danny's brow. The cabin in the beech woods was three hours' snowshoeing from this point . . . But Ross would be all right.

Danny stooped to pry the ice out of his snowshoe harness, and one by one lifted the paws of the red setter to dig out any ice that might have collected on them. He was proud of Red. You took a hound along on a trap-line and the first thing you knew he was stealing bait, or leaving his scent around a fox trap,

or blundering into a trap and howling to be let out. But it had taken only two days to teach Red all about traps.

Of course a dog wasn't much help on a trap-line. But it was a lot of comfort to have company up here, and a man never could tell what might happen when he was out this way.

Danny thought again of Ross, back in the cabin, and a little grin played about his lips. Danny himself had set most of the traps on Stoney Lonesome, and so far they had taken most of the fur that Ross had brought in. But, so far, Ross had run the line and re-set sprung traps. This time, if Danny could re-set sprung traps

himself, and take a heavy catch of fur when they ran the line again, he would have a lot to say as to who was the real trapper of the family. The friendly rivalry between himself and Ross had existed for seven years now, ever since, as a boy of ten, Danny had first gone out on the long trap-lines.

"Dog," he said with mock severity, "if you'll heave yourself off my webs, we'll get on. It's a smart ways to the end of this here line and we won't hit the line cabin before dark, come what may."

DANNY resumed his journey up the ridge, bending his head against the gale that roared down it. Waiting until he got under way, and again stepping carefully in his snowshoe tracks, Red followed. A snowshoe rabbit hopped across the trail in front of him, and Danny thought wistfully of the .22 rifle he had left back in the cabin. But he had enough to eat and every ounce of weight counted on the trap-line. If a man picked up a heavy load of foxes to be pelted he had enough to carry.

The trail cut sharply upward, along the side of a shallow gulley that sloped from the top of Stoney Lonesome. Danny saw a jack pine beside the trail with three blazes in its gnarled trunk. He stooped, and shaded his eyes with his hands while he peered across the gulley at an unfreezing spring where there was a water set for fox. Nothing had disturbed the trap. With Red padding behind him, he resumed his journey and broke over the top of the mountain.

The character of the country changed abruptly. The valleys were laden with massive beech trees. Farther up, the mountain sides supported groves of aspen and an occasional jack pine. But here, on top, a veritable jungle of twisted laurel covered everything. Only an occasional pine reared above it, and the only way through was on the path that Danny and Ross kept open. Danny started snowshoeing along the twisted, snake-like trail. Presently, twenty feet ahead, he saw another of the triple-blazed trees that marked a trap in the brush. Red plunged around and ahead of him, wallowing chest-deep through the piled snow. Suddenly the dog's tail stiffened, and a snarl rippled from his throat.

Danny slipped a mitten from his hand, and let it

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THE Country GUIDE

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No. 6

Breakers Ahead

The World Bank recently achieved headline prominence again when it announced a loan of \$250 million to France with a further advance later in the year. Now that this great international co-operative institution is functioning the question arises as to how far it will be able to cope with the exchange debacle toward which the world is hastening. Not very far or effectively, with its present resources. Of its authorized capital of ten billions, eight billions have been subscribed but only 1.6 billions paid in. Of that only \$700 million is in dollars and it is dollars that count since only dollar countries can supply most of the goods that are needed. An attempt is being made to repair the deficiency by the sale of the Bank's debentures to American investors. Unless they come across with literally billions, succor will not be forthcoming from that source. The need for dollars is so acute that Great Britain foresees a collapse of world trade. She is not saying what she thinks should be done to avoid it but evidently has a vague hope that when the credits extended by the United States and Canada are exhausted, which will be within a year, they will be renewed.

If anything like a breakdown occurs this country will have something more serious to worry about than shortages of sugar, shirts and bungalows. Canada now owes the United States something like a billion dollars to pay for the excess of imports over exports. A sharp curtailment of imports is on the boards and Canadians wishing to have a good time touring south of the line may find such a trip difficult as well as expensive. In the desperate need for exchange there will be no restrictions on exports to the United States and Canadians will have to endure a continued or even a more acute shortage of such commodities as can be readily marketed south of the line. It may be that when Mr. Abbott, in his budget speech, defended the policy of keeping the Canadian dollar at par with its American counterpart he was whistling to keep up the country's courage. If it were allowed to depreciate within safe limits the effect would be automatically to counteract the present situation. Exports to the United States would be encouraged and imports from there correspondingly discouraged. The American tourist traffic would be stimulated while Canadian tourists would be further restrained from jaunts across the border. Evidence is piling up that the government acted too hastily in restoring the dollar to par. It would not be surprising if conditions were to force a reversal of its policy.

Nova Scotia Comes In

Nova Scotia has entered the new Dominion-provincial arrangement and in doing so got the amusement taxes which, under the agreements with the other provinces, are now handed over to other participants as well. In announcing Nova Scotia's decision Premier Macdonald advanced the suggestion that the B.N.A. Act should be amended so that particular fields of direct taxation would be assigned to the Dominion and the provinces. Neither would be able, in the future, to invade the fields that had been defin-

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itely assigned to the other. Such an arrangement would become permanent in spite of the temporary nature of the present agreements, which are for a trial period of five years. Mr. Macdonald's proposal has much to support it. For one thing in the five-year interim the permanent division could be worked out and the country might be saved a repetition of the controversy which has rocked it, a consummation, as Hamlet would say, devoutly to be wished. In the meantime, however, it would be of great advantage to have Ontario and Quebec come in to the temporary arrangement. There is a strong inducement for them to do so in the concrete form of something like \$100 million which is waiting for them in the federal treasury with an approximately equal amount available annually. The condition that a permanent division of direct taxation fields would be provided might serve as a face-saving device. Perhaps something like that is all that is needed. To the average taxpayer the hair-line legal divisions between federal and provincial rights are not convincing proof that the \$100 million should not be transferred to the provincial treasuries. And both Col. Drew and Mr. Duplessis know that the taxpayers will have something to say about it in the next provincial elections of their respective provinces.

Vanishing Debts

The steadily mounting line depicting the indebtedness of the three Prairie Provinces has taken a definite downward curve of late. Manitoba's pre-war debt of \$74½ million has been reduced to slightly over \$54 million, down 27 per cent. Of this \$5,439,675 is represented by the cancellation of debt owed to the federal government. Clear headed Premier Garson, in his capacity of provincial treasurer, has announced a policy by which the present debt will be retired in 24 years and the same rule of extinction will be applied to debts incurred in the future. In Saskatchewan the debt situation is more complicated, due to enormous borrowings from the federal treasury during the great drought.

A write down of this debt by \$44 million, and other adjustments, account for about 80 per cent of the decrease which has been achieved. The position now is that the net debt, which was \$199¾ million in 1939 is down 28 per cent to \$144 million and the indirect debt of \$32 million, representing seed, relief, railway and other guarantees, has been all but wiped out. The Alberta debt of \$158¾ million has been reduced 17.3 per cent to \$131½ million and \$27 million of this latter figure is represented by self supporting assets. A write-off of \$13½ million owed to the federal government for advances during the lean years helped materially to reduce the total.

With these reductions in provincial debts, with increased income from the federal government under the new financial arrangements, with lower interest rates and with 70 per cent of the farm mortgages liquidated, the sombre debt picture of 1939 has been repainted in brighter colors.

High Cost of Housing

Last fall the women adopted the Gandhi technique of passive resistance and refused to pay the price for furs. As a result—well, ask the first fox farmer you meet. As another result the price of fur coats came down. Now the house building industry is meeting the same kind of resistance though in lesser degree because the need for shelter is more urgent than the need for fine furs. There has been, however, a distinct slackening in the pace of house construction. The situation was dramatized when Housing Enterprises of Canada, organized by insurance companies to build modest, low rental homes, announced that it was suspending operations. The reason given was that, with the present costs of labor and materials, a modest house would have to fetch a rental of \$90 and people who live in modest houses can afford no such monthly outlay.

A simple calculation, based on figures published by the organization, shows that wages in the building industry have increased 37½ per cent since 1939. On top of that, according to a top flight official of Housing Enterprises, labor in the industry is 30 per cent less efficient than before the war. Prices of lumber have increased 50 per cent, of bricks, 60 per cent, and of some other representative essentials, 40 per cent. These figures are for the Toronto area. Almost everyone says, or thinks, that something should be done about it but so far no one has had the hardihood to come forward and say what that something should be. These maladjustments always accompany the process of moving up from one price level to another. When prices in general are adjusted at the new levels it will probably be found that they are 20 or 25 per cent higher on the average than they were after they had settled down following the first World War. One of the billion dollar questions is whether or not the period of price disturbance can be passed without running head-on into a depression.

The State of the Nation

The biggest surprise in the federal budget, which was brought down a couple of days too late for comment in the last issue, was that it contained so few surprises. Two years have



THE HOLD-OUTS.

elapsing since VE-Day and the crushing burden of income taxation was due to be lightened. It is still burdensome but it may prove to be down pretty close to its permanent level. The abolition of the excess profits tax, to take effect on January 1 next, has received singularly little criticism. There is legitimate objection to taking the years 1936-39 as a base period for computing the tax since some industries were still very much in the depression during those years. It should have been rationalized and retained. No other changes of importance were made. Even the tariff remained untouched.

Every intelligent Canadian should keep in mind at least these few, if colossal, figures of federal finance. The national income is running between 11 and 12 billion dollars a year. Of this the federal government last year collected \$2,600 million in taxes and \$372 million from other sources including the sale of war assets; pretty close to three billions in all. Total expenditures were \$2,632 million. There was a surplus therefore, of something over \$350 million for the fiscal year. The national debt now grosses \$17,660 million but active assets, including debts owed by other countries, bring the net debt down to slightly over \$13,000 million. The war cost Canada around \$20 billions, one half of which has been met by taxation. It has therefore added about \$10 billions to the national debt. When the extraordinary expenditures of war and demobilization have ceased the ordinary expenditures of the government will be probably around \$1,700 or \$1,800 million a year with present commitments and more if further federal social legislation is placed on the statute books.

With the present prosperity the burden, though heavy, can be carried. Should a depression set in, revenues would contract and disbursements expand, with consequences that are not pleasant to contemplate. There are, however, some mitigating factors that should not be overlooked. Such social measures as Family Allowances, which alone take a quarter of a billion a year, are a redistribution of the national income and, excepting administration costs, are not a cost of government. Or take the personal income taxes and most of the corporation and inheritance taxes, which will continue to be collected by the federal government. Part of these taxes are redistributed to the provinces. Taxes that would otherwise be collected by the provinces are therefore routed through the federal budget, which is thereby swollen without increasing the tax burden. Much more than the actual cost of the federal government now passes through the federal treasury. This should be kept in mind when comparing present budget with post World War I budgets of less than \$400 million or the last pre-World War II budget of \$532 million.

An Immigration Policy

Elsewhere in this issue Prof. A. R. M. Lower enumerates some of the considerations which make the formulation of a national immigration policy so difficult. On the constructive side it may be added that there is great need of overhauling the machinery at Ottawa. At the present time it is one of 28 sections of the Department of Mines and Resources. To do this important activity justice it should be the care of a separate department. In the past, aggressive immigration work has been left largely to the railway companies. It should be taken completely out of their hands. Immigration is primarily the responsibility of the government which is responsible to parliament and the people. Private or corporate interests should have nothing whatever to do with it. The people have to pay the shot anyway.

Such a department should have a clearly defined national immigration policy to guide it. Immigration is far more than bringing people into the country and seeing that they are provided with jobs. The primary principle is that in selecting immigrants the country is selecting the seed stock of the nation.

Under the PEACE TOWER

SOME called it an election budget, some called it a compromise budget, and some called it a good budget. But whatever anybody called it, you can't deny two things. The first is that the Abbott budget produced the first surplus in a long time. The second is that taxes came down.

Now to boil down a budget, and particularly to go over it again, some time after it is delivered, is no easy job. I heard Abbott deliver his budget, I listened to the boisterous yells of the Conservatives when taxes were reduced, I heard the equally vociferous sounds of the C.C.F. when they learned that high income taxes stayed high for the high brackets. I have felt that I was perhaps too close to the budget to view it dispassionately, just as a man who holds a newspaper too close to his face can't read a line of it. Then I decided to go back and read the budget all over again, in the perspective which time has given, and the fact that I would be doing it while 200 feet down the hall from my typewriter, the budget debaters would still be going at it, hammer and tongs, might give me new stimulus.

A budget always follows a certain pattern. The finance minister inevitably sets down the items he feels are important, he emphasizes the things the government feels good about. This forms the groundwork on which he will rear his new fiscal structure, during the second half of the budget. The first part of the budget is as harmless to read as a remedy for sore back, but the second half is the closely guarded part. In past years, even privileged Press Gallery reporters were not privileged to get copies of the second half of the budget. That was always where the hot stuff was.

This year, Mr. Abbott, in that half boyish, off-hand way of his, set forth his views on the year's achievements. He boasted of "a surplus larger than all previous surpluses of our history." Small wonder he emphasized the surplus, because, as I said, surpluses come rarely enough.

Then he brought good news for the 1948-1949 budget when he declared that "many substantial expenditures" will diminish by 1949. This would be useful to use on the hustings, in case of a snap election.

He spoke of gross national production reaching \$12,000,000,000, an item directed mainly at big business. Then he was at some pains to set the record straight on U.S. currency. There is more than meets the eye in this, but sufficient to say that the government is under enormous pressure all the time, from one side to knock the Canadian dollar down to 90 cents, thereby raising automatically the price of gold sold to the United States; at the same time, the other school wants to keep our money "even-steven" with the Yankee dollar. If the government does not keep its skirts clean at all times, there can always be attempts to create a scandal. I suggest that it is well to remember all the time Abbott spent on explaining the financial position vis a vis the American dollar, because it is always likely to pop into the news.

To those who have been fretting about all our money going out, and so little money coming in, Mr. Abbott indicated that "Canada may expect to benefit from the international machinery" soon. He means that the Bretton Woods agreement will soon start to work, and that Canada will start to get her money back for goods sold.

So he came round to the surplus of \$352,000,000, a tidy balance on the right side of the ledger. This was really a balanced budget.

For years, the talk of balancing the budget really has meant unbalancing the budget.

Moving on to his forecast for the fiscal year 1947-1948, which is the year we're in, I noted that he hoped to raise 625 million by income tax, and 325 million by the sales tax. In the case of the former, the taxpayer is assessed this as a direct tax, and groans accordingly. In the case of the latter, he doesn't know he is paying sales tax, and the average citizen rarely opens his mouth about it. Here perhaps is a good reason in favor of indirect taxes from a political standpoint; here perhaps, is also a good reason against indirect taxes from a pocketbook standpoint.

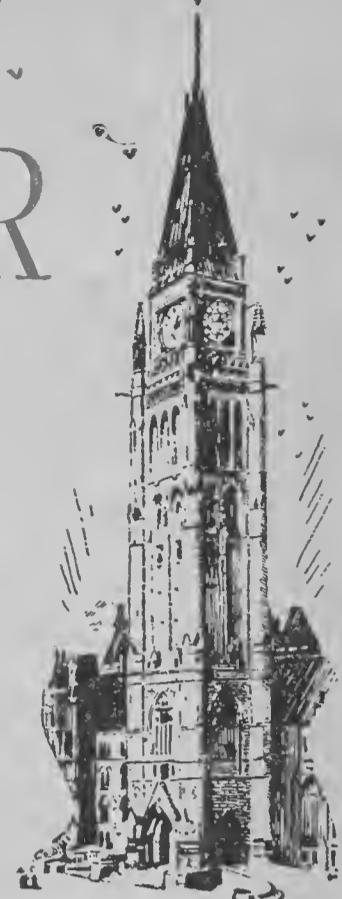
I thought the gist of the budget, however, was in the income tax reductions. Mr. Abbott indicated that nine out of ten people find taxes reduced 29 per cent.

It seems to me, that this releases a good deal of purchasing power which, in the long run, is what the country needs. It also frees a few dollars that will be available to take a chance in some new enterprise. Latterly, nothing new has gone up in Canada; first, because there were no materials, and second, because nobody had a spare dollar to take a chance on anything. You have to have venture capital to get things done in this country, and this reduced budget will release quite a few venture dollars.

To some, reductions will amount to as much as 54 per cent. That might be regarded as a pretty good angle if and when next election is called. Of elections, more later, but you have to admit that it would look good to read, during the campaign, stretched across the village street: "We cut your taxes in half!"

Mr. Abbott went on to answer criticisms of those who suggested that he might have eliminated entirely, income taxes for those getting \$2,000 and under, when married; and for single men getting \$1,000 and under. Incidentally, the newspapers slipped on that one, for it had been confidently predicted for months by big name writers as well as the little fellows, that these exemptions would be "upped" to something near that figure. But Abbott argued that the present exemption established last year was "high enough to exempt completely more than half the people earning incomes in Canada." He went on to say that if more exemptions were permitted, a large number of people below the present exemption levels would be obliged to pay the deficit through indirect taxes. It must be pointed out that the curse of indirect taxes is that they always fall on the rich and poor alike. For instance, a tax on matches is the same for a millionaire or a poor man, and the chances are as often as not, that a poor man would use more matches than a rich man. In any event, he held firm on the exemption line.

Turn to page 88



H. Rose

Are these Pests



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EVERY YEAR millions of dollars of Canadian crops are destroyed by insect pests, fungus diseases and weeds, resulting in serious losses of profits to the farmer and losses of vital foodstuffs in the markets of the world.

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NEWS OF AGRICULTURE



Group attending Canada's first short course for Extension workers, held May 12-16, at the School of Agriculture, Vermilion, Alta.

Extension Short Course

BELIEVED to be the first of its kind in Canada, a four-day short course for all extension workers in Alberta was held at the School of Agriculture, Vermilion, May 12-16. Present were all district agriculturists in the province, as well as home economists in the employ of the Department, and specialists from head office in Edmonton. To assist farm families, increase production efficiency, and improve farm living conditions, knowledge obtained by governments, universities and agricultural schools must be extended and made available to everyone through farm visits, meetings, field days, and work with farm organizations. This is what extension service means.

In the United States, extension service has long been recognized as requiring special ability and training. Because of this, the Alberta Department invited C. C. Hearne, Extension Educationist in the Division of Field Studies and Training, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, to come to Vermilion and spend four days with its Extension Service staff. The short course was regarded as very successful, both by the Department and members of the staff. In addition to Mr. Hearne, others invited to serve as instructors for shorter periods, included: J. G. Rayner, director, Department of Extension, University of Saskatchewan; E. E. Brockelbank, director, Agricultural Representatives Branch, Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture; Donald Cameron, director, and S. O. Hillerud, Department of Extension, University of Alberta; Dean R. D. Sinclair, University of Alberta; and a representative of The Country Guide.

Grow Another Hog for Britain

A VIGOROUS campaign for increased hog production has been sponsored in Alberta by the Alberta Livestock Co-operative Limited. The slogan, "Grow another hog for Britain" has

been selected, and the campaign is being supported by radio and press appeal and by Alberta farm leaders, representatives of the United Farmers of Alberta, the Alberta Farmers' Union and the Alberta Federation of Agriculture. The attitude of the Alberta Livestock Cooperative was summarized by President Hugh W. Allen:

"Regardless of increased prices for grain and scarcity of farm labor, and the aggravation of personal income tax, there is still a very considerable net profit to the farmer from his hogs, in addition to the income he could obtain from the grain alone."

"From time to time our universities and government officials, both provincial and Dominion, have discussed this matter and have analyzed all of the costs involved, and have issued statements showing the added profits which may be made by marketing feed grain through feeding it to hogs. This varies according to price levels of grain and livestock, but placed at a very conservative estimate, at least 25 per cent more net profit can be made through grain marketed in that way."

Roy C. Marler, president, Alberta Federation of Agriculture, expressed a similar opinion in a somewhat different way:

"Let us say a farmer has 2,000 bushels of feed grain to sell, and for the sake of easy calculating, let us say it is barley. If he sells 2,000 bushels of barley at 75 cents, he would receive \$1,500. If he were married with no dependents, he would pay on a taxable income of \$1,500, the sum of \$101. Now, if he fed that 2,000 bushels to hogs, estimating 20 bushels to the hog, he could feed 100 hogs to market, and at an average of \$30 per hog, he would receive \$3,000. On this \$3,000 taxable income he would have to pay \$582, assuming again that he were a married man with no dependents. He would then have \$2,418 remaining after paying his income tax, or \$1,017 more for 2,000 bushels of barley fed to hogs, over what he would have had if he sold it at the elevator."

International Federation of Agricultural Producers

Holland meeting favors commodity agreements and FAO support

APPROXIMATELY 200 delegates and observers from 34 countries attended the first annual meeting of the International Federation of Agricultural Producers, which concluded on Friday, May 23, at Scheveningen, Holland. The second annual meeting will take place in France in 1948. Canada was represented by a delegation of eight members of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, led by H. H. Hannam, president. Chairman of the meeting was James Turner,

president of the National Farmers' Union of England and Wales.

Member countries represented three million organized farmers who are determined, according to Mr. Turner, not to be found in "the game of high politics and big business." The conference agreed that IFAP representatives in member countries will impress on their own governments the importance of implementing programs for international food distribution which have been put forward by FAO and

other agencies of the United Nations. They will urge that national agricultural policies be examined and integrated with those of other countries so that surpluses in some countries and hunger in others may be avoided. They will support, as well, the international wheat agreement which was drafted at the International Wheat Conference held in London March-April, and which was approved by some countries, excluding Great Britain and Canada. The IFAP delegates will also urge on their own countrymen, responsibility for full production, as well as soil conservation and fair treatment of farm labor. They will give close study to practices injurious to farmers, especially cartels, monopolies, and other restrictive commercial organizations, and will encourage co-operative enterprise, looking forward to a possible development of international trade between co-operative organizations.

The Canadian delegation on May 14 presented an official statement to the conference, through H. H. Hannam, calling attention to the need of more and better food for consumers, accompanied by satisfactory stable returns for producers as put forward at Hot Springs, Virginia, in 1943, as one of the first fundamentals for a peaceful era. The statement pointed to the work of UNRRA and several other international organizations, including FAO, the International Wheat Council, the International Trade Conference (then meeting at Geneva), as representing related phases of the same program.

"The goal of such a program caught the imagination of organized producers in many lands," said Mr. Hannam. "This prompted them to join in the London conference last year, that they might equip themselves to discharge in full measure the responsibilities necessarily theirs in the realm of food and agriculture."

The statement said that reports, resolutions and declarations of policy agreed to at conferences are, in themselves, not enough. Good intentions must be translated into positive action. Nevertheless, the nations have not made any substantial move to alter common trade practices and apply the principles of a co-operative approach to world trading in food and agricultural products. The Canadian delegation endorsed the idea of international commodity agreements on a negotiated and co-operative basis, and also the suggestion that a world food council should be established. Continuing, the statement said:

"Since the international commodity approach has been rather generally agreed upon, the completion of an international wheat agreement becomes of vital importance to this whole program. Bread is the staff of life, and wheat is one of the major commodities entering into world trade. If the nations concerned cannot adopt and apply co-operative principles of trade in wheat, it is unlikely that real progress can be made in the development of a co-ordinated world food program.

"The lack of progress in implementing the FAO program is a matter of deep concern and disappointment to us. A continuation of this delay and trend will simply permit us to drift into the vicious international trading practices which failed in the period between the two world wars. People everywhere will recall, all too vividly, the paradox of embarrassing surpluses clogging markets, driving producers' prices to disastrous levels, while at the same time failing hopelessly to feed people who need the food."

Canada's call for action was strongly supported by J. K. Knowles, leader of the United Kingdom delegation, who believed that governments were reaching a better understanding and appreciation of agriculture's part in the world. "We believe," he said, "that

the economic future of our country, no less than that of the rest of the world, depends upon the maintenance of production of food and the purchasing power of world agriculture, if international trade is to be revived and a lasting peace achieved."

M. Martin (France), believed the legitimate interests of agriculture, both social and economic, had not always been presented clearly before the various international agencies which had discussed food problems. It was the duty of IFAP to focus public opinion throughout the world on the rights of the agricultural producer.

Prior to the opening of the meeting, delegates were given a week's tour through Holland, which had been arranged by the Dutch Farmers' Union. Every phase of Dutch agriculture was covered, and delegates were much impressed with the recovery which was being made from the devastation of war. Officers of the Federation and representatives of all member countries were also received on Saturday, May 17, by the Queen of the Netherlands, at the Royal Palace, at Apeldoorn.



Percy E. Reed

P. E. Reed Retires

PERCY E. REED, Dairy Commissioner for Saskatchewan since 1918, retired from his official duties at the close of the day's work on June 5. Born June 6, 1882, in Halton County, Ontario, he was raised on a dairy farm near Georgetown, coming to Saskatchewan in 1913. He has therefore spent 34 years in the service of Saskatchewan dairy, and his entire lifetime in close association with the Canadian dairy industry. For 28 years secretary of the Saskatchewan Dairy Association, Percy Reed has been in the top flight of dairy industry spokesmen and organizers for a quarter century. Energetic, genial and progressive, he has many friends and well wishers. It is understood that he will continue to live in Saskatchewan.

B.C. Department Grows

THE Hon. Frank Putnam, Minister of Agriculture for British Columbia, announcing a partial reorganization of his department, has placed all district agriculturists, as well as the Land Clearing Division, the Farm Labor Division and the Division of Agricultural Engineering, under the Agricultural Development and Extension Branch, of which the director is William MacGillivray.

The Division of Agricultural Engineering is to be established later this year. The number of district agriculturists in British Columbia will be increased to 22 by nine additional appointments. Still further adjustments will be made according to circumstances.

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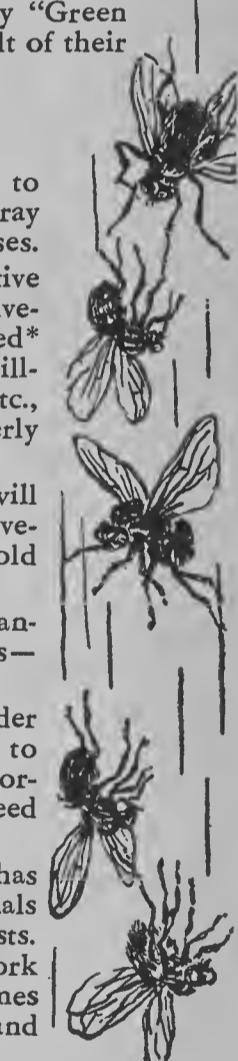
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Super Fly Wheel Momentum speeds the Red Hed's sturdy hammers 3 miles a minute delivering 80 to 280 feed smashing 12-ton blows a second instead of just 7 to 8 ton blows. And all this with a 4½ or 5" pulley at the mill! Yes, that Super Fly Wheel Momentum is so great that no matter how fast you feed this Red Hed, she'll run smoothly without a sign of a bobble.

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The B.C. interior has been divided into three main areas, for each of which a supervising district agriculturist has been appointed. For Central British Columbia and the Peace River area, S. G. Preston, now D.A. at Smithers, will have headquarters at Prince George; for the ranching area from the Caribou south to the International Boundary, and for the Shuswap-Okanagan Valley area, G. A. Luyat will have headquarters at Kamloops; and J. S. Allin, D.A. at Cranbrook, will be responsible for the East and West Kootenays and Grand Forks area, operating from his present headquarters at Cranbrook, but later moving to a more central point.

Dr. Frank L. Skinner, M.B.E.

A WELL-DESERVED honor was recently bestowed on F. L. Skinner, the veteran horticulturist and nurseryman of Dropmore, Manitoba, when he was given an honorary LL.D. degree at the annual convocation of the University of Manitoba, on May 16.

Already a Member of the Order of the British Empire; longtime winner of the Stevenson Award in Manitoba and the Bronze Medal for meritorious service to horticulture in the North-West, from the Minnesota Horticultural Association; Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society; possessor of an Award of Merit from that Society and from the Alpine Garden Show held in London, England; a successful breeder of roses, lilies, chrysanthemums and lilacs; an inveterate traveller and correspondent in search of new ideas and plants from other lands; Dr. Frank Leith Skinner still farms 400 acres of Manitoba land on part of which his nursery is located.

Now 65 years of age, Dr. Skinner came to Canada as the youngest child of a Scottish family in 1895; and since the family settled at the Dropmore location in 1905, he has been an avowed horticulturist, keenly interested in hardy ornamentals and fruits of all kinds, with special emphasis on the former. When he was only 28 years of age, he toured parts of the United States and Canada studying methods of plant breeding wherever he could and gathering innumerable samples of native plants. This year he is visiting Sweden and France, still looking for useful plants, and reeling off scientific names with the same ease with which most men say "please pass the butter." His many friends will heartily congratulate him on this latest recognition of his talents and services.

Sidelights

THE 50th anniversary of the Farmers' Institutes of British Columbia will be celebrated this year. The first Institute was organized in Surrey on October 17, 1897, and in celebration of the golden jubilee of the Institute, an album-style book is to be published, which will describe by text and picture every angle of farming in British Columbia during the past 50 years.

* * *

IN April, eastern Canada supplied 65 per cent of Canadian hogs marketed, including 48.5 per cent from Ontario. Compared with a year ago, Quebec marketings increased 41.9 per cent in April, Ontario 26 per cent and the Maritime Provinces 15.4 per cent, while marketings in western Canada decreased 30.1 per cent. For the four-month period, January to April inclusive, western hog marketings declined 35.8 per cent below the same period a year ago.

* * *

THE Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act will continue to apply only to the established PFRA area in the three prairie provinces, instead of being applicable to a wider area, or to all Canada as frequently recommended. The government's decision to this effect was announced May 22 by the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. J. G. Gardiner. Basis of the decision is the fact that special circumstances justified PFRA on the prairies, where all lands and resources were administered by the Dominion government during early settlement; and where long periods of drought made conservation and distribution of water imperative. The Dominion will, however, consider proposals from provinces for special projects outside the drought area that are too costly for provincial or municipal development and which could hasten development of farm land.

* * *

CONCRETE evidence of costly delay in work on British farms due to flood and weather (see page 5), comes from an analysis of the work of 394 British tractors recorded in the N.F.U. Tractor Costs Survey. During a two-week period ending in early May, each tractor worked an average of only 21.1 hours out of a possible 90 hours, ordinary time; 104 tractors did no work at all; plowing averaged only 15 minutes per tractor, or one per cent of the time; 24 per cent was spent in belt work and threshing, and about 72 per cent was haulage. Total time spent in cultivation was 3½ minutes per tractor in two weeks. Actually only nine tractors did any plowing, and only four did any cultivation.



Opposite the Dominion Sub-station at mile 1019, Alaska Highway, Yukon Territory, lies a line of snow-clad mountains, the largest of which (centre background) has now been named Mount Archibald by the Geographic Board of Canada, after Dr. E. S. Archibald (inset), director, Dominion Experimental Farms Service, Ottawa. (For first public mention of the suggestion, see The Country Guide, October, 1945, page 32.)



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Mechanization of B.C. Farms

Power equipment will speed rate of agricultural development in coast province

By CHAS L. SHAW

IT may take some time to materialize because agricultural as well as every other kind of equipment is hard to get these days, but the British Columbia government hopes to bring about much more intensive development of the province's arable areas through increased mechanization.

In order to achieve this goal, the government will assist farmers to obtain and use machines wherever they can be effectively utilized, and this applies not only to the ordinary chores on the farm but in land clearing, which of course, is a major cost factor in British Columbia because of the relatively rugged terrain and heavy timber stands.

One of the considerations that has prompted the government to adopt such a policy is a recognition of the fact that the area in British Columbia suitable for agriculture is relatively small. It is confined to a few narrow valleys in most instances, such as the Fraser and the Okanagan and in the north the Peace, Bulkley and Nechako, although the latter are scarcely exploited at all. In order to build production so that it will more closely meet the growing requirements of population, it will be necessary for British Columbia to make every acre count—to a far greater extent than in other provinces where there is a greater proportion of arable land.

A new branch of the development and extension division of the provincial department of agriculture has been organized to promote this idea. Agriculture Minister Frank Putnam, whose home is in the Creston county which incidentally produced some championship grain at the last Chicago show, says that the development of farm resources through land clearing and drainage policies, protection from erosion and the need for sound cultural practice, as farming becomes more completely mechanized, demonstrates the need for the service to be rendered by the new branch. A score of experts will be appointed to serve in various communities, their job being to co-operate with farmers in various branches of mechanization, especially in land clearing.

Another way of furthering the general program is to improve the means of access to the potentially productive country. Extension of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway is an old story now, but it is still very close to the heart of Premier John Hart, who, as this is written, is down in Ottawa trying to convert the Canadian government and the top executives of the two transcontinental railways. He still hopes that he may be able to bring about a partnership of these groups which will lead to the financing of the necessary construction. If the province-owned P.G.E. can be extended into the Peace River country, as Premier Hart hopes, it will open up a vast new land rich in pulpwood and saw timber, coal, minerals and agricultural possibilities.

One of the factors that Premier Hart thinks may help crown his negotiations with triumph is the fact that the Peace River has extensive coal deposits, and Canada needs coal. The only economical way of carrying Peace River coal to market would be by railroad. How much coal there is and of what quality, and what the costs would be to deliver the coal to consumers are questions now being studied at Ottawa and Montreal.

ANOTHER of British Columbia's traditional themes—the Japanese—has been to the fore, too, during the past few weeks. The legislature at its recent session in Victoria agreed to enfranchise Chinese and East Indians,

but it drew the line at Japanese. British Columbia politicians have also been opposing any relaxation of the wartime controls which prevented people of Japanese origin from returning to the coastal areas. Federal members and senators from B.C. have been just as determined as the provincial law-makers, and they managed to convince the House of Commons to vote by a wide margin in favor of the status quo.

The C.C.F. group has consistently opposed this attitude as being discriminatory and smacking of racial intolerance. Just how the rank and file of British Columbians would vote on the question is uncertain. Certainly they would have been very insistent to keep the Japanese out had a ballot been taken a year ago, and there are still some British Columbians—even a Vancouver senator—who believe there would be bloodshed if the Japanese did return. The British Columbia member of the federal cabinet once said he would resign if such a thing happened.

There is a growing feeling, however, that sooner or later British Columbia will have to adopt a more lenient policy; that the present one is just a little too arbitrary to be consistent with world opinion on racial issues. Even if the bars were down, however, the Japanese would probably have sufficient good sense to avoid the situation which gave rise to all the anti-Japanese sentiment in the first place—their concentration of more than 95 per cent of Canada's Japanese population in one small coastal section. The issue is a touchy one, however, and tempers will have to cool off considerably before the present policy of exclusion is revised.

Meantime there are reports that many of the 2,500 Japanese who were sent back to Japan last year, mostly at their own request, have changed their minds and would like to come back to Canada. It would not be surprising if a few test cases were to reach the courts of Canada during the coming months to test the validity of the present arrangement. British Columbia apparently hasn't heard the last of the contentious question by any means.

PROSPECTS are bright for the poultry industry on the west coast, according to those who have been looking under the surface for long-range facts. The theory, anyway, is that high feed and labor costs in the United States will seriously reduce production of poultry and eggs there, if they haven't already done so. The same conditions may apply to a somewhat less extent in British Columbia, but they should not interfere with the market for dressed poultry, and there are those who predict that the time is not far off when Americans will cross the border into Canada for their chicken dinners just as they used to come a few months ago for steaks.

The outlook for turkeys is particularly cheerful and this is a branch of poultry husbandry that has grown almost spectacularly in the past few years. There are today in British Columbia about 25,000 blood tested and approved breeding turkeys—90 per cent of them broad breasted bronze, and the remainder mostly Beltsville whites. About 750,000 poultts are being hatched this spring, and thousands will be shipped to the prairies. Last Christmas British Columbia imported several carloads of turkeys from the state of Washington, but next winter the shipments will probably be reversed, for Americans are already regarding the province as a promising source of supply.

BRITAIN'S FARM DISASTER

Continued from page 5

action, permanent engine-driven pumping stations operated 18 to 24 hours a day, winter and summer.

There has been a marked tendency for the peaty soils of the fens to shrink, both from decomposition of vegetable matter and the constant pumping out of the surplus water. Today, much of this area lies 17 or 18 feet below sea level and therein lies the seriousness of the present flood condition. There is only one way in which the water can be removed from most of these lands.



A typical flooded fenland farm between Haddenham and Earith.

It must be pumped up into the river channels. Since many of the permanent pumping stations were put out of action by the flood waters, it was necessary for the government to secure all possible pumping equipment available within the British Isles and such additional supplies as could be obtained from Holland, in the hope that at least some of the higher farms could be made available for cropping in the current season. It is, however, perfectly obvious that many thousands of acres cannot be pumped free of water in sufficient time to be of any value this year.

THROUGH the kindness of the head office of the National Farmers' Union in London, I was able to see a portion of the area inundated by the River Ouse. On April 11, just one month after the break through, I travelled to Haddenham, beyond Cambridge. Mr. A. A. Norman, chairman of the National Farmers' Union local was host to Mr. Paul Farnalls of Halkirk, Alberta, and myself. We had a delightful mid-day meal with his family in the old family home built 350 years ago and modernized with hot and cold running water in the bathroom. Mr. Norman continues

evacuation of families and their livestock, all of which had to be effected in less than 12 hours.

I hope I may never again witness the equal of the desolation on that six-mile round trip. The fine brick houses were almost without exception showing terrific damage to both outside and inside walls. When gales lashed this huge lake into fury, as they frequently did during March and April, the waves would break over the roofs of the smaller cottages. In one case the whole end had fallen away exposing a complete cross section. A large piece of bacon hung on the kitchen ceiling just above the water, and on the upper floor the bedroom furniture stood out in bright relief. On the return voyage, with gallant jocularity on the part of the crew, we rowed into the kitchen and salvaged the bacon.

Many of the barns and outbuildings were completely destroyed, and fences, made buoyant by the posts, were floating around the farmyards. We passed through gateways from which the wooden gates had floated away. Whole stacks of sheaves had floated as far as a mile until some tree or hedge arrested them.

In the month that had elapsed since

to operate the same farm that his ancestors operated for three and a half centuries. He, fortunately, has only 30 acres under water.

Most of the farmers on the Haddenham fens are freeholders. Their holdings have been purchased a few acres at a time and vary from quite small farms to upwards of 600 acres. Irrespective of the size of farm, I found intense pride in ownership and a grand spirit of loyalty to each other in their hour of tragic loss.

In a big flat-bottomed row-boat, manned by eight of the farmers whose homes we would pass, we set out to row three miles across the flood to the bank of the river. The captain of our boat was the local constable, who earned high praise from the community for his untiring work in directing the

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Fenland farmers, the local constable, and third from the right, Paul Farnalls of Halkirk, Alta., who, with the author, paddled three miles from Haddenham, Cambridgeshire, to the Ouse Canal at Earith.

A small tractor-but Good!



Is your farm of a size that calls for a one to two-plow tractor? Or do you use the smaller tractor as a *second* one to give you economy on jobs not needing a lot of power?

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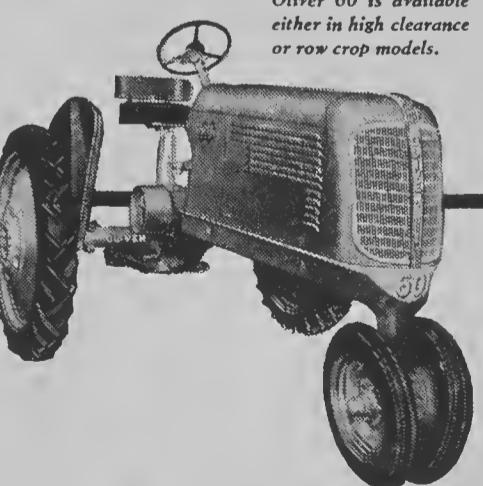
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the breaching of the river bank the water had gone down eight or nine inches. It could go little further until pumped out. Over the most of our course the water could just be bottomed with an ordinary paddle.

THE significance of this disaster to large and important farming areas only becomes fully apparent when related to the general economy of Britain at this time. Food stocks are at a dangerously low point. Wheat shipments from Canada have been badly delayed. English bread, already dark, heavy and rationed, must now become darker and coarser and perhaps more closely rationed. Some weeks ago, the British Food Ministry raised the extraction rate on wheat milled in the United Kingdom from 90 per cent to 95 per cent. This compares with a normal extraction rate in Canada of approximately 70 per cent. Is it any wonder the bread is dark and coarse? The Food Ministry rightly believes, however, that a half-loaf of dark bread is better than no loaf of white bread.

The immediate loss of food supplies is serious. The loss of food producing ability is still more serious. The destruction of breeding stock, particularly sheep, has been tremendous.

Large acreages of fall-sown crops will yield no food. The season for spring sowing has been dangerously late. When one adds to these factors the complete removal from cropping this year of thousands of acres and the still unknown long-time damage to the soil through flooding, the picture becomes grim, though still incomplete.

At no time in her modern history has Britain been so short of foreign exchange and particularly Canadian and American dollars. She must now place a still greater burden upon these slim resources for the purchase of foodstuffs abroad which would normally have been produced at home.

I have frequently been asked if Britain will weather the present economic crisis. I don't pretend to be an authority, but I believe, for two reasons, that she will. The first reason is that I am convinced the British still have the will to survive; and secondly, Canada and the United States dare not let her succumb.

(Note: The National Farmers' Union has launched an appeal to members for contributions to an Agricultural Disaster Fund. Money has poured in from all over the British Isles in amounts from a few pennies to hundreds of pounds. Last reports showed a total of £250,000 in six weeks with contributions from both home and abroad still coming in. Anyone wishing to subscribe should direct their contribution to the Agricultural Disaster Fund, National Farmers' Union, 45 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, England.—EDITORS.)

The Long Arm of Radio

THE B.B.C. recently acknowledged on the air receipt of a letter from Mrs. K. M. Cowaret in Fort Selkirk, Yukon. "It is 72 degrees below zero here . . .," she wrote, "and there is a program coming in from London on the radio, loud and clear . . . and lest you think we are all frozen up in such weather I will add that I have a Christmas cactus in bloom on the table beside me." Mrs. Cowaret went on to tell an exciting story. The wife of their Mountie (who was away on patrol) came upon a stray black dog in the police detachment, peacefully sleeping in one of the doghouses there. "Mrs. Mountie" indignantly went for it with a broom but as it persisted in hanging about, she called a couple of men to remove it. To her horror the men took one look and rushed away to get their rifles. It was a wolf!

LIVESTOCK



[Guide photo.
These sheep pasture amidst picturesque surroundings in the Fraser River Valley, B.C.]

Bloat of Sheep and Cattle

NO one yet seems to have devised a fool-proof system for preventing bloat in sheep and cattle. Almost every farmer who has grown alfalfa for a long time has at one time or another experienced severe cases of bloat and perhaps loss of individual animals.

Occasionally, a livestock owner is exceptionally fortunate. We can recall only one man, a dairy farmer, who had pastured his cows on alfalfa for years and reported never having had a case of bloat from alfalfa. His answer was that his cows were never hungry. The experience of the majority of livestock men is that cattle seldom bloat if they are first given dry feed such as hay or straw before turning them into alfalfa early in the season when the growth is strong and succulent. At this season of the year, animals naturally eat more greedily because they find this new growth more palatable. For the same reason, probably, animals are more likely to bloat when turned into a field that is wet with dew or rain.

One of the treatments often suggested for bloat is to place a piece of wood or rope in the cow's mouth. This will cause the animal to chew, which in turn will stimulate the saliva, followed by swallowing. During the process of digestion in ruminants, gas is formed in large amounts, which is expelled in the normal way by belching. According to some investigations, bloat results partly at least from the formation of gases which have the effect of paralyzing the rumen, so that belching cannot take place. The theory behind the use of wood or rope in the cow's mouth is that when the saliva is swallowed, gas may escape from the rumen with the opening of the esophagus.

When bloating is not too serious, vigorous rubbing and kneading of the abdomen may give some relief. Under the same circumstances, two ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a pint of water, given every half hour, or one

to two ounces of spirits of turpentine, in oil or milk, may be satisfactory. Another old and reliable remedy is hyposulphite of soda, using one ounce dissolved in water.

In very severe cases, the use of a trocar and canula is necessary. These instruments should be used by experienced persons, preferably a veterinarian, though rather than lose a valuable animal, if one has a trocar and canula and no experienced person can be obtained, the attempt is justified. A small incision is made in the skin in the left flank of the animal at a point equally distant from the hip bone, the last rib and the backbone. The trocar in its covering is then pressed through the incision and also through the abdominal wall into the rumen. The trocar is then withdrawn, leaving the canula or sheath in the paunch to provide an outlet for the escape of gas.

First symptoms of bloating show the animal standing quietly with the back somewhat arched. The left flank soon begins to swell. Breathing becomes difficult, which leads to a dilation of the nostrils, the opening of the mouth and the protruding of the tongue. The animal may moan or grunt and in some cases the entire abdomen may swell enormously. The accumulation of gas, unless relieved, presses on the heart and organs connected with breathing, resulting in ultimate suffocation. Sometimes the strain will rupture the paunch.

Since bloating results from gases which arise during decomposition of feed inside the body of the animal, it appears that the trouble is due not only to overeating, but to the fact that the decomposing feedstuffs are not eliminated fast enough to keep bodily organs functioning normally. Because of this fact, animals which have bloated should be fed carefully for a few days, so as to make certain that all of the decomposing foodstuffs which originally caused the trouble, are finally eliminated.

Weeds and Flavors

Weedy milk problem means special care in feeding

THE war on weeds has largely been waged because of the wastage of soil moisture and consequent robbery of essential nutrients from cultivated plants. Later on, the war on weeds received impetus because of lowered yields, increased dockage, and lowering of grades, a case in point being the coloring and tainting of wheat from vagrant sweet clover plants in the crop.

Recently serious detriment showed up in carcasses of beef exported, with consequent rejection and loss to ship-

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4. When using Quaker Ful-O-Pep mashes, be sure to follow the Ful-O-Pep Save-On-Feed Plan.

Save Feed by Proper Care On The Range

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six or seven days before slaughter to absolutely, pure, clean, crushed grain. It is said that the odor can be detected even from the breath of affected beefeves, before slaughter; and this being the case, more rigid inspection of live cattle is necessary to avoid giving the trade in Canadian beef a permanent black eye.

This spring the writer has noted large acreages of summerfallow carpeted with the smelly weed, which does not winter-kill. Being green earliest of all in the spring, cattle none too well fed, or with abnormal appetites (perhaps due to mineral deficiency—cobalt, etc.), are liable to graze it, with the devastating result mentioned.

The dairyman is not exempt. He has found that crested wheat grass pasture and early alfalfa taints will show up in milk or cream. In these cases, removal of the cows from the grass or legume pasture some hours before milking, is said to remove the taint. This can be proven in the milkings the following morning. Where the cows have been yarded overnight the objectionable odors are missing!—Stockwell.

Coarse Grains Alternatives

A NUMBER of writers in the April issue of The Country Guide express the view that the recent increases in the price of barley will have an adverse effect on hog production. This seems to be a general impression, but, to my mind is a mistaken one. It appears to me that the farmer who is interested in raising barley, or hogs, or both, now has four choices, as follows:

1. The higher price will stimulate a greater supply of barley from those who do not wish to raise hogs, but who raise barley to sell. It may be argued that many barley growers will raise fewer hogs, preferring to sell the barley; but if we assume, as will probably be correct, that the barley will be used by others elsewhere for hog production, it follows that the increased barley production will produce more hogs. In any case the barley grower is better off than previously.

2. A farmer can refrain from raising barley. He can raise other grains for sale and buy barley, with the drawback off, to feed hogs (until July 31, 1947—Ed.). This is now a better proposition than before the rise in hog prices.

3. He can raise barley to sell at the present good price; he can then buy a complete mixed feed for any class of livestock or poultry from a feed mixing station, with the drawback off the barley—and oats—in that feed. This applies only to a Government registered, complete balanced feed containing stipulated amounts of the various grains and concentrates. This situation is not realized by a great many farmers, and is one from which many could derive a great deal of benefit. These are economical and highly satisfactory sources of feed, and this is the only method whereby a farmer can sell barley and oats at the guaranteed price and buy it back, less the drawback. Feed mixing plants are not easily accessible to everyone as yet, it is true, although they are becoming rapidly more so. It may be argued by some, too, that if any considerable percentage employed this method, the supply of protein supplements to make the complete feeds would not be adequate. It is now an accepted fact, however, that economical hog production is limited by the supply of skim milk and protein supplement, as well as by the supply of feed grain. Without at least a moderate amount of skim milk or protein supplement, hog raising doesn't pay, regardless of a large barley supply, so the argument as regards mixing stations and protein supplements isn't valid.

4. A farmer need not necessarily be a grain raiser, but may wish to raise hogs; under the present set-up, he can

buy his oats and barley for feeding at the old price, either separately or in a complete feed and, with the increasing price of hogs, is better off than before.

By any one of these four alternatives, then, a farmer is better off than before the rise in barley prices and hog prices. It is true, of course, that the rise in the price of oats and barley puts the farmer who wishes to feed his own grain to his own hogs at a disadvantage in hog production; and this is the usual policy with a large proportion of hog raisers, and one which saves some hauling costs. However, there is no compelling reason why any farmer should not adopt one of the alternatives listed above, and derive the benefits outlined.

Some will argue that a better Government policy would have been to simply raise the price of hogs, as an inducement to greater hog production; the hog raisers would then have raised enough more barley to supply the increased hog production. Perhaps so, on the farms that produce both, but there would almost certainly be too little barley raised and marketed to supply the hogs and other stock raised elsewhere, either in the West or East, because wheat would pay better, at the old prices of barley and oats. The probable result of this policy then, would be an increased wheat production with less barley and oats and eventually, less hogs.—E. W. PHILLIPS, Red Deer, Alberta.

Sunscaled Pigs Finish Slowly

SOMETIMES young pigs in hot weather are seen to drop to the ground suddenly on their bellies; and if examined, their backs may appear slightly reddened or inflamed. Unless watched carefully, the skin may become blistered, which is known as sunscald, a factor which causes heavy losses every year in western Canada.

According to H. E. Wilson of the Dominion Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alberta, sunscald seldom kills the young animal, but its vitality is lowered. It becomes unthrifty and growth is retarded, in addition to which it is much more susceptible to attacks by parasites and contagious diseases.

Sunscalding very frequently occurs at weaning time, which indicates that the weanlings should be left in the sun only for short periods at a time until the skin has a chance to become hardened. Scalding is frequent with young growing pigs turned into alfalfa or rape pasture, which easily become wet with dew or after a rain, especially if the weather is hot. The white color and perhaps thinner skins of Yorkshire pigs make them more susceptible than the red or black Tamworth or Berkshire, but all breeds will suffer if exposed too much.

"With continued over-exposure to direct sunlight," says Mr. Wilson, "the backs of the ears, the top of the neck, top of shoulders and finally the back and sides may become inflamed and sore, if animals are permitted to remain in wet pastures without shelter from the hot sun. Serious, scabby skin sores may develop and cause intense itching."

Sunscaled pigs at Lacombe are treated successfully by removing them from the pasture to a building and applying a mixture consisting of two pounds of sulphur, eight ounces of oil of tar and one gallon of used automobile or tractor oil. The mixture should be heated and applied when quite warm to back, shoulders, and sides of the pigs by means of a stiff brush or broom. Exposure to the hot sun immediately after oiling should not be permitted, since further blistering may result. Pigs should not be turned out to pasture for several days. Hogs that are badly burned and have sores may be treated with carbolicized vaseline once or twice a day. It also helps to have a shelter of brush or a colony house in the pasture to provide shade from the heat of the sun.

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Our Breeds of Sheep

ALL of our breeds of sheep, with the exception of Merino which came from Spain, and the Rambouillet, which was imported into South America from France more than a hundred years ago, have come from Great Britain.

Long before the Romans conquered Britain, the sheep was a domesticated animal. The Romans, however, established the first factory, from which the army of occupation was supplied with clothing. Flemish weavers were introduced in the time of William the Conqueror, and from the 11th century onward until the end of the 18th century, the wool trade furnished a considerable portion of the tax revenue of Britain.

British wool was characteristically long and lustrous, typified by the Leicester and Lincoln breeds, which have, however, been greatly improved since Bakewell began to develop the Leicester in the year 1747.

Attempts were made to develop a fine-wool breed in England, and some Merino sheep were imported from Spain for the purpose. Though it was difficult to keep the Merino pure in Britain, crossing with native sheep led to the present-day Southdown. Between the short, crimped wool of the Southdown and the long, lustrous wool of the Leicester or Lincoln, there were developed the Hampshire and Oxford Down sheep, with wool a little longer than the Southdown and somewhat more lustrous; and next to them the still longer-wooled breeds such as the Suffolk, Shropshire and Romney Marsh. In this country we have a few Cheviot sheep also. These are said to be a cross between Merino sheep saved from the wreck of the Great Armada and the native Cheviot animals. Introduced into Australasia about 150 years ago, the Merino was later used with English breeds to produce cross-bred wool for which Australia is noted. The Corriedale is especially adapted to the frozen mutton trade and is the result of a cross between the Lincoln and the Merino, inbred for a minimum of ten generations.

Cool Milk and Cream Quickly

A TEST made by Dr. V. E. Graham, Department of Dairying, University of Saskatchewan, indicates that one of two lots of milk at a temperature of 104 degrees Fahr., placed in water and in still air, with each lot divided in two, one of which was stirred during cooling and the other not stirred, was reduced in temperature by 21 degrees in one hour when in still air and not stirred. When the milk was stirred in still air, the reduction in temperature was 27 degrees in one hour. On the other hand, the milk in running water which was not stirred was reduced in temperature by 43 degrees in the same length of time; and when stirred, the reduction in temperature was 55 degrees.

Prompt cooling of milk and cream is necessitated by the fact that lowering the temperature reduces the growth and multiplication of bacteria, which, under ideal conditions, may have eight progeny within a period of one hour. Furthermore, says Dr. Graham, bacteria do not die of old age like humans. Potentially they are immortal. One creates two, the two make four, the four in turn make eight and so on indefinitely.

In the test previously mentioned, it required almost four hours to reduce the temperature of milk at 100 degrees down to 50 degrees, which would still be one degree warmer than the temperature reached in one hour by the milk stirred in running water. The time required to bring the milk stirred in still air down to this temperature was three hours. Thus, the stirring alone cut the time by 25 per cent, but running water alone, without stirring, cut the time by an hour and ten minutes.

It should be remembered that the objective in the cooling of all milk and cream is to get the temperature down to below 50 degrees as quickly as possible. "On most farms in this province," said Dr. Graham, "water from the well is cool enough for efficient milk cooling. The use of a cooling tank between the pump and the stock watering tank is usually the most efficient."



Triplet heifer calves born on the Les. Gilmour farm, Steveston, B.C.

Calf-Pen Technique

THE hardest of all things in farming, I think, is trying to teach a new calf how to drink. You pull and you haul, get his head in a pail; He stands there a-twisting and wiggling his tail; Then all unexpected, kerplunk! goes his nose, And most of the milk splashes over your clothes.

Hang on to your patience, your teeth you can grit: If you can't hold your temper you might as well quit, For old Mother Nature, whose methods don't fail, Never planned that a calf should drink out of a pail. Back him into a corner, then straddle his neck— He won't damage you, you're already a wreck.

Just give him a finger, and maybe with luck That little old calf will start right in to suck. Then pick up your bucket and push his head down— And away you start over, around and around. Just do this a week with your back in a kink, And maybe by then you will teach him to drink.

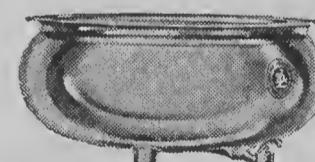
—Author unknown.

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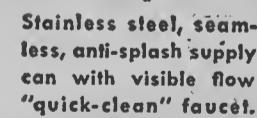
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De Laval engineering has gone all out to give you cleanest skimming...easiest 2-minute washing...longest service...easiest operation...and all at lowest cost per year of use!

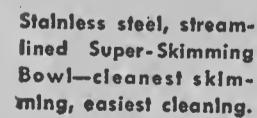
The new Super-Skimming Bowl...supply can...covers with new open discharge type spouts—all are of gleaming, forever bright and rust-proof stainless steel. These and other new features and improvements make these New De Laval World's Standard Series Separators the best you have ever seen or operated.



Stainless steel covers with open type spouts—see how easy they are to wash!



Stainless steel, seamless, anti-splash supply can with visible flow "quick-clean" faucet.



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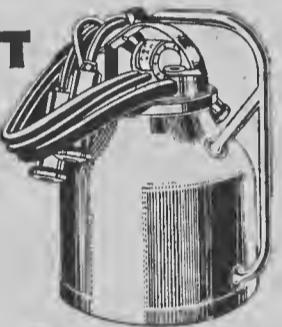
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The Cockshutt line includes a modern implement for every farm job. What's more, practically every Cockshutt implement is made in a wide range of sizes...and with a variety of accessories. Thus, whatever your soil or crops...whether your farm is large or small...horse or tractor-powered...you can choose Cockshutt equipment especially designed for your needs.

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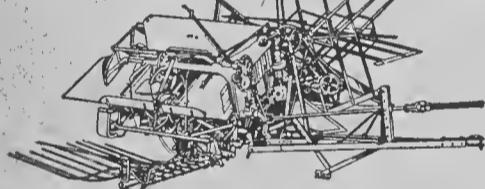
COCKSHUTT CONDE MILKER

All other factors being equal, you can net greater profit per head with the Cockshutt Conde Milker. That's why leading dairymen standardize on the Cockshutt Conde Milker, to multiply its individual efficiency by the size of their herds...for maximum production and profit.



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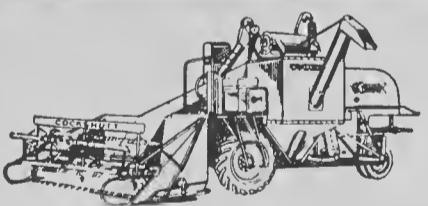


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ISLAND YORKS

Continued on page 7

At that age you can tell pretty well how he is going to turn out; tell a whole lot better at 4½ months than at weaning age."

How, you may ask, is the breeding of hogs controlled and directed? So far I have only hinted at it. The answer is that, throughout the province of Prince Edward Island, the breeding of purebred hogs is run as I have said, as if it were a single great breeding establishment, with Mr. Clay in complete control. By common consent the breeders follow his advice and instructions, because they trust him and respect his judgment. There isn't a Yorkshire breeder on the Island but will consult him before deciding what boar to use. He can go to any breeder and if necessary, tell him that his stock is going back, and that breeder will send every pig he has to the packing plant if such drastic action is called for in the general interests of the bacon-raising business of the province. He knows what sows should be bred to what boars and it is commonplace for a breeder to take a sow 30, 40 or 50 miles to have her bred to the boar he recommends. Or he can say to a breeder, "breed those four sows but send the other two to the packing plant," and to the packing plant the unlucky females go.

PRACTICALLY every registered pig sold in the province or outside of it is sold through his office. For example, last year he moved \$1,000 worth of pigs off one farm and the farmer didn't know the price of a single animal until the fall. Clay set the price and the breeder didn't even bother to ask what it was.

It is the same when any disease or defect comes out. Truth to tell, he has never known of a case of hog cholera on the Island. He cannot recall a carcass being rejected for T.B. Hog mange is unknown. But such defects as do show up are ruthlessly eliminated. For example, one day not long ago he went out to a breeder's place where he saw a litter of six-weeks-old pigs which looked good except that one of them showed rupture. Without hesitation, he ordered that the litter and their mother be diverted to the packing plant. If a hermaphrodite or a blind boar appears in a litter, both litter and mother are automatically doomed to the same fate. If a boar throws any of these deformities through different sows, his doom is sealed, with no suspended sentence or hope of reprieve to look forward to. He hasn't half as much chance as a German war criminal.

Said Mr. Clay: "We have tested all the best strains by breeding back daughter to sire and sister to brother, with the idea that if there are any defects in the strain they will be brought to the surface. As a result we feel quite confident that we have practically eliminated these defects from our registered breeding stock."

Next came up the question of inbreeding. After all, P.E.I., though a considerable island, is a small province with less than three-quarters of a million acres of improved farm land. "When we stopped importing breeding stock," said Mr. Clay, "we were automatically required to be self-sufficient and we had to adopt a policy of close breeding, and do a lot of it. They had

to do it with cattle on the Island of Jersey, you know, and they were harder put to it than we ever were. Anyway, the old fashioned prejudice against close breeding has been greatly over-worked. With our policy had to go a system of ruthless culling and that is why we condemn to the slaughterhouse any stock that shows the slightest tendency toward lack of vigor, impotency or any other defect. Some of the best and most outstanding animals in the whole hog population of this Island are the most closely bred."

Now the inspection work, the decision as to which pig will be kept and which will be condemned to slaughter, is the crucial point in this program. An inspector must know, therefore, exactly and precisely, as far as that is humanly possible, what he is about. The inspection is done by federal men, all of whom have had experience in grading hogs on the rail. Mr. Clay himself spent 25 years in packing houses, working as far west as Edmonton. He and his men can see a dead hog in a live one. When they see a live hog they have a pretty close idea of how his cadaver would look hung up in the cooling room. And they can look at a breeding animal and then make a pretty close estimate of what its progeny, if it is properly mated, will look like on the rail. Furthermore, they know what the Island strain of York calls for in the way of plans and specifications. And the breeders, under their coaching, also know.

A demand from outside the Island for breeding stock is now making itself felt. Orders have been filled in Ontario and Quebec and last year some were shipped further West. The first shipment to Manitoba went to Ward Bros., of Deepdale, and the Institutional farms of the province took some. Fifteen boars were shipped to Alberta. This summer men from Manitoba and Saskatchewan are coming down to look things over. As the freight on individual shipments or even l.c.l. shipments is prohibitive they will probably make up a carload lot.

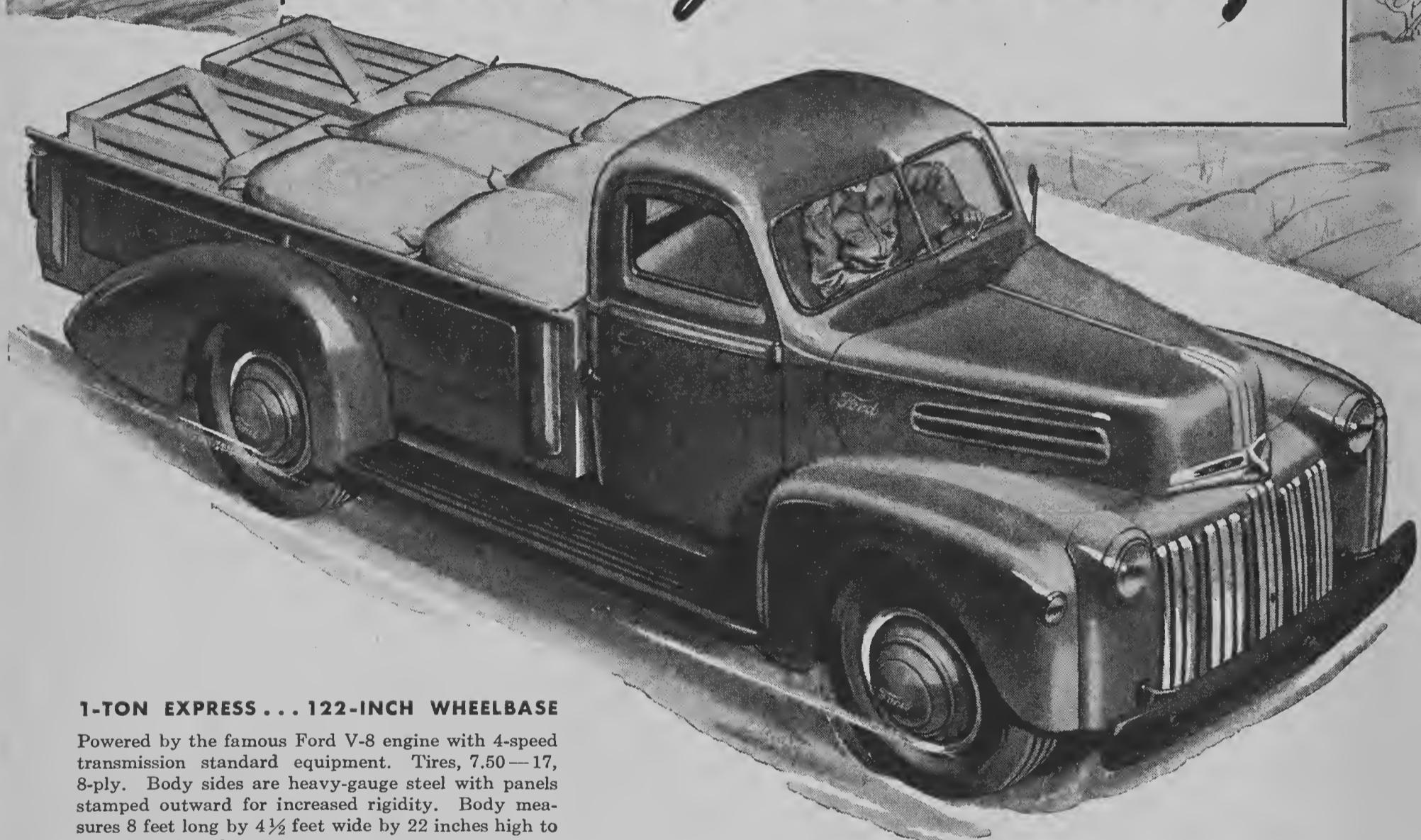
I ASKED Mr. Clay if he had received any reports on how Island hogs stood the Western winter. His reply was that last year they shipped the pigs too late in the season. They left the Island in October. Now the climate of the province is greatly influenced by the surrounding waters, for nowhere is land very far from the coast. The cold water of the gulf tends to retard the spring season. By way of compensation, however, the water warms up during the summer and tends to lengthen the season in the autumn. When those hogs were shipped in October, the weather was still hot on the Island, but when they arrived in the West, they ran slap bang into winter. After this, and here is another case where a measure of control will work to advantage, shipments will be made not later than August.

But enquiries are not confined to those from west of the Great Lakes. More orders are coming in from Central Canada, some of them for whole car-loads from packing companies. Certainly these breeders are looking forward to the time when their Island (which readers will have noticed I have always been careful to spell with a capital I), will become a great source of bacon hog-breeding stock and that the Island strain of Yorkshire will hold a prominent, if not indeed, a dominant place in the hog-raising industry across Canada.



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122-inch WB, 1-ton range.

134-inch, 158-inch WB, 1½-ton.

134-inch, 158-inch, 176-inch WB, 2-ton.

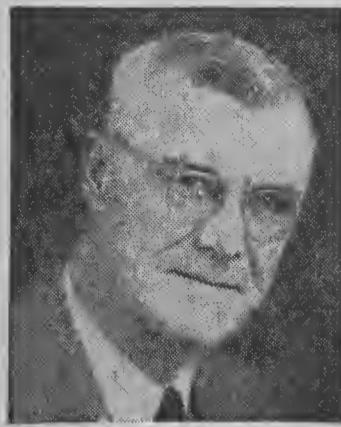
134-inch, 158-inch, 176-inch WB, 3-ton.

194-inch WB, School Bus Chassis.

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101-inch, 134-inch and 158-inch WB, 3-ton C.O.E.

HOW HOT DOES THE ENGINE RUN?



Professor E. A. Hardy gives specific answer in helpful article on temperatures and correct lubrication.



PROFESSOR E. A. HARDY

Engine temperatures & lubrication

The internal combustion engine is a heat engine operating by means of pressures produced by the sudden release of heat. Fuels used contain heat units as follows: Gasolene 23,000 B.T.U. per pound down to Diesel fuel 19,500 B.T.U. per pound.

The heat of combustion for the high compression gasoline engine developing full load varies from 4000 to 4500° F. Cast iron melts at 2200° F., and steel at 2400° F. The function of the cooling and lubrication systems is to cool the working parts of the engine so that the parts will not warp or deteriorate abnormally.

With the combustion temperature 4500° F., the valves operate at 1300° F., with the exhaust gas at 1200° F., the centre of the piston 750° F., piston ring grooves 600° F., piston skirts 300° F., piston pin bearings 400° F., connecting rod bearings 300° F., crank case oil 200° F., and cooling water 160° F.

Engine oils tend to break down when operating above 500° F. Engine oils play a very important role in maintaining the piston at an even temperature. The oil mist which is thrown up into the crown of the piston wets the inside of the piston and carries heat down into the oil in the crank case where the oil is cooled.

Research has shown that light oils which tend to flood the piston as soon as the engine starts maintain the lowest operating temperatures.

The bearings of the high speed engine of today are cooled by a large volume of lubricating oil flowing through the clearance spaces carrying away the heat.

Efficient engine performance depends upon the complete circulation of high quality oil through the working parts of the engine, balancing the operating temperatures.

Ewan Hardy.

Department of Agricultural Engineering,
University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask.

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FIELD



[Guide photo.
R. U. Hurford (right) and son Jock, Comox, Vancouver Island, examine cocked red clover and timothy hay expected to go 3½ tons per acre or better.

Forty Years Farming at Comox

Since 1905 farming in the district has diversified and expanded

COMOX, on Vancouver Island, about 160 miles northwest of Victoria, boasts quite a long history of settlement, as history goes in western Canada. It appears that in 1862, about the same time that gold mining was developing along the old Caribou Trail in the interior of British Columbia, some forty-niners who had been through the California gold rush, landed from a ship docked at Comox. There were some English and some Canadians, and settlement of quite a portion of the valley resulted from this visit.

It wasn't so very long before coal mines began to operate at Cumberland, less than ten miles away, which were later combined with mines at Wellington and Nanaimo to form the Canadian Collieries. These early mines provided some small markets for the first farmers of the area, but conditions were pretty primitive around Comox. There was no school; and lack of roads made it necessary for settlers to travel the beach. A boat came from Victoria every two weeks with mail, and eventually a store was opened at Comox.

R. U. (Dick) Hurford reached Comox in April, 1905, after having been for some years in the old North-West Territories, and originally from London, England. He still remembers some of the original settlers, one of whom died in April last year at the age of 98. The first minister in the district died a few years ago at 94. The Government agent, magistrate and surveyor, who surveyed the farms of the district, including the one occupied by Mr. Hurford, was named Dibble, and was "the one person in the district called 'Mr.'" The "grandpappy" of dairying in the Comox area was Alex Urquhart, who brought the first cream separator to Vancouver Island.

About the time Mr. Hurford settled at Comox, production in the district had increased to the point where Cumberland couldn't absorb all the surplus. A creamery had been started in 1902, and was managed by Mr. Hurford for a period of 31 years until 1937. When it first began operation, butter was put down in barrels. A market was obtained for the surplus butter in Victoria and Vancouver.

Up to the early years of the war the creamery used to make between 300,000 and 400,000 pounds of butter annually, but as the war progressed, the demand for fluid milk increased

and the make of butter dropped. Mr. Hurford himself milks about 40 cows, mostly purebreds, and operates a milk route, so that the creamery now gets only about 10 per cent of his output. He maintains his own herd sire, but in the Courtenay-Comox area there are about 125 members of the Island Breeders' Association organized for artificial insemination.

Farming in the area is pretty well diversified. Mr. Hurford himself grows certified seed potatoes and seed peas, as a member of the British Columbia Cooperative Seed Growers' Association. He grows all his own feed except bran and oilcake. Thirty tons of oats were held over from 1945 into last year. Eleven acres of hybrid corn furnish silage for the dairy herd and mangolds further supplement the supply of succulent feed.

Yields of hay are high in that area of generous rainfall, and in one lower field where seven men were working in a field containing principally red clover and timothy, the yield was expected to run between 3½ to 3¾ tons per acre. The hay is all cut and hauled into the barn with two trucks and a team. Although principally red clover and timothy, Mr. Hurford uses a mixture of red clover, alsike, white dutch clover, timothy, western rye and orchard grass. Some of these grasses and clovers are particularly valuable for pasture purposes. Asked if he followed the practice of rotating his pastures, Mr. Hurford said that in 1945 he rotated three fields, but last year was unable to do it for lack of fencing.

An interesting sidelight on life in Comox was brought to light when we noticed some curious streaks and spots of white sand in the lane. It appears that the area experienced an earthquake shock in June, 1945, which was strong enough to damage the chimney of the house, move the piano to the centre of the room, knock enough dishes to the floor so that they picked up two basketfuls of pieces, and throw up these streaks and patches of white sand in the lane.—H.S.F.

How the Co-op Worked Last Year IN The Country Guide for April (pages 56-7) an account was given of a farm machinery co-operative in northwestern Saskatchewan, which is called the Round Hill Agricultural Production Co-operative Association. Since then, a copy of the annual report of the Association for 1946 has been received, in-

formation from which may be of interest to readers. Since then, also, we have received from the Saskatchewan Department of Co-operation and Co-operative Development a copy of Co-operative Farming Study Bulletin No. 10, copies of which may be obtained on request to the Department.

The Round Hill organization wound up the year with a surplus of \$138.72. Of this amount 80 per cent (\$111.02) was distributed among the members as a patronage dividend. Total revenue during the year amounted to \$4,672, derived from work done for members and non-members. Of this amount, non-members provided \$579.78. Expenditures were \$2,036.45 for wages and salaries, \$579.07 for repairs, \$1,212.95 for fuel and supplies, \$604.50 for depreciation, and \$27.70 was added to the reserve fund, which now stands at \$167.70.

During the year, a four-furrow tractor plow was added to the equipment, at a cost of \$200, and a power binder costing \$548.70.

The season's work, with average cost per acre shown in parenthesis, included the following: 1,201 acres with the tiller (72 cents); 1,175 acres disced (45 cents); 228 acres plowed (\$1.33); 217 acres cut with a binder (75 cents); 141 acres cultivated (43 cents); 20 acres seeded (78 cents). In addition, 12,860 bushels of wheat were threshed at 12 cents a bushel, 5,262 bushels of barley at eight cents, and 8,854 bushels of oats at six cents.

As it worked out, each member received work by the tractor and suitable piece of equipment for 2.78 hours per share held in the Association.

Mid-Season Annual Pastures

PASTURE difficulties are more evident during August and September when the grasses have lost their succulence and have become brown and short, as well as less palatable. A bushel of fall rye and two bushels of oats seeded the latter part of June will help along pastures well into the fall. Millet may be seeded as late as July 15 if moisture conditions are favorable. This is not always true in the drier portions of the prairie provinces, but where the outlook is promising, seeding at 20-25 pounds per acre on good, clean, well-prepared land will provide good pasture after the crop is 10 inches to a foot in height.

Rape or kale, which can be seeded any time up to the end of July, will be ready for pasturing in six to eight weeks, and will be very satisfactory for the fall finishing of lambs. These annual pastures, in addition to the aftermath from meadows, especially those containing some alfalfa, should carry the livestock through until the better fall grass comes with the rains.

Stack All The Hay

HAY that is properly stacked will keep for as long as 20 years. This emphasizes the importance of proper stacking, which means, in the first place, a high stack with a minimum of roof; and a sloping roof so that the rain and moisture will run off, rather than into the stack.

A large, high stack exposes a minimum of surface to the weather and the rain; and where a hay-pole or other type of derrick is used, the loads are generally dropped in the centre of the stack and tend to pack it more than at the outside. This packing tends to keep the centre of the stack high since there will be less settling in the centre than at the edges. Sometimes a high centre is provided by starting a stack, say 16 feet wide, and sloping it out to about 20 feet wide before topping. Under such circumstances, the stack will be quite sure to settle more on the outside than in the centre, which can be well tramped.

Even if a good supply of hay has



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In pioneer days grain was threshed by hand with the flail. The first threshing machines were developed between 1830 and 1850.

● Up till about 1830 the farmer built his own house. He and his family produced their own food and made most of their own clothing. At that time, the farmer raised little more than was required for his own family.

Then in rapid succession came a large number of inventions which have completely revolutionized farming. Within half a century the reaping machine, horse-rake, seed drill, binder, threshing machine and other implements brought a cheaper, faster way of getting farm work done. Farmers began raising products to sell, instead of just to sustain themselves and their families.

Then came the building of the first transcontinental railroad.

Settlers poured into the West: Those vast spaces could never have been tilled and harvested by hand methods. Soon great fleets of modern Massey-Harris machines were let loose on the prairies. Mile on mile the fields of golden wheat waved. In a few years, Canada became the granary of the world.

Today even more modern Massey-Harris machines are at work helping Canadian farmers to produce more grain in less time and at lower cost than ever before.



been carried over, it is always good practice in western Canada to stack all the hay that can be made, because a single hard winter and one dry summer may change the feed supplies picture completely.

Livestock production pays off best over the years, when it is carried on consistently year after year. To have to reduce livestock numbers on the farm because feed supplies have run short is nearly always unprofitable.

Cut Alfalfa Early

WESTERN Canada has not yet become really alfalfa conscious. This crop is so valuable because of its high protein content and its helpful influence in maintaining soil fertility, that it should be found on every farm where it can be induced to grow. The protein element in livestock feed is of primary importance because it is associated with rapid growth. Rapid growth, in turn, means low-cost production, which, under any circumstances, makes for more profitable feeding.

Alfalfa will do well on almost any soil that is well drained and is not too acid. In north central Saskatchewan it does particularly well on the lighter loams and sandy soil.

So many of our livestock feed crops are low in protein content that this element in feed is relatively expensive. Moreover, only a part of the protein in farm crops is digestible, and the amount of digestible protein varies with the maturity of the crop. For these reasons it is particularly important that alfalfa be used, either for pasture or for hay, when its protein content is highest. Young plants are higher in protein content than mature stalks; leaves contain about 22 per cent of protein, and the stems only about 10 per cent. When cut before bloom and cured so as to reserve the maximum number of green leaves, alfalfa hay contains about 14 per cent digestible protein. By mid-blossom the protein content drops to around 11 per cent; and by the time the plants are about three-quarters in bloom, it drops still further to 10 per cent.

All this indicates that the best time to cut alfalfa for hay is at the beginning of the blossom period. Also, because the leaves contain so much more protein than the stems, special care is necessary to preserve as many of them as possible. If the hay is only allowed to partially cure in the swath before raking into windrows, more of the leaves will be retained; and, generally speaking, the less handling the crop is given the better.

Good Grass Is An Asset

SOIL erosion is a serious problem on a number of farms in the prairie provinces for the reason that land was originally plowed out of native grass when it would have served the owner's purpose better to have left it as pasture. In recent years these earlier mistakes have been brought forcibly to light, and the lack of grass and fibre from grass roots has helped to develop serious wind and water erosion even in some of the better farming areas.

A substantial number of fairly large areas of submarginal land are suitable only for the production of grass, and since these lands were originally plowed up, they are now chiefly covered by weeds that are of little value for livestock feed. The result is that land which should have been an asset has become a liability.

Even if the revenue from these submarginal lands can never be as high as from good wheat land, it can still be made to bring in a steady revenue. Moreover, even in good wheat areas there are spots where grass is the only crop to be grown, and on the range land, the carrying capacity of the land can be greatly improved by reseeding

or the reestablishment of productive grasses. Failure to take advantage of the productive qualities of good grass properly used is costing western Canada and the owners of farm land many millions of dollars each year.

When To Cut For Seed

CRESTED wheat grass seed is ready to harvest when the heads have turned brown and the stems are still green. The final test is to press the seed endways between the thumb and forefinger. If it buckles or bends instead of breaking or flattening out, it is ready to harvest. Correct time to cut crested wheat grass

seed is very important, because the seed is dropped very readily when the plant becomes mature.

Brome grass does not shatter readily and should therefore be harvested when the seed is quite firm. This will be when the heads have a distinct brown tinge, with some of them almost black and the stems still showing a green tinge.

Sweet clover seed matures very unevenly, and generally the crop is harvested when two-thirds of the seed pods are brown. Sometimes one can take advantage of a dull day or a heavy dew so as to secure well matured, plump seeds.

One Man Erects Pole Stack and Boom

His head work enabled him to erect and guy a 52-foot pole with one helper and team at first and eventually alone

LAST summer I borrowed from my neighbor a copy of your Workshop Guide and decided to erect a pole haystacker with a horizontal swinging boom. It was a great success. There were difficulties to be overcome, of course. The main one was how to set a big heavy Balm of Gilead up on end as, when and where required. This pole was 52 feet long, about six inches across the top and about 12 or 14 inches across the butt. I am not a second Paul Bunyan by any means, so I had to figure something out. I am sending the resulting idea along to you on the chance that you will think it of value to some other reader.

To start with, the main pole lies east and west on the ground (see diagram). A light gin pole is set up about three feet to the north of the main pole at a point about 15 feet west of the small end. The gin pole used was a stout, dry-cured poplar rail about 25 or 30 feet long, about four inches across the top and about eight inches across the butt. Near the top a strong hook (shaped something like a meat hook) is bolted on and from this, by means of a short loop of chain, a pulley is suspended.

Before erection of the gin pole this pulley must be threaded with the 125-foot hoist rope. The gin pole is fairly light and one man can lift the small end from the ground onto the back of a hayrack. From here, by means of a rope anchor and pulley, a horse can be used to pull it into a vertical position. The gin pole is held in position by three guy ropes attached to anchors A, B, C. Anchors A and C lie due east and west, almost in line with the main pole, immediately to the north side of it. Anchor B lies due north of the butt of the gin pole. The guy rope at B must be adjusted so that the gin pole leans at all times to the south so that the suspended pulley is above the main pole.

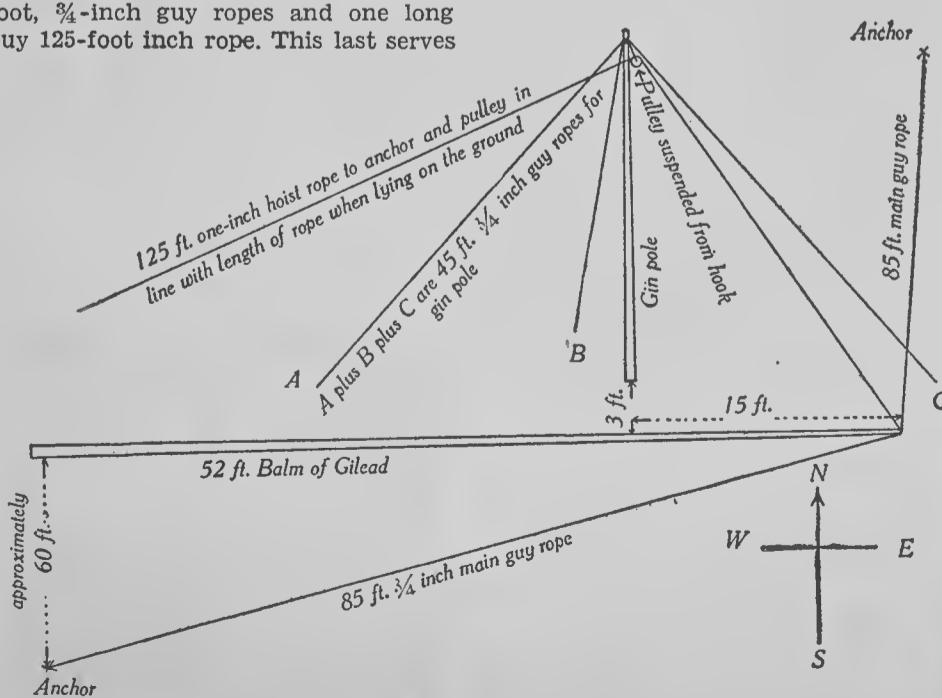
The main pole is shown with two 85-foot, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch guy ropes and one long 125-foot inch rope. This last serves

as both guy and hoist rope. It is carried to an anchor and pulley due west of the main pole. To it is attached a team of horses. As the horses advance the main pole rises. When the pole is at an angle of about 45 degrees the hoist rope will lift the pulley and chain off the hook. As the main pole continues to a vertical position, the pulley slides down the hoist rope, when it can be recovered.

The sketch shows only three guy ropes on the main pole. Actually four are used, but the fourth is not anchored until the gin pole is lowered and removed. It is not shown as it plays no part in the erection. Axles cut into suitable lengths and pointed make good anchors. A stout anchor is needed for the hoist rope. There may be better ways of doing this erection job. All I claim for this method is that it is original with me. I did not know where to go for information or advice and so I whacked this idea out of my own head. The main trick is to see that those anchors are spaced correctly and to see that the guy ropes allow the pole to rise without tangling.

I erected a pole with one helper four times last summer. The last time I did it alone. It took me about two hours and I had no trouble. I believe the horizontal boom is a stronger arrangement than the inclined swinging boom, because the thrust is straight down the pole. The horizontal boom allows dumping of the load anywhere on the stack, which I made 25 by 50 feet.

I am inclined to believe one should make his equipment strong enough to hoist a ton or 30 cwt. without strain. He should use a hayloader behind a hayrack and hoist his load with slings at one crack. He would then be able to stack hay faster and with less labor than he can with the new-fangled gimmicks turned out by the machine companies today.—G. L. PRITCHARD, Wetaskiwin, Alberta.



Layout of poles and rope to enable one man to erect pole stacker.



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[Guide photo.
A well-planned and sheltered farmstead, such as this on the J. I. Bell farm, Kerrobert, Sask., adds greatly to the enjoyment of farm living.

My First Prairie Garden

IT was grand and glorious that May day I planned and laid out my first garden on the prairie. The sod was broken the spring before and disced quite a few times. On some of the plot an old haystack had stood, so it all worked very nicely. Spring plowed sod rots better than fall plowed.

My garden was to be a thing of beauty and a joy for summer. I raked it all nice and smooth, made it into plots about four feet by six feet, with a nice path around each bed, which extended along one end of the plot. I worked at it for days and always the same ritual—breakfast, dishes, sweeping, babies' care—bed-making, and feeding the chickens we had managed to bring through the hard winter of 1905-6 in spite of the determination of the weasels to have a night snack of them. It did look very nice, with beds rounded up, patted even with a 10-inch board which I stood on to make rows, then plant, cover, turn the board over and repeat. Empty packets were put on buck brush sticks to mark where each vegetable was planted. It surely was in pretty patterns. I was so proud of the beds and could hardly wait until hubby came home from breaking sod for another homesteader, which was the only means we had of making a grubstake until the homestead started to yield an income. He thought it very nice but said it was too much work (a real westerner) and had never seen a garden put that way. Might be all right in the south where they had lots of moisture and not much wind, but did think those humps (mind you, he called them that) would dry out too quickly. He offered to help finish if we put the rest in rows; then he could cultivate with a horse and I could tend to the beds.

He made the rows. I sorted seeds and planted, then he covered and in two or three hours had accomplished more than I had in two or three days. I could hardly wait for the plants to grow as I went about homely tasks tending babies, milking the cow, household work, picking cow chips for the fire, helping to hitch the colt he was breaking. I thought how nice the little beds would look when it rained and the seeds came through. But alas, it was a windy season. Even the onions I had taken such pains to set right side up as Gram had taught me, kept blowing out of their shallow rows. After the wind subsided the beds got hard and dry and as we were then hauling water, I could not water them. What few plants had the courage to come through soon withered and died and after the first wind storm I never saw the markers again.

We did have a nice garden in the rows, as they were put in deeper and better. Hubby never mentioned the beds.

But late in the summer he said, "Think I better disc one end of the garden. There don't seem to be anything there but weeds, after so much rain." So there went my beds and never again have I tried to plant in beds here in the prairie. When neighbors comment on my wonderful gardens, as we have shelterbelts now, I just smile to myself as I think of my first garden which would have been a complete failure if I had had my way. —HOMESTEADER'S PARTNER, Bowness, Alta.

He Found A Hardy Crab

A BOUT eleven years ago you were giving out seedling apple trees one year old as a premium to subscribers and I was one. Among the ones I received there was a crab apple that was extra good when ripe, average diameter 1 1/4 inches; from stem to blossom two inches; flesh red to the core; skin thin; No. 1 for jell or jam. This is extra hardy and last fall was the sixth crop for it. Have top-worked the others on wood from Brooks, Lacombe and anything that looks like an apple, but find nothing to equal it for jell. Trail is the next best with Osman third on the list. Olga is good, but small.

Columbia is a heavy yielder but fruit is rather small. Robin does very well here. I have four-year-old buds producing this year, but the nicest of the standard varieties I have are Battleford and Blushed Calville. They are excellent apples and I believe hardy enough to stand this climate with a good shelterbelt which I think is as necessary on the south as on the north or west, as the sun warms up the south side of the trees and the sap thaws out, then bingo—10 or 15 below and the bark is split. Have found that an armful of hay hanging in the limbs or old rags to keep the sun off in April may help a lot. Have used the tops of the spruce hedge with good effect. I have also noticed that trees that have come through the winter have been killed out by frosts in May when not sheltered from the south wind and sun.

I have quite a few neighbors who are showing an interest in fruit trees now. I tell them what little I know and show them, but too many are hard to convince that they can grow most of their own fruit—apples, plums, cherries, possibly pears and berries—if they give it a good try.—R. ADDY, Alhambra, Alta.

Dividends for Shelterbelts

IT was quite a dry summer the year we put out our first shipment of trees from Indian Head. The land had been worked for two years previously. As I had never lived on the prairie before, I was very anxious to get trees started to break the flat scene. In fact, before we had the trees going I used to put in mammoth sunflowers; and were they

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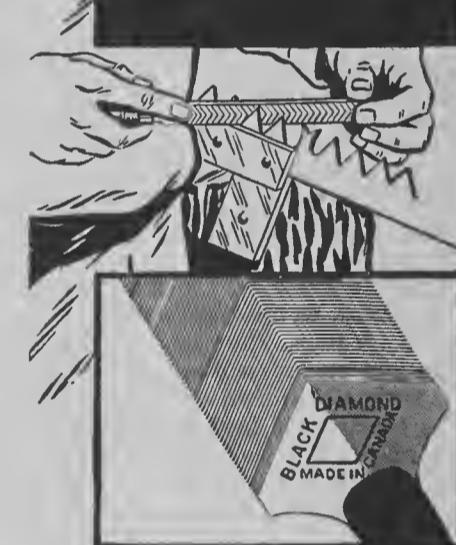
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Although the summer of 1910 was dry, we nursed our cuttings and small trees along. We did not lose many and these we replaced later. During all these years the trees have been a joy and a profit. We had gardens when neighbors considered setting out trees foolishness. They had none because they had no trees to catch the snow or break off the drying out winds. The trees were so nice for the children to play hide and seek in and have tea parties under their cool shade. As some of the old trees died out (mostly willows and poplars) and new ones took their place, they were used for kindling, no mean interest on the prairie, as every piece of wood was valuable in those days. It is nice to have trees to sit under, to sew or do some piece of handicraft on a hot afternoon, and for swings and hammock.

There should have been a law requiring that homesteaders must put out shelterbelts before obtaining their patents. So many came and took the land, only to stay a few years as they thought, but found themselves still staying on. We always had nice perennial flowers and roses, which I'm sure would not survive without protection of some kind and the trees were there to give it. I do think a shelterbelt is a necessity for a successful garden on the open prairie.

If we were planting again we would not put out caragana, as they take a space of 20 to 30 feet all around the garden where nothing grows. We like ash and maple better, a few poplars and lilacs for hedges, as they are the last to lose their leaves in the fall and caraganas are the first. The lilacs are so beautiful when in bloom. Yes, a shelterbelt means lots of hard work, but repays many times over for every minute spent there in dividends and pleasure.—MRS. V. M. BROWN, Bowness, Alta.

A Paean To The Wild Rose

By MARGARET W. VIRTUE

*Bright gems that glorify the place
To which their wealth is clinging;
With anthems loud are joyfully
To their Creator singing.*

IT is surely a wise dispensation of Providence that the lowly places of the land should be the habitation from which the beauty of the wild roses spring. For here it is that nature weaves one of her fairest tapestries when she embroiders the highways and byways with their glowing loveliness. Down lanes and along roadsides there are clusters of them studding the greenery. They make a winding trail of color in among the trees. They spangle the tops of ditches, and rub against weeds and dusty unkept grass, but that enhances rather than dims their beauty.

If the crocuses are the heralds of spring it is the wild roses which are foremost in the van of summer's brilliant pageantry. A surpliced choir aglow! singing of love and humility to those who care to stop and listen. They weave a magic spell about us with their freshness and simplicity so that we needs must stop to examine more closely the wonder of them. So delicate yet radiant is the blush-pink, rose and waxen-white of their open flowers; with buds like tiny, curled, tropic shells, against the emerald of their leaves. So ethereal they look, that one might think a friendly angel had moulded them from the first flushed bars of dawn, and dropped them here for us to marvel at.

It is enchantment to walk among them in the early morning, when on their leaves and petals the sunbeams set the dewdrops there afame. The air around is laden with their rare perfume; and we are lifted above the level of the mundane affairs of every-day life to another plane of serenity and peace. We shall always pay due homage to

the cultured roses that reign supreme in formal gardens. Prize roses which can each boast of a wonderful pedigree; roses that have made history. But it is the wild rose of the country lanes that holds first place in the exiles' memory of home, for like a remembered lovely scene or a haunting melody they cling to the heart, because they are elusive dream-flowers of light and music.

It is not surprising, therefore, that in heraldry and architecture it is the modest rose of the wayside which has been consecrated. The wild rose is the state flower of North Dakota, Iowa, New York, and Georgia in U.S.A. It is also the emblem of the province of Alberta, Canada. In the old lands children string their berries together to make necklaces, and some housewives use their "rose-apple" to make a wild fruit preserve.

The wild rosebush itself does not conform to the shapely beauty attained by any other well bred bush; it has an inquisitive habit of straying, instead of discreetly keeping within its own boundary. It climbs and curves its stems into natural bowers, or indifferently sweeps the ground. Restraint is useless, for freedom it must have. Not for any formal garden these—although they are fit for a king's. They are the queens of the big wild flower garden whose seeds the Creator planted when He fashioned the earth, that they might glorify the humble places with their beauty. Nor is the usefulness ended when they shed their summer gowns, for when the snow covers the earth their prickly stems reach above it with a gift of crimson berries for the delectation of our winter birds. Surely it can be said of them that they serve their purpose in life—royally.

*No priceless treasure ever culled
From sheltered beauty flaunting
Her fairest posies, has eclipsed
The wild rose gift undaunting.*

Freezing For Home Use

THERE are very few fast-freezing units established in individual farm homes in western Canada, but there is a rapidly growing number of commercial locker plants being established which serve a constantly growing number of farm families. Fast-freezing has resulted in many errors being made in the early stages of its development, according to W. R. Philips, Division of Horticulture, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, but the advantages of fast-frozen food products, from the standpoint of easy preparation and palatability of the food, are being rapidly reconciled. Mr. Philips points out that delay between harvest and freezing, results in loss of much of the fresh, aromatic flavor which accompanies fresh fruits and vegetables. The sooner, therefore, the products can be frozen after harvest the better.

He points out that vegetables and some fruits should be blanched before freezing, which means placing the product in boiling water or a steam cabinet for a short time. This arrests chemical changes caused by the activity of certain enzymes which will cause taint or off-flavors. Frozen products should also be packaged before freezing and heavily waxed cellophane or rubber materials are very satisfactory, since what is needed is a package that will prevent the material from drying out. The package should preferably be rectangular in shape so that the space in the locker can be most economically used. The products are frozen preferably before being placed in the locker and the locker storage itself should be kept at a temperature of zero at all times. Higher temperatures contribute to deterioration at a much higher rate, even if the product still remains frozen.

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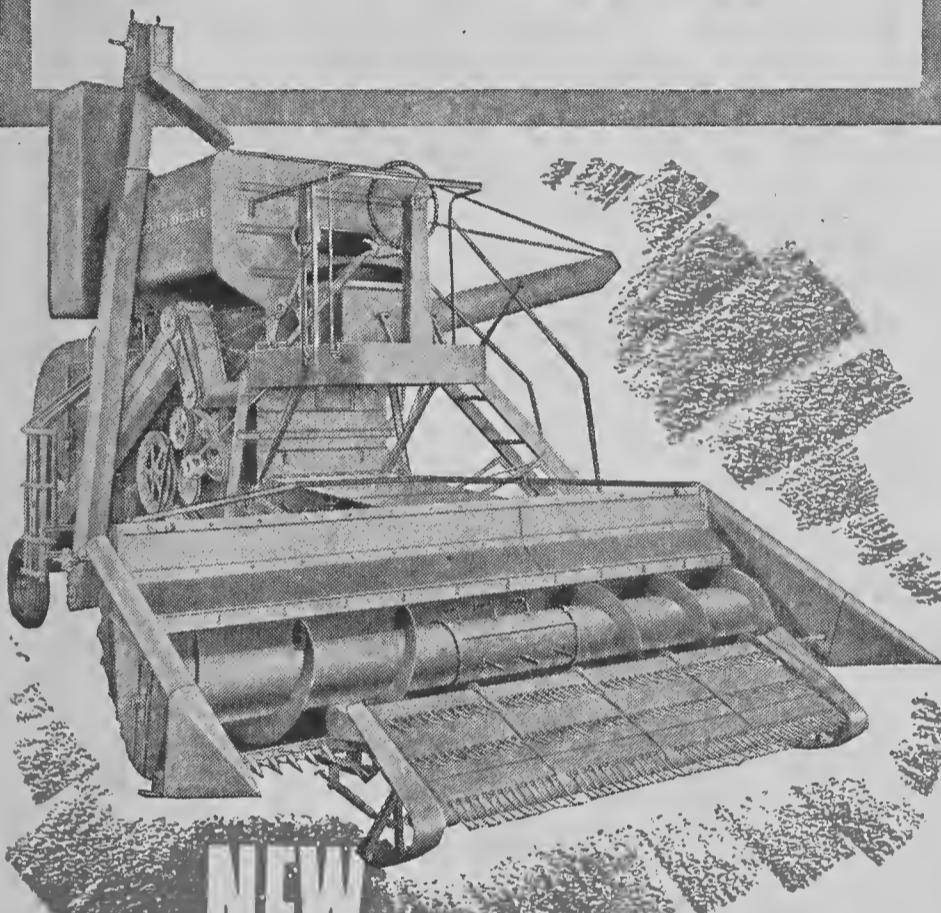
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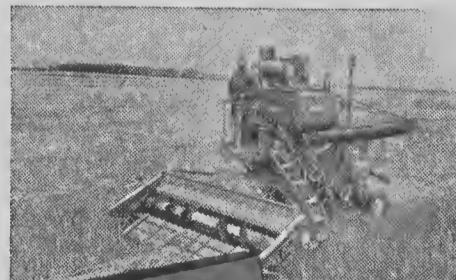
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Frank Words About Immigration

Some of the reasons why our present, or any alternative government will have a difficult job of devising a widely acceptable immigration policy

By A. R. M. LOWER

AFTER the first world war, it being given to few to see that the previous age had ended, efforts were made to resume one of its most prominent features, mass immigration. In 1919 few people understood that the great Volkerwanderung of the 19th century was drawing to a close: Most thought that the war had only interrupted a flow that would eventually give Canada a much larger population: It was not realized that the supply of good land in the West was, like others of Canada's "inexhaustible" resources, not far from exhausted; there were no fresh Saskatchewans.

Interested parties would not accept such a view and throughout the period there was a great deal of pressure to remove all restraints on importing immigrants. This came not only from the railways and land companies but from industrial interests that wished to repeat for Canada the American experience of cheap factory labor. The docility of poor foreign immigrants has made them desirable "hands" and upon their semi-slave labor much North American industry has flourished. During the period after the war, efforts seem to have been made to bring in, not persons from the British Isles, but peasants from eastern Europe, who would be

single generation called for too great a step in adaptation on the part of the children of recently arrived immigrants, however good these latter might be intrinsically. Immigration was proving as injurious for the quality of the population as it was ineffective for the quantity.

The man who will work for a low wage will always drive out the man who has been accustomed to a higher; to a clergyman from England or a carpenter from Poland, Canadian pay seems high. But it is lower than American; consequently, other things being equal, the Canadian clergyman or carpenter goes to the United States. Sir Richard Gresham, in the days of good Queen Bess, formulated the rule that "cheap money drives out dear," a sound monetary maxim. Just so will "cheap" men drive out "dear," an equally sound sociological principle. If the movement of population were completely free throughout the world, there is little question who within a few generations would inherit the earth; it would be a class of man not much liked in Canada, the only human being who seems to be able to stand heat and cold, hunger and thirst, the Arctic or the tropics, who will work cheerfully from dawn to dusk on wages on which

In 1946 Prof. A. R. M. Lower, an occasional Guide contributor, now occupying the chair of history at Queen's University, published his new history of Canada, "From Colony to Nation," Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto; \$5.00. Few histories have been so fearlessly or entertainingly written, and few have divided opinion so sharply. One eminently respectable Toronto periodical describes it as a "dangerous work." The views on immigration, published here as an article, are from pages 489 and 490. The editors of The Guide recommend the book to all except those who wish to retain their prejudices unimpaired.

least acquainted with Canadian conditions. Farm laborers and servant girls were still the official foundations of the state but somehow or other after arriving they frequently got transmuted into factory hands and by 1931, 60 per cent of the new arrivals lived in cities. There was little knowledge of the problems of population and not until the end of the 1920's were scientific studies available to guide public policy. By that time the movement was working to a close. Considerable agitation against it was developing for racial and religious reasons and shortly after the great depression set in, Prime Minister Bennett intervened and immigration virtually ceased.

This last wave of immigration had proved much like all previous ones. At the end of the period two-thirds of the "immigrants" could not be found. Not only that but there was a heavy emigration of the native-born to the United States. If Canada had retained all her own natural increase during the period and all the immigration which came to her, she would have had a population in 1931 of about 11,622,000. Instead she had one of 10,377,000. There was a "leakage" of 1,245,000. An "immigration" of persons born in the United States of 85,000 only succeeded in decreasing the American-born population of Canada by 30,000. Meanwhile the Canadian-born population of the United States had increased at a rate that suggested an emigration of the native-born from Canada of about 300,000, a figure which included too many young people of energy and good education. To replace them within a

other men would starve, and who seems to have more disease-resistant anti-toxins in him than any other known specimen of the human animal: the Chinese coolie. The men who demand least from life drive out the men who demand more. From 1921 to 1931 the increase of Canadian-born professionals in the United States and of European-born peasants in Canada indicated how inexorably this "Gresham's Law of Immigration" was working.

The immigration of 1921-31 created serious stresses and strains in Canadian society. Labor opposed it because it was pretty sure of its deliberate cheap wage aspects. The French opposed it because they objected to foreigners being aided to settle in the West while the native-born had to depend on their own resources and because immigrants assimilate to the English group. The Protestant churches came to oppose the new immigration, for it was heavily weighted towards Catholicism. (Roman Catholics of non-British, non-French origin increased in Canada, 1921-1931, by about 100 per cent.) English-speaking western farmers opposed it, for the European immigrant was steadily driving them off the land. But none of this opposition was of sufficient strength to countervail the influence of "the interests" (of which the railways were the chief), with a government such as Mr. King's (1921-1930), which had no social ideas of its own and responded to the strongest pressure. It took the largest depression in history to end an influx that was rapidly becoming socially injurious.

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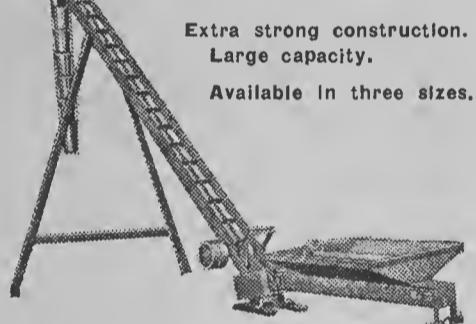
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MILK RECORDS PAY OFF

Continued from Page 10

The list gives the average yields of all recorded daughters and yields of daughters and their dams where there are five or more daughter-dam pairs. Records shown have also been brought to maturity equivalent, basis two milkings a day.

The significance of these dairy sire lists is illustrated by two examples taken more or less at random from the 1945 list. Both sires are of the same breed. Sire No. 1 has eight tested daughters averaging 9,014 pounds of milk and 439 pounds of fat. Of these eight, there are five whose dams also have records averaging 7,611 pounds of milk and 376 pounds of fat. The five daughters of these dams averaged 9,059 pounds of milk and 462 pounds of fat. Thus the five daughters of this sire averaged 1,448 pounds of milk each in excess of their dams' average production, and 86 pounds of fat in excess of their dams' average fat. This would seem to indicate a progressive breeding policy in the use of a valuable sire.

Sire No. 2 had eight tested daughters averaging 8,340 pounds of milk and 442 pounds of fat. The dams of each of these eight daughters also have records which average 9,372 pounds milk and 463 pounds fat. In this instance, the tested daughters averaged 1,032 pounds of milk and 21 pounds of fat less than their dams, which indicates that sire No. 2 decreased rather than increased milk production in that herd.

For a number of years the list of dairy sires contained a sire's index number for each sire listed. This index number was worked out in the United States on the basis of a large number of records, and was computed by taking twice the daughter's average production, minus that of the dam. The formula was based on the percentage of fat; and total fat in the milk and milk yield was determined from these two factors.

G. H. Thornberry, assistant in charge of milk records in the B.C. Livestock Branch, from whom information for this article was obtained, says that this index number is at best a very rough estimate of the ability of a sire to transmit his qualities to his progeny. However, lack of uniformity in the care and management of dams and daughters, differences in the quality of feeds and the amount of sickness and periods of off-feed interfere with the reliability of such index numbers, so that the sire list for 1946 issued in B.C. does not use this number.

FIGURES compiled for the year 1945 as to production by breeds are interesting. They show 4.3 per cent of the total cows in the B.C. cow testing associations to have been Ayrshires, averaging 8,312 pounds of milk and 333 pounds of fat; 27.2 per cent Guernseys averaging 7,914 pounds milk and 371 pounds fat; 28.4 per cent Holsteins averaging 10,896 pounds milk and 393 pounds fat; and 39.6 per cent Jerseys averaging 7,481 pounds milk and 367 pounds fat.

All of the experience of the cow testing associations in B.C., and elsewhere for that matter, indicates that the way to dairy herd profits lies through cow testing. Purebreds alone are not the answer, as the breed associations themselves found out long ago. Disappointments, too, are most frequently due to too much dependence on single records in the case of cows, or a single record of a sire's dam. Likewise, freedom from disease and high resistance to infection are too generally disregarded and of great importance.

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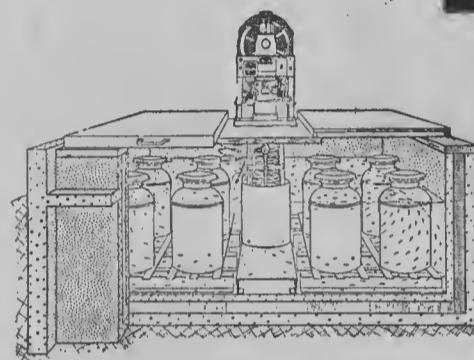
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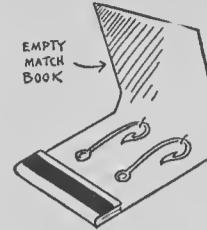
Farm Division

Small Conveniences Save Time

Useful ideas that cut costs on the farm

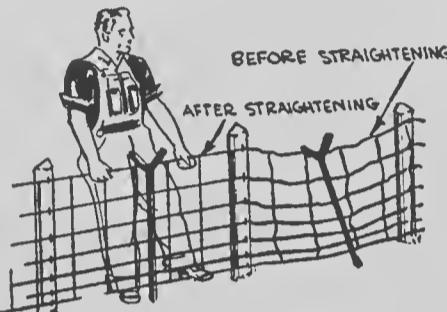
Hint for Fishermen

Here is an idea for fishermen. An empty match book is just the ticket for holding fish hooks. Thus the pleasure of smoking makes a contribution to the sport of fishing in an additional way.—Mrs. Anton Garacke.



Straightens Woven Fence

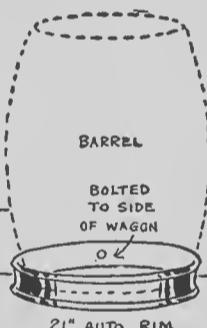
A subscriber writes: "Here is my lazy man's way of taking the kinks out of woven wire fence which may have been crushed down by settling snow drifts or by cattle. Take one or two forked sticks about eight or ten inches longer than the height of the fence and set them as shown, then ride fence with foot on



lower strand and pull up on top strand with the hands. We have 12 miles of woven wire fence and this device helps a great deal in keeping it in shape."

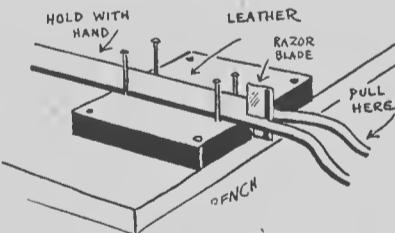
Barrel Holder from Auto Rim

If you find it difficult to keep barrels from sliding around or overturning in your truck or wagon bed you may solve the problem with 21-inch auto rims. Simply bolt the rims through the valve stem openings to the sides of your truck or wagon bed and place the barrels inside the rims. The rims keep the barrels securely in place but the barrels can be easily lifted out if need be.



For Cutting Laces

Take a bit of board and screw it to the bench. Into the board drive four shingle nails as shown. Into the edge

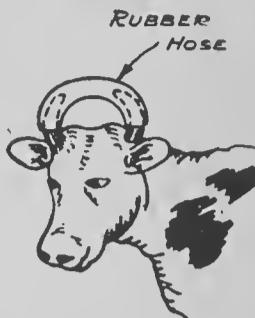


of the board insert an old single-edged razor blade. It will drive easily in the grain end of the board. The difference between the line of the left hand pair of nails and the razor blade determines the width of the lace.—D.C.R.

The Country Guide will pay one dollar for each workshop idea used. To be acceptable, the explanation must be clear, as brief as possible and accompanied by rough drawing where this would help. Two dollars will be paid for sharp, clear, contrasty photographs of labor-saving ideas, accompanied by sufficient explanation; and up to \$10 for ideas too elaborate for this department, when accompanied by drawings or photographs and adequate text.—EDITORS.

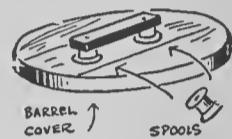
Horn Guard

This device is used to outwit a cow with a dangerous set of horns. With it you can buy an excellent dairy cow and turn her loose among a herd of hornless cows without running the risk of her being a nuisance, or positive danger. The hose must have a hole large enough so that it will slip more than half way down on each horn.—I.W.D.



Handle for Barrel Cover

A barrel for hauling water needs a strong cover and the cover needs a handle. This one is made by taking a narrow strip of wood an inch thick and 1 1/2 inches wide. The handle is then nailed to or bolted to the cover using empty spools as spacers—Paul Tremblay, St. Paul, Alta.



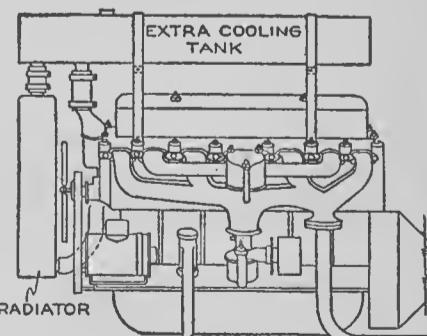
Plant Duster

I have found the plant duster described below a great aid in combatting potato bugs. Simply take an empty baking powder can with a lid and punch about 20 small holes in its bottom with a shingle nail. Then cut off a piece of broom handle or other smooth stick about 15 inches long, at a long angle as shown, and attach to can by nailing from the inside or by rivetting.

To use duster, mix one part of paris green with 15 to 20 parts of low grade flour or very fine sifted ashes. A flip of your wrist delivers a sprinkling of poison wherever needed. Early morning or after a shower when the foliage is damp is the best time to do your dusting. A dust mask or else a handkerchief tied over the nose and mouth are advisable while putting out the poison.—Robert J. Roder, Reist, Alta.

Keeps Engine Cool

The chief trouble with an old automobile engine mounted for doing belt work is that it tends to heat up. To increase the cooling capacity, Prof. L. G. Heimle, of Macdonald College, Que.,



recommends that an extra cooling tank be mounted over the engine as shown in the sketch. Block the upper connection to the radiator and connect with the bottom of the extra tank. The overflow pipe of the radiator has to be plugged as well. It is also necessary, in some cases, to braze a tube into the inside of the filler hole to get sufficient surface to clamp on a piece of radiator hose to connect with the extra tank. The gas tank from an old automobile will function as the extra cooler tank.

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4.00 2.50 1.50	W.L. Ckls.	3.00 2.00 1.00	W.L. Ckls.
15.25 8.10 4.30	B. Rocks	14.25 7.60 4.05	B. Rocks
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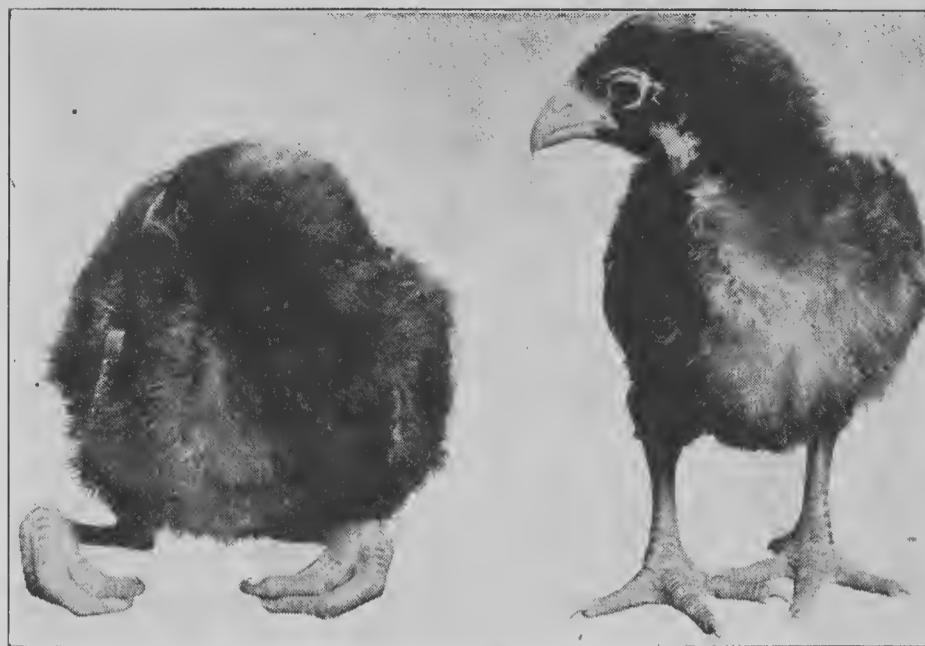
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[Univ. of Missouri photo.
Picture shows chick with curled toe paralysis due to deficiency of riboflavin, one of the B-Vitamins found in milk, alfalfa and grasses. Very young chicks require more than older birds. On the right is the same chick one week later after riboflavin treatment.]

Star Boarders Not Wanted

REGARDLESS of how well the pullets were culled last fall when they were placed in their winter quarters, there will be some which have not laid very many eggs to date and probably have ceased production, or will do in the very near future. These are classified as "star boarders," for they will not lay enough eggs to pay for their feed. The number of such birds in a flock will depend on how much culling has been practised during the past six months. The proportion varies from just the odd bird to as high as one third of the flock.

Fortunately nearly all of our common breeds and varieties of chickens are yellow skinned. This makes it a simple matter to distinguish our good layers from the poor ones. Cull out those which have a yellow colored beak and shanks. Include also in your culling, the very fat hens, or those whose pubic bones are close together. Of course the ones which have started to drop their feathers or moult should also be removed. These latter indications of poor production can be used to cull those breeds which are white skinned, such as the Light Sussex.

Systematic culling will help to reduce feed costs, increase per cent production and return a greater profit to the owner.

Green Feed Is Valuable

FRESH young green feed is one of the most valuable feeds we can supply to our growing stock. At this time of year, we do not, as a rule, need to worry about good pasture, but we should be thinking now of late July or early August when the green feed has either dried up or has become very coarse and unpalatable. In such a state, this feed has practically no nutritive value and is not relished by the birds.

More poultrymen are realizing the value of green feed and are taking steps to insure a supply for the latter part of the summer. The seeding of a small area to oats in early July has been found to be very satisfactory. The oats should start growth before the birds are allowed to forage. When the young birds are allowed on the field, they will relish this succulent feed. Its value cannot be over-emphasized.

Another practice which merits consideration is the cutting of the present pasture, late in June. If we are fortunate enough to have a rain after cutting, the valuable new growth will prove very beneficial.

Eggs Are A Perishable Food

UNLESS eggs are held under the proper conditions prior to marketing, they will deteriorate very rapidly. This loss in quality is a greater problem during the summer months than during the winter. Many egg shippers are not satisfied with the grades they receive at this time of year. Their returns now show a much larger proportion of B-grade eggs than several months ago. It becomes worth while then to maintain egg quality throughout the summer months.

When laid, all eggs with the exception of those containing blood or meat spots will grade A for quality. However, it does not take much time for these eggs to become B's if they are left in the nest for half a day or longer. It is necessary to cool them as quickly as possible after they are laid. They should be collected as least three times a day and stored in a cool place (50-55 degrees Fahr.), preferably in an open container (such as a wire egg basket) overnight, before being packed in an egg case. Results of a test recently conducted in the United States indicate that the percentage of A-grade eggs was increased from 63 to 83 per cent, simply by gathering the eggs three times a day instead of once.

Egg Prices Increased

DURING recent months poultry producers have placed a great deal of emphasis on the increased cost of poultry feeds. After two months of negotiations with the British Ministry of Food, an advance in the price of eggs for export has been assured. On and after May 5 this increase amounts to 1½ cents per dozen on A and B-grade eggs, while a further 1½ cents a dozen increase becomes effective on September 1. This means that the floor price for fall eggs is raised three cents per dozen, and that the British contract for shell eggs from September 1 to January 21 is five cents a dozen higher than last year. There is one proviso in this increased price arrangement and that is if feed prices decrease, a proportionate decrease will be made in this three cents a dozen improved price. This is only reasonable, because even under the old agreement British buyers were paying just about all their Treasury would stand. This mutual bargaining illustrates the willingness of the British Ministry of Food to co-operate with us to the fullest extent and to continue to encourage Canadian producers to remain in the egg and poultry business.



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THE OLD LADY HAS HER DAY

Continued from page 9

Gus frowned lightly, not daring to risk my great-aunt's sharp tongue by more than this fractional disapproval, and said in a gentle voice, "Stulpy's aimin' t' foreclose Hank, here, and Hank ain't gonna let us help him."

"Offered t' buy up the mortgage, did you?" she asked, eyeing my great-uncle scornfully.

My great-uncle nodded, a little sheepish now that his magnanimity had come under the disapproving scrutiny of his wife's eye.

"Good thing one of you's got some sense," said my great-aunt. "Hank done the right thing refusin' your money."

"You ain't bein' a bit neighborly," said Gus stiffly.

My great-aunt ignored this. "I reckon Hank ain't against help so long as it don't mean money?" she said.

"Oh, no, Ma'am, not at all," said Hank quickly. "I know how much it means t' have a little money on hand, and I can't see any a my friends spendin' it on a poor investment like this in these hard times."

My great-aunt nodded, a satisfied smile on her face. "That's good sense," she said. "Pity that man a mine ain't got a mite."

My great-uncle roused himself to protest, "I don't see you doin' much helpful."

"No, but I'm thinkin', which is more 'n you and Gus are doin'."

"Thinkin'," echoed my great-uncle sarcastically. "What, I'd like t' know?"

"I say, let Stulpy foreclose."

My great-uncle could not have been more amazed had she tipped him backward off the fence.

"Let him foreclose!" repeated Gus in astonishment, gulping once, visibly, as if it had been necessary to physically swallow her words.

"Seems you heard me," said my great-aunt.

My great-uncle found his tongue. "You got a mighty short memory, ol' woman. Ain't forgot how ol' Stulpy got hold a your cousin's farm out Logtown way, have you?"

"I ain't, and I learned a lot since then," she replied in a sharp voice. "I'm sayin', let him foreclose. Let Hank dig up a couple a dollars to bid his place in when the time comes. If you all get the farmers hereabouts together the right time, ain't no reason Hank has to lose his farm, and he can make the mortgage the same time. You do as I say."

She smiled then, her glasses glinting in the sunlight, and added, "I'm goin' in to say How-do to Mrs. Bloom. You, Joe—you get back to that cornfield!"

DURING all the time between the foreclosure and the sale of Hank Bloom's farm, my great-aunt said very little about her plans. She sent my great-uncle and Gus Elker out to make sure that all Hank's friends would be at the sale, and saw to it that the farmers collected several hundred dollars for use if necessary. My great-uncle pointed out that with his usual sagacity, old man Stulpy had not advertised the foreclosure sale to any great extent.

"I know him," she said, and smiled saying it. "He'd squeeze blood out of a turnip. He's aimin' to buy up that farm himself—no loss to his pocket-book—fix it up a little, and make a big profit sellin' it later on. Just the way he did with May's farm. That's how he made his money—just waitin' for some poor devil to fall on a payment; then he jumps."

"That's legal," grumped my great-uncle.

"Skunk legal," said my great-aunt. "Ain't givin' a man like Hank a chance. A good man, too. Just failing once, and he's done. Don't make no difference what his crop's been like, not to old man Stulpy. That's all Stulpy ever done in his life. Now he c'n drive around in big cars and you and me still has to use the Ford or the surrey."

My great-uncle could not see that marshalling Hank Bloom's friends would do much good, but he knew my great-aunt well enough to know that all would be far from well with him if he failed her. So he and Gus set doggedly about rousing the countryside, until at last they could assure my great-aunt that every farmer nearby would be at the sale.

"But we can't use force," he kept complaining, looking at her askance as if he had visualized her advancing upon Stulpy with his old shotgun. "I'd sure like t' see that skunk run off Hank's land, but we can't do it. Tain't legal."

"Ain't aimin' to use force," snapped my great-aunt. "I declare, Joe Stoll, I like to die if you ever give me credit for brain!"

"Ain't sayin' what kind a brain," said he.

My great-aunt sniffed and raised her eyebrows. "You're talkin'!"

The day of the sale duly rolled around. My great-uncle got ready to go over to Hank Bloom's place and kept urging my great-aunt to hurry. But she prepared at her own leisurely pace, exasperating him, until Gus Elker came, expecting my great-uncle to go with him.

"Go on," said my great-aunt.

"You be there, now," said my great-uncle, a little nervously.

"Oh, I'll be there," she said lightly. "Maybe not on time. But if I ain't on time, mind you stick to Hank Bloom's right and have that auction open on time. Right on the minute. Now, you hear that, Joe Stoll! And I'm dependin' on you to bid that place in in double-quick time, and not more 'n a couple a hundred dollars on it, either."

"Hoh! How'll we do that with that ol' buzzard Stulpy there?" demanded my great-uncle with a glance of great scorn.

"He might be late," said my great-aunt.

"Probably there a'ready," reflected Gus gloomily. Gus, at any rate, did not hide his skepticism of my great-aunt's advice.

"Then you c'n take along some crêpe and hang it over him," said she. "And over Hank's place, too."

THE sale was set to begin at ten o'clock that morning, but it was customary to allow an hour's grace, so that the sale must start at eleven, if not at ten. It was Stulpy's custom, as my great-aunt knew, to arrive promptly at the hour set.

My great-aunt had surprisingly insisted that I stay with her rather than go to the sale at once with my great-uncle and Gus. They were hardly out of sight when she began to bustle about with great energy.

"Now, this is the road Stulpy's got to take to get to Hank Bloom's place," she explained. "Wagons and cars been goin' past this long while, and they must be purty near all there by now. It's twenty minutes of ten, and I reckon you and I got some work to do."

"Aren't we going to the sale?" I asked.

"Maybe, maybe not," she replied cryptically. "You and me's goin' to push pa's Ford out into the road and keep it there at that narrow place up next the brook. And it's got to be right square across the road, too."

"No gas in the car," I said.

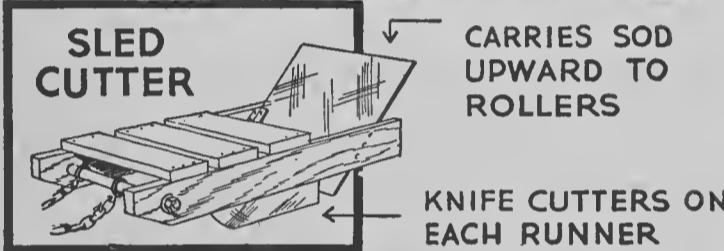
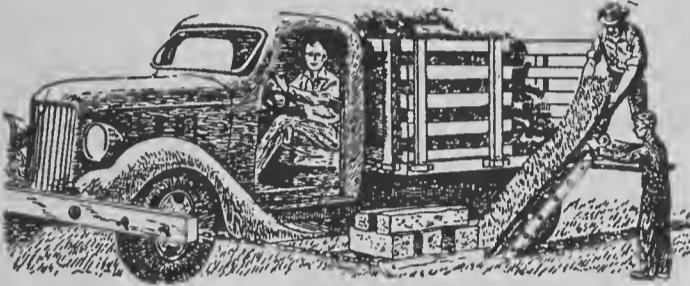
"Sure, I know that," she replied. "I'm countin' on it."

She got into her jacket and hat and went with me out into the warm October day to the side-barn where my great-uncle kept his decrepit car. After a great deal of difficulty, we maneuvered

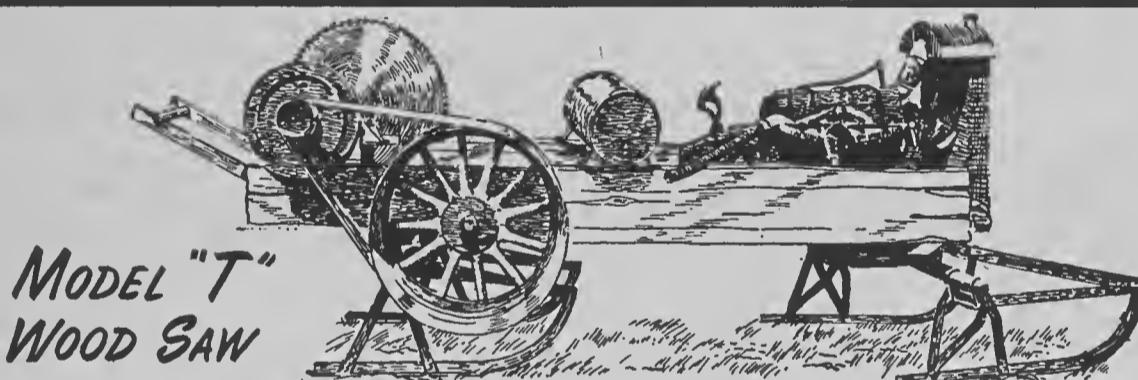
IDEAS

from a Neighbor's Farm

A TRUCK LOAD OF SOD IN 10 MINUTES



A. Chenier, St. Vital, Manitoba, truck gardener, devised this rig for cutting and loading sod for his greenhouses. A 4x6 timber is clamped to the front bumper of a truck, to which chains are attached to pull a sled with cutting blades. As shown in the illustrations, another blade under the sled lifts the sod and carries it upward to the 4" rollers set 2" apart in a sturdy frame attached to the truck. Movement of the sled and truck forward forces the sod up the rollers to the man who loads the truck—in fact, loads a truck in ten minutes. The stones on the sled in picture hold the knife blade down firmly. Practically everything used in making this cutter-loader was spare equipment around the farm, actual cash outlay being about \$10, according to Chenier.

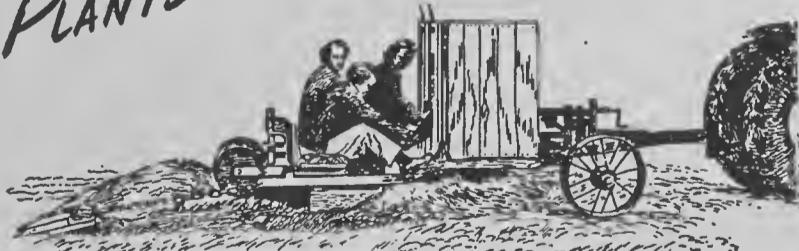


MODEL "T" WOOD SAW

Kenny Brothers of St. Germain, Manitoba, took a Model "T" Ford engine, drive shaft and differential and mounted it on a bob sleigh chassis; extended the rim of a Model "T" wheel and flattened it out to provide the pulley to drive a circular saw. They also installed clutch, brake and reverse from the Model "T". The shaft came with the saw. A hinged bar about

two feet out from the end of saw, and running full width of wagon across the back, is used to shove logs into position with safety. The sleigh can be hauled to any part of the farm by tractor. Three cords of cordwood can be cut in an hour, the Kennys say, and add that "All the parts used were junk around the yard that wasn't being used."

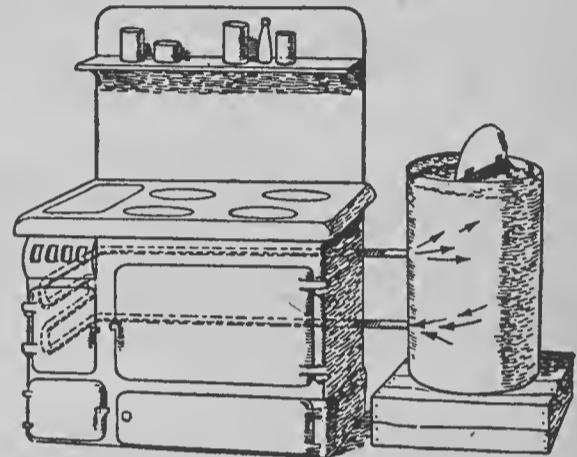
PLANTS 50,000 BULBS PER HOUR



Here's mass planting for bulbs (it will work for potatoes, too) on the 40-acre bulb farm of Wm. Mattick of Cordova Bay, B.C., near Victoria. His tractor pulls the planter, with the driver operating a depth handle, while the power take-off from the wheels opens two furrows. The 10,000-bulb capacity hopper drops the bulbs into chutes above the furrow openings, and one person at each chute feeds the bulbs evenly into the ground. A third person sits between, sees that bulbs feed through the chutes evenly. A middle-buster drag covers dirt over the planted bulbs. The chassis is a sub-soil cultivator, and it is so used during the balance of the year.

Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on how farmers make work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports (not necessarily endorses) his findings because we Safeway people know that exchanging good ideas helps everybody, including us. After all, more than a third of our customers are farm folks.

PLENTY OF H-O-T WATER FOR EVERYONE!



No more wash-day blues or Saturday night bath worries. Here's a simple way to have a constant supply of hot water—suggested by Mrs. H. E. Sanders, Nelson, B.C. You'll need a hot water coil in your kitchen stove, the same as for a pressure tank. A 55-gallon oil drum will do nicely for a tank, mounted on a platform. Weld the water coil pipes from the stove to the oil drum, the lower one about half way up the oil drum; the top one correspondingly higher up on the drum. This heater functions on the principle of hot water being lighter than cold; hence cold water will be drawn through the lower pipe into the stove, when there is a fire in it, and will be expelled back to the top of the tank through the top pipe as it is heated—continuing as long as there is water above the level of both pipes to the tank. Water is taken out and added from the top of tank—a cover on a hinge can easily be made for this. Folks in the prairies in winter will find this an ideal way for melting snow, and everyone will find it a year 'round convenience.

A SAFEWAY IDEA THAT ONIONS AND CUSTOMERS LIKE

Stacks of early white onions shipped in unrefrigerated reefer cars were showing heavy spoilage loss. Safeway produce buyers and agricultural college men found that a certain kind of refrigeration could cut spoilage loss 30%. Successful method called for (1) ice in car bunkers, to lower temperature and (2) cross ventilation from opened hatchway at diagonally opposite end corners of the car, to check undue moisture. This is just one example of how Safeway works constantly with growers and shippers to improve and safeguard food quality. For quality at fair prices leads to increased consumption—helps give growers a better return.



- Safeway buys direct, sells direct, to cut "in-between" costs.
- Safeway buys regularly, offering producers a steady market; when purchasing from farmers Safeway accepts no brokerage directly or indirectly.
- Safeway pays going prices or better, never offers a price lower than producer quotes.
- Safeway stands ready to help move surpluses.
- Safeway sells at lower prices, made possible by direct, less costly distribution . . . so consumers can afford to increase their consumption.

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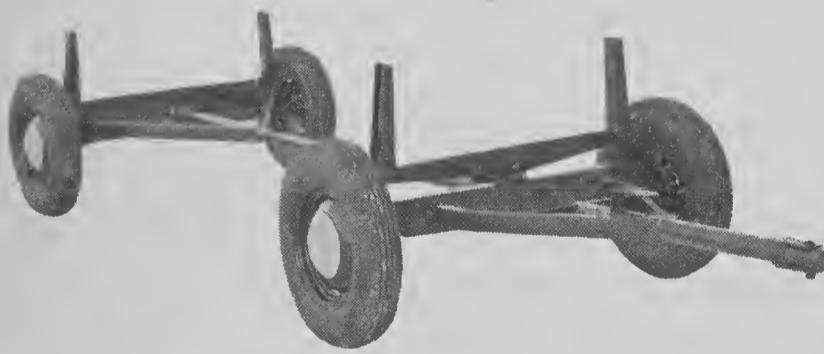
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MOTOR COACH INDUSTRIES, LTD., Winnipeg, Man.

the car down the grade and across the road, in such a way that it was impossible for any one to pass.

"Now we got to get it up a piece yet," my great-aunt said.

We accomplished this, too, thoroughly tiring ourselves. The car was now effectively wedged between two high banks, and a brook paralleling the road on the left.

"Now you go sit at the wheel," she said.

I scrambled into the car and sat there. "Now what?" I asked.

She reached into the back seat and got out the crank, which she hid in the grass near the brook. Then she went forward and raised the car's hood. Somewhat gingerly, she smeared a little oil on her fingers. Then she sat down on the running-board.

"Now we wait," she said.

"But maybe he's there already," I protested, gathering that she waited for Stulpy.

"It'd be the first time," she replied. "He's never yet come 'til the last minute."

Even as she spoke there was a sound of a car coming up the hilly side-road.

"That might be him," she said.

But it was not. It was one of the farmers who owned the store at Grell's Mill. He came to a stop and leaned out.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Have it fixed in no time," said my great-aunt.

"Reckon I'll have to wait," said Ed. "Need any help?"

"Sure not," said my great-aunt, markedly insistent. "I guess we do seem sort a wedged in here. I'll tell you, Ed—you go round through our yard and along the pasture, and you can come to the road the other side of us."

"Sure you don't want me to help?"

She shook her head. "You just go on, Ed," she said.

He backed up and drove through the farmyard, and presently we heard him blow his horn twice sharply, to indicate that he had come out on the road again.

"That's one road old man Stulpy ain't goin' to know about," said my great-aunt firmly.

After a while a wagon trailed up the hill and was sent the same way as the car. My great-aunt saw with some concern that it was now past ten by almost a quarter of an hour. She was beginning to show nervous anger when at last the sound of a powerful car cut into the morning stillness. By the time that the car rounded the short curve beyond my great-uncle's driveway, my great-aunt was vigorously at work about the Ford's engine.

Stulpy, a heavy but not fat man, tall

and rather imposing, with a square jaw and small fox-like eyes covered by octagonal spectacles, looked out of his Buick, which he had driven up so close that my great-aunt had to scurry out of the way. His old-fashioned style of dress and small whitening side-burns contrasted oddly with his car.

"You're holding up the road," he said coldly.

My great-aunt turned on him, faintly affable. "Ain't all of us can afford to have Buicks, Mr. Stulpy," she said.

He recognized her then. "I'd be obliged to you if you could move that car, Mrs. Stoll," he said. "I must be at Mr. Bloom's place very shortly, should have been there some time ago, had I not been held up at the bank."

"We're a-headin' that way, too," said my great-aunt with continued pleasantness. "But I reckon we won't be gettin' there this rate. The boy here don't know much about cars. We come down this grade and turned and run smack across the road like this. I like to die, I thought it was the death of us." She looked at him appraisingly. "Maybe if you was to take a look at this old rattletrap, we might be gettin' to the sale in time."

Stulpy looked at his watch and climbed somewhat arrogantly and gracelessly from his machine, leaving the door stand open.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he asked.

"Seems to be in the motor," said my great-aunt.

He looked at her scornfully. "Or the driver," he said dryly, looking at me.

HE pulled off his coat and vest, removed his hat, and rolled up his sleeves. Distaste was written all over his face as he bent over the machine. My great-aunt sidled up to Stulpy's car, and with an agility that would have done credit to a pickpocket, took the old man's watch from his vest pocket and turned it back ten minutes to quarter past ten.

She was bent at his side when Stulpy looked angrily up.

"I can't see what it is," he said. "But I'm not used to this kind of car, I regret to say. Your spark plugs don't seem to be loose, and your carburetor's not flooded."

My great-aunt looked meek and helpless, clasping her hands nervously together.

"Have you got any gas?" asked Stulpy.

"Gas?" she repeated. "We run this far—it don't seem as if we ought to 've run out of gas."

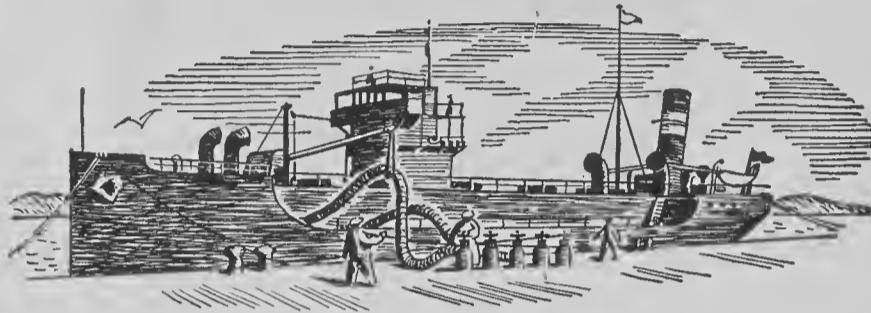
Stulpy snorted scornfully and strode around to look.



"Don't be annoyed dear, he probably also has little mouths to feed!"



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"There's not a drop here," he said. Dismay slid over my great-aunt's face.

Stulpy went over and put on his vest and coat. He looked at his watch. "Ten-thirty," he said.

My great-aunt said tentatively, "Reckon you could spare us a little gas?"

Stulpy grimaced. "I haven't got any too much," he said sulkily. "But I suppose that's the only way to get that can out of the road. Unless you use dynamite, and it ain't worth that. I still got half an hour to make that sale. Got a syphon?"

"Well, now, I reckon we have somewhere about," said my great-aunt, and immediately began to rummage in the back seat.

The old man got more and more fidgety, taking out his watch and looking at it again and again. Over five minutes elapsed before the syphon was found. Then it was she who drew the gas from his tank. He stood careful guard over it, refusing to allow more than a gallon to be withdrawn. And finally, he accepted the quarter my great-aunt thrust at him in payment.

Stulpy said, "Now, hurry up, Mrs. Stoll."

He got back into his car, started the motor and backed up a short way, ready to go on. My great-aunt made a great show of getting into the car and sitting expectantly at my side. Stulpy blew his horn raucously, and my great-aunt got out of the car again and began once more to hunt something in the back seat.

Stulpy rolled down a window and thrust his head out, his face now almost turkey-red with anger.

"What in hell's the matter now?" he demanded.

My great-aunt turned to him and said, "Pears the crank's gone. The starter don't work—ain't worked since Joe bought the car."

"Lost the crank!" howled Stulpy.

He got out of the car again, his watch in his hand. "Look here, Mrs. Stoll," he said. "Is there any other road up to Bloom's farm?"

"No, I guess not," said my great-aunt.

Stulpy swallowed. "Why people like you have to drive cars like that, I can't tell," he said, looking annihilation at the machine.

My great-aunt waved her hands helplessly and said, "It's the taxes, Mr. Stulpy."

He stood now squarely before her and shouted, "You get that car out of there, Mrs. Stoll, or I'll run it down."

"My conscience!" she exclaimed. "You ain't meanin' that, Mr. Stulpy. Why, Joe'd sue you sure!"

"I thrive on lawsuits," Stulpy said.

My great-aunt looked uncertain. "Why don't you walk it, Mr. Stulpy?" she asked. "It's just up the road a piece. Tain't far at all."

Stulpy pulled out his watch. Then he nodded gravely and said, "I can make it at that, I think. I'll park that car right here alongside the road."

"You can put it in our driveway if you want," said my great-aunt, smiling.

Stulpy scowled at her, parked his car, climbed around the Ford, and receded along the road at a greater pace than his appearance would have credited him with going.

My great-aunt sighed deeply.

"He's got eight minutes," she said. "I don't reckon he can make it." She shook her head. "I figgered on gettin' his gas low, but he was watchin' too close. But I guess we got him hogtied anyway."

"I guess we have," I agreed.

MY great-aunt looked up the road and asked, "Reckon you could drive that little way up to Hank Bloom's, once Stulpy's out of hearin'?"

I said I thought I could, though I had not driven much before. We waited in silence, and presently, feeling that Stulpy had arrived at the Bloom farm, we got started a little uncertainly. We came to the farm without mishap not long after the sale had finished, and apparently just after Stulpy's tardy arrival.

My great-aunt, with a wide smile of satisfaction, caught immediate sight of a frothing and furious figure in the middle of a curiously silent and unsympathetic crowd of farmers. It was old man Stulpy, literally white with rage.

"Three hundred dollars!" he was shouting. "Is that all I get out of a three thousand dollar mortgage? I'll see about that. I'll jail the lot of you. I'll . . ."

He caught sight of my great-aunt and pointed a trembling finger at her.

But whatever he wanted to say was delayed by the auctioneer, who said in a crisp voice, "We delayed a full hour, Mr. Stulpy. Everything is according to form and perfectly legal. The farm was to be disposed of, and three hundred dollars is the highest bid I received. Legally, I was obliged to accept it, and it is my conviction that the court will accept that sum. You should have been present."

"But you didn't wait an hour," Stulpy kept insisting. "It's two minutes to eleven now!"

A half dozen watches were extended toward him. On every face he read approximately ten minutes past eleven. Old man Stulpy looked at my great-aunt and me. "They kept me away," he shrilled.

The auctioneer looked politely incredulous. Some of the farmers guffawed loudly. The sheriff, who had come up to his side, looked scornful.

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Stulpy, that an old lady and a little boy could keep you from coming?" said the sheriff disdainfully. "Ain't claimin' forcible detention, are you? I don't reckon you got enough force there."

Old man Stulpy knew when he was licked. He subsided. "There's force and force, but I see your point, Sheriff. I don't suppose I need to ask who owns the farm now."

"No, maybe you don't," said the sheriff, grinning. "Some of the boys bought it and gave it back to Hank Bloom."

Stulpy nodded grimly, clapped his hat to his head, and strode back down the road without a word. If looks could kill, the look he gave my great-aunt would have put her to a torturous death and made some provision for a miserable after-life.

The sheriff said to my great-aunt, "I don't know how you done it, Mrs. Stoll, but he sure had it comin' a long while."

My great-aunt looked innocent. "I ain't done nothin' at all," she said, but smiled, saying it.

The sheriff shook his head. "You can tell that to Joe, but you ain't tellin' me. You had your foot in it. I know Stulpy—he ain't missed a foreclosure sale of his in his life."

My great-uncle came bustling up from a crowd that had been standing around Hank Bloom, congratulating him.

"Here's my ol' woman at last," he said boisterously. "Lou, you sure missed it! We been havin' some day!"

My great-aunt rubbed at the grease still on her fingers and said, smiling benignly, "This old lady has had her day, Joe Stoll. And it sure has been a day!"

Poison Ivy

By EVELYN GILBERT

IN wooded areas it is wise to keep a weather eye open for poison ivy. It is a fact that many people do not know how to identify the plant on sight. Even old and experienced gardeners have been known to make a sad error in the case of poison ivy and have, on occasion, allowed the picturesque vine to drape itself around their fences for its ornamental effect.

In appearance, the leaves of the plant most resemble that of the Virginia Creeper with the difference that the Virginia Creeper has five leaves to each stem, while poison ivy has but three. It is a strenuous climber and covers everything in its path with a thick mat of vines and leaves, sometimes climbing to a height of 30 feet. In late spring the plant sometimes produces tiny pale-colored flowers which may, later in the season, give way to clusters of small grayish-green berries. These are not, however, present on every poison ivy plant, therefore their absence need not be looked on as a safety guide.

Poison ivy may be found in almost all sorts of locations, in every type of soil and develops equally well in the full sunlight or in deepest shade, on rocky soil or wet ground. The seeds are often carried by the birds and this helps to spread it over wide areas.

It is not necessary to touch the plant oneself in order to become infected. The handling of wood or tools which have lain in a patch of poison ivy can cause a severe allergy as can touching clothing which has brushed against its leaves. Even by petting the family dog, it can be transmitted.

The virus of poison ivy comes from the oily sap which coats the entire plant including the leaves, berries, stem and root. This oil is extremely clinging and may be present in the woody part of the vine, long after the plant has been uprooted.

Most common of the methods used for its destruction, is to burn off the entire plant and then to uproot what remains under the ground. Care must be taken during this operation not to stand in the smoke as even this is highly poisonous. Another method is to kill the weed with a chemical spray. This eliminates possible accidental contacts but it requires several applications to kill it completely.

If a contact has been made with this scorpion of the plant world, the most effective preventive step is to wash as soon as possible all exposed parts of the body. Use plenty of soap and be sure to cleanse any crevices in the skin, knuckle joints or any other part where the traces of poison might linger. Several rinses of clear running water should be used, as only by carrying away all traces of soap, poison and dirt may a rash be avoided.

If a protective cream has been smeared on the skin beforehand it will help in checking the action of the poison until it can be washed off. At the present time there is no known cure for this condition after it has developed, so preventive measures are the only safeguard.

Important Trial

On May 3 the trial commenced in Germany of high officials of I. G. Farben, a huge industrial organization, without whose aid Hitler could not have succeeded. It is alleged that through their association with foreign firms in an international cartel, these men sabotaged Allied war effort. This trial, more significant than Nuremberg, commands very little newspaper space. The public would be interested in having the names of the foreign firms concerned.

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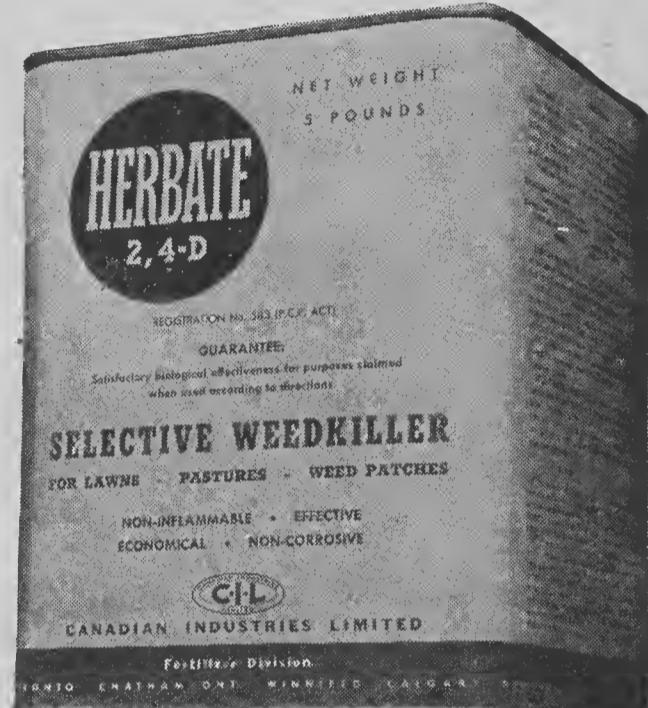
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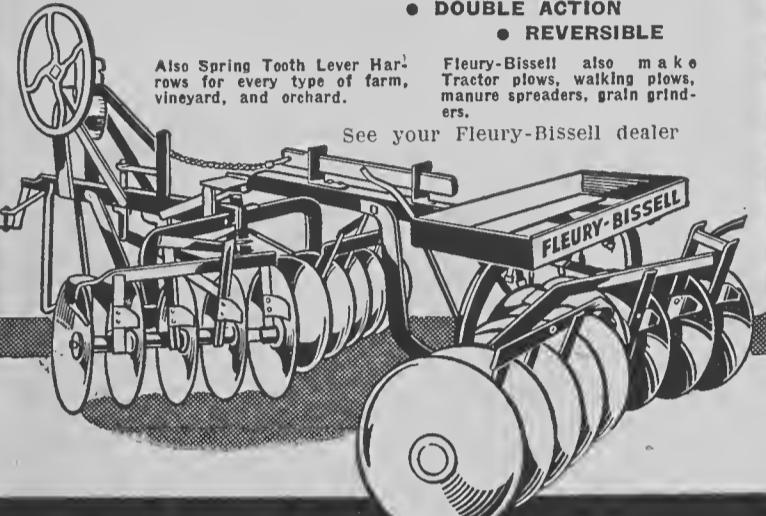
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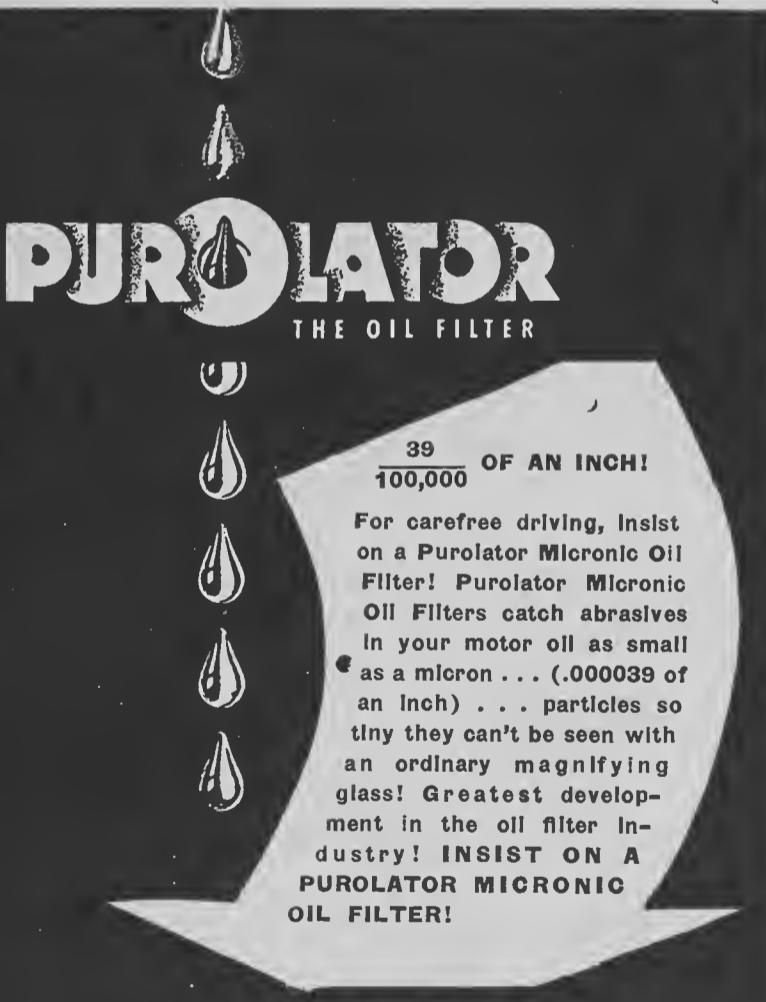
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WINDSOR CANADA

The Inaudible Whistle

A town dweller's dramatic visit to a farm

By H. R. JUKES

IN our village, unless you own a dog you are not quite—well, quite. We keep to the old traditions: change comes very slowly. The ruins of the old Norman castle still frown down upon us, as they've done for the past five or six hundred years; the church still squats under the elms at the corner of the green, as snug as an old partridge on her nest, just as it's always done; the wooden stocks, where they used to put the bad lads of the neighborhood and then throw offal at them, are still there. Over everything lies a centuries old air of peace.

So, not wishing to appear conspicuous, I bought a dog. The purchase of a whistle followed as a necessary corollary. It was a good whistle. Actually I paid five shillings for it. But its timbre unfortunately clashed with that of the type apparently used as a means of communication between the various local council institutions. After calling up to me the village fire-brigade three times, the district nurse twice and our police constable once—in fact, the whole village with the exception of my dog—I arrived at the conclusion that a change of equipment might prove advisable.

I read an advertisement of what was fancifully described as a "silent" whistle. I read it several times. I think the man who wrote it must have been a poet. From what I gathered, here was a reed with all the attributes of the Pipes of Pan; an elfin instrument of far too ethereal a pitch to be heard by gross human ears, but at the same time possessing a note of compelling influence on animals—of which my dog was allegedly one.

"Ha, ha!" thought I.

I wrote away for it at once, enclosing a postal order as stipulated in small print at the foot of the effusion and adding a few lines of my own, explaining, in some detail, my dog's rather involved psychological impulses and which I hoped their fascinating invention might help me successfully to overcome.

TWO days afterwards it came. It looked an interesting little package as I began to unwrap it—while a skin formed on the top of my breakfast porridge—a most inviting little parcel. My wife guessed a fountain-pen; my son, rising nine and with but one thought in life, a fishing-float; and my still younger daughter Jennifer, who is of that engagingly pessimistic age when nothing is believed at all unless it is in one's hands, haughtily reserved all vocal opinion, merely reaching out for the parcel in her totalitarian way and herself completing the unwrapping on the tray of her high chair.

I imagine all three thought it was some new type of cigarette-holder. Interest seemed to flag. Jennifer, as with everything, tried the taste of it; first biting it amidships and then endways on. "Blow," I coaxed, paternally. "Blow hard."

The experiment confirmed the cigarette-holder hypothesis. Nothing happened. Certainly the parrot in the corner lifted a languid eyelid and leered at us, but that was all. Jennifer, with her usual pretty absence of ceremony, cast the toy away. It skimmed through my porridge and rolled under the table. In trying to retrieve it, my son—he's of the age—managed to tread on it. I was afraid that the resultant bulge might have damaged the presumably vital slip-stream channel, but of course I had no means of deciding this at the moment. There seemed to be a way through it all right when I gently tried

it. In fact it seemed to work better than before. The sinister fowl swinging about in his cage ceased muttering to himself for the moment and glared bleakly round at me with, if possible, even increased hostility. But, of course, that was no real test; he often does that.

After some difficulty I found my dog. I made much of him, in the hope that I might prevail upon him to come with me for a walk in preference to what other minor attractions he might have in mind at the moment. By some incredible flight of the imagination, I thought that I might even have an opportunity to display my triumph in front of the neighbours, perhaps even before I had got out of sight of my own house. Carlo, with his simple directness of heart and mind and soul, would as usual, bolt straight up, down or across the village street. Then, choosing my moment, I would bring him back by means of my whistle, discreetly hidden in the crook of my hand. People would wonder. Power of the mind, you know. Psychic, almost. I would out-shepherd the shepherds!

BUT, of course, the dog, on this day of all days, chose to keep at heel. I suppose that I must have stepped on something—one of my son's aniseed balls, perhaps. His nose never left my heels until I had actually got quite a way out of the main village; in fact not until we came to old Wurzel's farm and the counteracting scents attached to the place took his mind into even more congenial channels. I did not miss him at first. Through the open door of the barn I could see Wurzel just finishing the morning's milking; the last cow in the row. He nodded affably towards me, and I picked my way across the cobbled yard to pass the time of day with him.

"Fine morning," I said.

"Aye," he agreed. "It's a nooan amiss for a small place."

It was very peaceful, leaning there against the doorway, with the rich, warm fragrance of cows and milk and hay—all sorts of smells—around me. The birds were chirruping and flitting about among the neighbouring trees; many of the bushes were already breaking into leaf; you could almost see the grass growing in the meadows. Everywhere, after the long winter's snows, seemed to be bursting into new and joyous life. A dozen hens foraged among the cobblestones. Pigeons cooed. Perfect.

Across the sunlit yard I could see the venerable figure of Sam Brown, Wurzel's man; one of those dear old chaps, watery blue of eye, with drooping moustaches and cheeks like bloodhounds'. Grave, aloof and a little austere; if he'd worn a spiked helmet instead of a cloth cap he'd have looked like Bismarck. He was bending over, thoughtfully planting various vegetable seedlings on the edge of a bit of newly broken ground. A man wise in his generation, I thought, and happy in his work. A noble sight. A patriarchal goat browsed peacefully among the early buttercups a few yards away. Farther over, in the pasture beyond, Wurzel's old mare was lazily massaging her ample buttocks against a railpost, with an expression of utmost complacency upon her smug features. The farmyard cat, one hind-leg pointed skywards, was, with extravagant frankness, completing her morning toilet. Everything was pure poetry.

Then Wurzel called attention to my



Where fields and ocean meet—Prince Edward Island (see pages 7 and 24).

dog, just about to sneak off into the farmhouse. "Ah," thought I. "Now is my chance!"

The whistle was hidden in the crook of my fingers. I withdrew my hand from my pocket and lifted the knuckles to my lips—to a casual observer just as the shepherds did—and I blew.

Naturally, my eyes were mainly focussed upon my dog. The other things forced themselves, as it were, upon my attention. No audible sound came forth from the whistle; but old Wurzel gave vent to a startled exclamation of considerable potency as the cow suddenly kicked over the milking-pail, the stool and whisked him across the head with her tail. The cat sprang upright, spitting expletives and clawing the air, her tail the size of a fluebrush. The old mare kicked down the railings. With my own eyes I saw the goat raise an outraged visage from the lush grasses among which it had been buried, glare balefully for a second at old Sam's blunt end sticking up in the air, and then, from those few yards away, promptly charge. The gardener, though corpulent, appeared to be a remarkably buoyant sort of man. As he pivoted forward, the goat followed through into the pile of seedling boxes.

My own pup spun around on the step as if he'd been struck by lightning. His eyes swivelled about wildly, trying to look in all directions at once. And then, his hinder end well down, tail tucked in, he completed a second circle and streaked off indoors.

ALL this happened simultaneously. I saw it all at once, if you see what I mean.

Then I helped Wurzel to his feet again. He gazed hard at the cow for some considerable while, with a mixed sort of look in his eye; a curious blending of wrath and sheer amazement. His

remarks, shorn of needless excrescences, of which there were many, were to the effect that "she's never done that afore." I gathered that he was somewhat baffled.

Sam, too, appeared to be a trifle puzzled by the goat's behavior. Even across the space of the yard I could hear him wondering. I listened with growing admiration to his theories about the parentage of goats in general and this one in particular. Not that the goat was listening. His momentary exuberance had fallen from him like a garment, and he had resumed his usual seraphic expression of blinking beatitude as he nibbled innocently once again among the grasses. Neither Sam nor Wurzel had as yet seen the demolished railing. I thought I had better go for my dog. He came slinking out at my first whisper, peering about him warily and showing the whites of his eyes. He seemed strangely subdued, keeping close to my side all the way home. Both of us walked delicately, like Agag.

When I got into the house I ventured a cautious glance at the whistle. It seemed harmless enough—just a little, shining steel tubular sort of a thing with a bulge in it. I thought I'd let my friend Manolo have a look at it. Manolo is a Portugee. He came over here during the war and settled down in our village. He works in some place connected with telephone research—sound transmissions — something of that sort. He brought the whistle back to me the same night. "Ze vibrations: veree high pitch now," he explained, tapping the bulge. "It make-a de noise like de sting-fly—a what-a you call it —hornet? Yes, hornet. De whistle imitata de huntin' cry of de hornet. De tally-ho. Yes, no?"—Broadcast on the BBC Short-Wave Overseas Service.



The farm home of Allan McCallister who pioneered field pea culture six miles north of Portage la Prairie (see pages 8 and 48).

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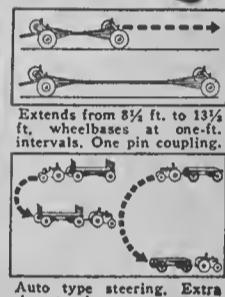
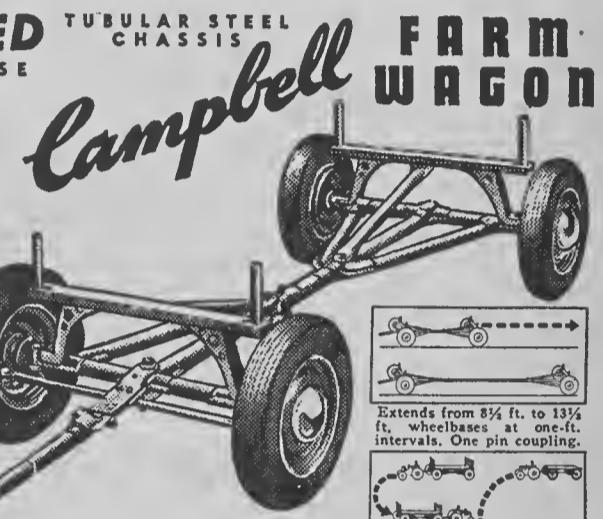
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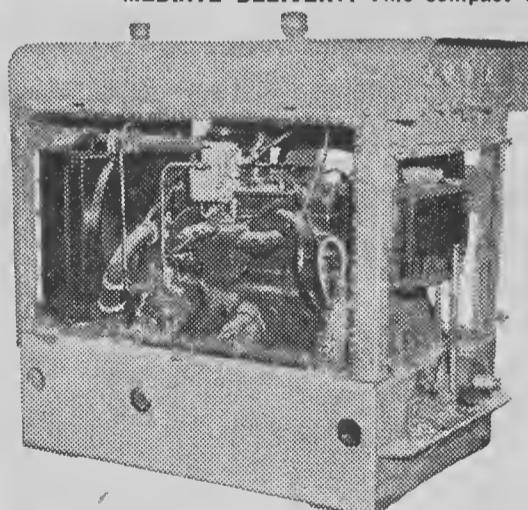
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Berries for Wine

British Columbia has Canadianized an industry and a manager to push it, and the results promise to be highly satisfactory

By JEAN I. MATHIESON

FEW people who know the Dutch genius for horticulture will be surprised at the rise of E. A. Schwantje. This young Hollander specialized in this subject at university in his native land and then looked about before putting his accumulated knowledge to work, a reconnaissance which took him to British Columbia. Canada's Pacific coast presented so many opportunities that he never looked back.

At first Schwantje landscaped privately, recreating little gems of homeland scenery in his new surroundings. Soon he was working for large companies who wanted to achieve on the grand scale some of the results he was attaining in small bits. His largest commission came from the C.N.R., for whom he landscaped Jasper and Minaki Lodges. From this Schwantje went to the field branch of British Columbia's department of agriculture. His employment with the provincial government acquainted him thoroughly with the soils of Vancouver Island, their properties and their possibilities.

In 1944 the loganberry wine industry was looking for a man capable of developing and managing a large winery devoted exclusively to the production of their raw material. Schwantje was an obvious choice.

The loganberry is a native of California and as such is unable to stand sub-zero weather. This means that its culture in Canada is limited to the lands warmed by the western sea, but because of its quality and flavor, it has a wide market as far east as Manitoba. This year the government has increased the quota which will be permitted for export trade.

The first requisite of the loganberry is to have its roots dry; this means that the land be well drained. Since loganberry canes continue to produce heavily for 25 years it is natural that they must take a great amount of nourishment from the soil. To maintain output, fertilizer must replace the nourishment which has been removed. Horse manure is the best of all but is also the most expensive. Chemical and blood meal have proven their value. As Logana Farm is a subsidiary company of the Wine Growers' Corporation, it is possible to obtain the discarded grape pulp from the winery. This has a high acid content but when used in conjunction with a chemical fertilizer, the acid is neutralized, providing an inexpensive and beneficial fertilizer.

In 1944 the first crop was picked on Logana Farm. That year it was 65 tons. When the entire 86 acres have reached their full production their annual output will be about 225 tons.

Logana Farm is perfectly laid out to insure the easiest cultivation and to facilitate the harvesting of the crop. Its 65,000 plants are arranged in rows which have 25 posts to each row to support the wire for the plants. Altogether there are 16,000 posts and 30 tons of wire supporting the plants, while one-quarter of a million metal pegs hold the canes in position.



E. A. Schwantje, a Canadianized Hollander, manager of Logana Farm.

The difficulty confronting production in 1944 was the lack of available manpower to dig post holes. Post hole diggers were off the market for the war years. Unable to wait, Mr. Schwantje designed his own digger which could do the work of five men. Today the problem is not so easily solved, as pickers for the harvesting of the crop must be found. This requires 300 pickers for a 10-week period.

Great care must be exercised in the harvesting, for only the dead ripe berries must be sent to the winery. The riper the berry, the higher its sugar content, which means that less sugar will be required in the manufacture of the loganberry wine. Wine is not its only use. It is canned for fruit, for fruit juice, jams and jellies. The jelly has the distinction of being unsurpassed in quality or flavor by any other fruit.

Like all other plant industries, it has its hazards too. Cold weather can per-

manently injure the canes because of the chilling the plants receive from the wires which support them. Dry berry disease, when out of hand, will greatly lessen the crop. Kept in control, it keeps the crop from being too heavy for the vines. Robins have a great fondness for the fruit, but Mr. Schwantje feels that it is their payment for the beneficial work they do in other ways.

Harnessing the Rivers

THE great river systems of the world adjacent to land needed for increased food production, are in danger of losing their freedom. For centuries these great rivers have gathered untold quantities of life-giving water from mountain slopes and from the farthest reaches of their drainage basins and have carried it past parched and thirsty land to the sea. Too often floods have devastated large areas and have been responsible for the loss of many lives and the disuse of thousands of acres of land. Millions of units of electrical energy have been lost to civilization, which would have driven irrigation pumps and innumerable industrial machines, as well as provided much relief from hard labor for the farmer.

With a broader vision of improved human nutrition and a deeper realization of the economy of water conservation, huge projects are now contemplated for the control of some of our great river systems. In the United States, proposals for the development of the Columbia River Basin have been under consideration for some time and if completed, will involve four big dams on the main portion of the Missouri River and more than one hundred smaller dams on its tributaries. The cost will involve hundreds of millions of dollars, and the project will probably require many years to complete.

In Canada, on a more modest scale, the government contemplates postwar irrigation and water development possibilities in western Canada amounting to many millions of dollars and utilizing not only the waters of the Milk river in the south, but in all probability the waters of the North Saskatchewan and other prairie rivers as well. The main purpose of these projects, if and when launched, will be to provide stability to western agriculture by removing some of the hazards of crop and livestock production.

In China, one of UNRRA's great world wide undertakings is the harnessing of the Yellow River. In 1938, a mile-long dyke was dynamited by the Chinese army in an attempt to halt the Japanese advance; and about a year ago UNRRA technicians assisted by 150,000 Chinese laborers, were attempting to close the break before the high flood period of late June. The entire project is designed to rehabilitate the food basket of China, approximately 2,000,000 acres of the most fertile Chinese soil in the provinces of Hunan and Anhwei, much of which has been buried under layers of sand and volcanic ash deposited by the river.

India's basic industry is agriculture. The nutritional level of the majority of Indian people is very low. During the British regime, huge irrigation projects have been established and many more are needed in order to increase the productivity of Indian soil and the remuneration of the Indian peasant farmer.

Mexico is engaged in an extensive irrigation program extending over several years, to release the fertility inherent in large areas of land now kept unfertile by lack of sufficient water.

In these and other countries, huge enterprises for the increase of soil productivity tell of an enlightened interest in the welfare of the world's people.

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The Cream and Egg Money

The mechanics of farm finance

By HARRY J. BOYLE

IOFTEN wonder what we would do on the farm if it weren't for the cream and egg money. Each week it comes rolling in, the groceries are paid for the same day, and the balance is tucked away in the cracked tea pot on the pantry shelf.

A man can scoff and say that the hens are eating their heads off and we would be farther ahead to leave the calves on the cows, but just the same the extra cash is often a life-saver. A man is inclined to forget that when he comes home late on a Sunday evening and has to change his clothes and chase the cows all over a dew-laden meadow to round them up for milking.

that I can ruin my credit even with the tea pot by not paying back a loan.

It seems to me that every time I start out for an auction sale or just to go and see a horse at a neighbor's, I have to borrow from the tea pot. There's something about having a few dollars in your pocket when you're away from home that's sort of comforting.

A good many farmers with successful places should be ashamed of themselves when they start boasting about their ability to finance. A mighty lot of them depended on their wives to pull them through hard times and emergencies with the "cream and egg money" reserves. They always knew

with the Old Contemptibles and in peacetime Ted served with the famous Camerons of Winnipeg until 1937, when he received the Canadian Efficiency Medal.

You would think a man who has been through the mill like that would have had enough of wars. But not Ted. When Canada entered World War II, Ted Fletcher volunteered for service in spite of being blind. Of course he was turned down. Then Ted started mopping. He wanted action!

Ted cast around for some way to serve and hit on—poetry!

There is the ring and surge of Kipling in Ted Fletcher's poetry, so Ted sat himself down and wrote many a fine poem. Then he would read the poems at a service club meeting or public gathering. Those who wanted copies dropped their contribution into a convenient box and the money was turned over to the Red Cross and other war services.

Newspapers, periodicals and service publications in Canada, Great Britain and Australia have published many of Ted's poems. Ted types them in Braille.

Early in 1941 a new idea struck Ted. He had been hearing about Winnipeg's salvage campaign and how it had become big business—the biggest of its kind in Canada. Perhaps, thought Ted, he could turn his natural skill with tools to good advantage in a very good cause.

So Ted went down and talked to the hard-working officials of Winnipeg's Patriotic Salvage Corps. He told them what he thought he could do and they very gratefully offered him the opportunity. If he could repair sleighs that was just what was needed.

Dozens and dozens of wrecked sleighs were being sent in to the salvage campaign by Winnipeg citizens who have contributed almost 45 million pounds of salvage, worth a few dollars short of \$394,000 since October, 1941. Incidentally, this is believed to be a record for the whole North American continent.

Soon Ted was a very busy man in his well-equipped workshop. In fact, Ted became a one-man sleigh repair assembly line. His skilled hands guided only by his very sensitive sense of touch, accomplished miracles.

Money received from the sale of Ted's sleighs, ironing boards, wagons and poetry, has helped to buy eight mobile kitchens for British bomb victims and provided considerable aid to China, the Red Cross, Russia, Bundles for Britain and the Navy League of Canada, during the war years.

Up to now, Ted has made or repaired 380 sleighs, 200 folding ironing boards and about two dozen wagons.

Ted is quite modest about his achievements. Says he was only doing his "bit." Three years ago, at the height of the fuel shortage, Ted went down to a coal yard and worked four hours a day for three weeks filling 150-pound bags.

He doesn't talk about that, but his friends do, and they are very proud of him.

As for Ted himself, he is very proud of two things. One is the fact that his daughter passed the very stiff examinations of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, some time ago.

The other is the fact that a professor in Bristol University is interested in including some of Ted's poems in an anthology he is compiling.

Meantime, Ted has added another new interest to his life—the writing of verses to be set to hymn music. A musician read one of his short poems, wrote and asked for permission to set it to music and later sent along word that the resulting hymn had met instant approval.

Incidentally, Ted gives all the credit for his various successes to his wife. "She is the one who helps me and encourages me," Ted says. "I couldn't have done anything without her."



Don Gray turned up at Portage la Prairie, Manitoba's premier plowing match with a jeep for traction.

Just before Christmas my wife starts to watch the tea pot with an eagle eye. She meets the cream man and demands the envelope before I can filch a quarter for tobacco. She takes the eggs to town herself and will not leave the balance as a "due bill" to take care of the leaner months when the hens and cows slacken production.

When I come in after the chores she can be found with the contents of the tea pot spread out on the table for counting. She figures with a stubby pencil on the back of an envelope stopping only to consult the mail order catalog. She doesn't order much from it, but the catalog is a price guide and a source of entertainment combined.

Not even the promise of giving her a share of the load of pigs now ready for market will serve as a pry on any of the money. She is going to finance the Christmas season on the "cream and egg money."

It would be interesting to know how often that tea pot has saved this family. I never know how much money there is in it, because the money is always tucked in with bills, receipts, box-tops, coupons and a flock of other "treasures."

The tea pot has always managed to come to the rescue in times of need, however. Tax time comes along and I dig down in my overalls for stray quarters, remember the dollar in my good suit pocket and gently suggest that Neighbor Higgins pay me back the six dollars he owes me. I'm still eight dollars and forty cents short.

There's money and chaff and pieces of smudged papers and a couple of staples on the table as a result of the pocket searching. Then there's a scramble through the bureau drawers for stray change. The shortage is reduced to about seven dollars. My wife then reaches for the tea pot and counts out the necessary money. I've always paid it back. Experience has taught me

that no matter what happened they could depend on the cream pitcher or the cracked tea pot or the vase that came as a wedding present to yield up the necessary wherewithal.

No matter what you want it for, the old tea pot always seems to have the money. You may need new overalls . . . the children may need shoes . . . your wife may need a new hat . . . or else the binder needs fixing . . . or you ask the mailman to bring out three balls of twine to finish the cutting. Your wife will bring it up out of the tea pot. Each week when she sells the cream and eggs, she puts it back and then proceeds to dole it out all over again.

I wonder what a bank manager would say if I gave my financial backing as being the cracked tea pot on the pantry shelf?

Ted Fletcher—Blind Craftsman

By WALTER H. RANDALL

TEDE FLETCHER is blind. Yet, in the past few years more than \$1,000 has been realized for various war services through sale of his original poems and the sleighs, ironing boards and wagons he makes in the workshop of his neat little home in Winnipeg.

Combining poetry with carpentry is quite a trick in itself, yet Ted has been doing it with great cleverness ever since he went totally blind in 1937.

Ted laughs and likens himself unto Nelson when he explains about his sight. Lord Nelson was wounded in the Battle of Calvi in 1794 and gradually lost the sight of his right eye. Ted Fletcher was hit across the eyes in the South African war, and his sight gradually faded.

"I've been in one kind of scrap or another ever since I was a young buck," Ted explains. As a boy he joined the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment in England in 1895. He saw considerable action in the South African war. In 1914 he went to France

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Monthly Commentary

Canadian Wheat Board Act Amended

An act to amend the Canadian Wheat Board Act has been passed by the current session of Parliament. Its essential purpose was to extend, until July 31, 1950, the monopolistic powers with respect to wheat which, since September, 1943, have been enjoyed by the Canadian Wheat Board. Such powers would otherwise have expired with the death of Orders-in-Council passed under the Emergency Powers Act.

Thus it becomes possible for the Government, on the one hand, to carry out the terms of the British wheat agreement, and on the other hand to carry out the plan for pooling the returns of five successive wheat crops, those harvested from 1945 to 1949, inclusive.

There were constitutional difficulties in the way of such an Act, for under the Constitution of Canada the Dominion Parliament may not legislate with respect to property and civil rights, which are the concern of the provinces. Several different expedients were made use of to overcome the difficulty. The most important of these was to state that the Act was for the purpose of carrying out the British wheat agreement, an agreement which in wartime, at least, the Government of Canada was quite competent to make. In the second place, use was made of the control of the Dominion Government over export and inter-provincial trade. All persons, for the period of the Act, are forbidden to export wheat or wheat products, or to move them across inter-provincial boundaries except with the permission of the Canadian Wheat Board. In addition, the Government has control over railways and consequently all persons are forbidden to load wheat or wheat products into railroad cars except with permission of the Board. Further, the British North America Act gives the Parliament of Canada control over works which are declared to be for the general advantage of Canada. All country elevators and mills in Western Canada have been declared to be such works. No one may deliver wheat to a country elevator or western mill except with permission of the Canadian Wheat Board. No attempt is made in the Act to limit the transportation or sale of wheat provided only that it is not delivered to an elevator or a mill, is not loaded into a railway car, or is not moved outside of a province.

Under such powers, and subject to the limitations mentioned, all persons are forbidden to deal in or to handle or move wheat except under permission of the Wheat Board. These monopolistic powers are to expire on July 31, 1950. After that date, unless there is further legislation, the Wheat Board will revert to the status it had before September, 1943, when farmers could deliver to it or not, at their choice.

Some months ago, on this page of The Guide, attention was called to the change in the nature of the Canadian Wheat Board when it became a Government monopoly. Previously it was to be regarded as an agency acting for and essentially responsible to the producers delivering wheat to it. At that time it became essentially a department of the Government carrying out such policies as might be decided upon from time to time by the Government of Canada. That fact is now officially recognized in the Act, which declares that:

The Board is for all purposes an agent of His Majesty in right of Canada and its powers under this Act may be exercised by it only as an agency of His Majesty in the said right.

The purpose of such enactment is to protect the Canadian Wheat Board against actions in the court. As a crown agency it could be sued only after permission of the Government is obtained and only in the Exchequer Court. Already that fact has been twice made use of when attempts were made to bring the Wheat Board into court.

The new Act makes statutory the powers of the Wheat Board to control deliveries of wheat and other grains by means of permit books. Every farmer has the right to demand of the Wheat Board that a permit book be issued to him but it is left to the discretion of the Board to decide what quotas may be established from time to time and what method of allocating quotas may be followed.

There was a good deal of discussion when the bill was before the Senate as to the length of time during which these powers of the Canadian Wheat Board should be enjoyed. Some senators argued that as the bill was founded upon the British wheat agreement the powers of the Board should continue only so long as that agreement remains in effect. It was suggested that there is no assurance that the agreement will actually be operative after July 31, 1948, because the only firm prices stipulated in the agreement were for the crops of 1946 and 1947. Although minimum prices have been set for the crops of 1948 and 1949, the actual prices to be paid have yet to be negotiated. It was suggested that if such price negotiations should fail there might be no British wheat agreement effective during the last two years. The Senate, however, rejected a suggestion that the compulsory powers of the Board should be ended in such an event, and the bill, as passed, continues these powers until July 31, 1950.

The Senate, however, did make an important amendment, which was accepted by the Government and by the House of Commons before the Act was passed. That brought to an end, at July 31, 1950, the powers of the Board to control deliveries by permit books and quotas, which powers, as the bill was first drafted, would have been continued indefinitely.

The bill makes statutory the initial price basis of \$1.35 per bushel for the five wheat crops included in the pooling arrangement. The recommendation was rejected which had been made by the Canadian Federation of Agriculture and which had been endorsed by some members of Parliament, that the crop of 1945 should be excluded from the pooling arrangement and settled for separately.

The current position of the Wheat Board in holding large sums of money, which are ultimately to be distributed to farmers, is recognized by authorizing investment of such funds in the securities of the Government of Canada. Such investments are to be made under the authority of a committee of three members drawn from the Department of Finance, from the Bank of Canada, and from the Wheat Board. Depending upon the future course of wheat prices there would be possible an accumulation of several hundred million dollars, actually the property of wheat producers but withheld from distribution to them until after 1950. These funds provide a guarantee against loss to the

Dominion Government if, in the latter part of the pool period, wheat prices should fall below the \$1.35 minimum initial payment which is guaranteed up to July 31, 1950.

There is nothing in the Act about the domestic price of wheat. Since the Board is an agency of the Government, it will have to sell wheat from time to time for domestic use at whatever price it is directed by the Government to charge.

The Board is given powers to deal in other grains than wheat as it may be directed by the Government. It has not, however, any powers for the monopolistic handling of coarse grains. Quite apart from the terms of the Act the Board has been authorized by the Government to provide support prices for oats and barley and to buy all such grains offered to it at support prices. In addition, the Board is employed by the Government as its agent in buying flax outright from producers on a fixed price basis, which for the coming year is to be \$5.00 per bushel.

Several other acts affecting the marketing of agricultural products have been passed by Parliament. One of these is an Amendment to the Canada Grain Act, the most important provision of which is in relation to the car order book. It is provided that a farmer who has ordered a car for his own grain, may, if he subsequently sells such grain, assign his car to the elevator purchasing it. Actually that condition has prevailed for some time under an order in council but would have expired when the Emergency Powers Act came to an end, had it not been put into the Canada Grain Act.

Another Act deals with export and import permits, and provides that specified commodities can only be imported into or exported from Canada when permits are issued by the Government. Those powers will quite possibly be used by the Government during the coming crop year to prevent a rise in the prices of oats and barley if formal ceilings are removed from those products. By limiting the quantity which may be exported and by charging high fees for permits it will be possible to prevent a price advance which otherwise might occur as an effect of demand from the United States for such grains.

Wheat Urgently Needed

The Canadian Wheat Board is urging Western farmers to deliver, as soon as possible, every bushel of wheat they have left to market.

Up to the middle of May about 280 million bushels of wheat had been delivered during the present crop year, a high percentage of the total. But it was calculated then that about 45 million bushels still remained on farms, which the owners intended to dispose of before the new harvest. The Canadian Wheat Board wants to get possession of that wheat in order to keep up shipments to Great Britain and to continental Europe. For a time shipments overseas were delayed because of transportation difficulties and the fact that the railways did not have enough box cars available to handle all the wheat in sight. Since the beginning of spring, however, the railways have been able to assign more box cars for movement from country elevators to terminals, and loadings have been going on at the rate of 1,000 cars a day, or better. So well have the railways done that country elevator stocks have been depleted

to an extent that will not much longer support maximum loading. Hence the request to farmers to speed up deliveries.

Two important concessions have been made by the Wheat Board in order to promote deliveries. The first was to take off all restrictions, allowing farmers to make delivery at any elevator point and not merely the one specified in the permit book.

The other concession, arranged with the Income Tax Department, was for the benefit of those farmers who, for the purpose of equalizing income tax from one year to another, might have been planning to hold their wheat for another year. Last year's provisions for emergency wheat receipts have been renewed. That means that a farmer delivering wheat, instead of taking his initial payment at once, may, until June 30th, choose to receive instead, an emergency wheat receipt. That document he can cash at his choice any time before December 31st, 1949, up to which time either full or partial settlement can be taken. The settlement constitutes taxable income only when it is received and thus the proceeds, at the producer's choice, may become part of his taxable income in 1947, in 1948, or in 1949.

Wheat Price Prospects

What will be the course of wheat prices for the next few years? On that point two conflicting points of view are held by the government of Great Britain and of the United States. The British view is that world prices not only ought to come down, but will come down before long. The American view is that a strong demand for wheat is likely to maintain good prices at least until 1950.

In essence, it was the conflict between these points of view which prevented the recent London Wheat Conference from drafting an acceptable international agreement. The Conference was finally brought to an end when British representatives declared they could not accept the price plan offered by the United States, and acceptable to Canada and Australia, because it would not permit wheat prices to come down rapidly enough. Representatives of the United States refused to consider the price range which would have been acceptable to Great Britain, which they thought not to be in accord with the realities of the situation.

More recently the American point of view was presented in a forecast made by the United States secretary of agriculture, Mr. Anderson, in testimony before a congressional sub-committee at Washington. Mr. Anderson appeared to support a request from his department for large funds for the Commodity Credit Corporation, which body has the duty of maintaining the level of agricultural prices in the United States. It does that either by lending funds to farmers to hold their crops from market or by buying surpluses outright on occasion.

Mr. Anderson told the sub-committee that he expected favorable prices for agricultural products for the crops of 1947, 1948 and 1949. By "favorable prices" he meant quotations higher than the level at which the government is required by law to support farm prices—no less than 90 per cent of parity. That forecast, he said, was based on present world shortages of manpower, of fertilizer and of seed. He

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NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of
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Second-hand Machinery Prices

Second-hand machinery is still selling at high prices. At three sales recently held in this district, the prices realized were more than the cost of new machinery.—*Bredenbury, Sask.*

Golden Wedding Event

Two well-known pioneers of this district, Mr. and Mrs. L. Rychebosh, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary recently. Many friends and relatives gathered at their daughter's home, Mrs. Kaspar Buckberger, to help celebrate the happy event.—*Langenburg, Sask.*

Baby Beef Club

At the Saltcoats Baby Beef club meeting held in the Town Hall, Saltcoats, Mr. Boucher was the guest speaker. He spoke on the subject of grass seeds and gave the members many useful lines on showmanship.—*Saltcoats, Sask.*

Enjoying a Steady Growth

Angusville is enjoying a steady growth. Mr. Magnoski has built a fine new garage and Mr. Parobeck has started the basement for a modern hotel. A skating and curling rink are also planned.—*Angusville, Man.*

Destructive Fire

Ted Langford, a well-known farmer of this district, recently had his barn destroyed by fire. No livestock were lost but a quantity of feed and harness was burned. The fire truck from Russell, accompanied by a large number of volunteers and neighbors, managed to save the other buildings, some of which caught fire several times.—*Cracknell, Man.*

To Visit Europe

F. L. Skinner, owner of the Manitoba Hardy Plant Nursery, is leaving for the Old Country some time in June. He plans to visit Holland and Sweden. Mr. Skinner was recently the recipient of an honorary degree by the University of Manitoba.—*Dropmore, Man.*

U.G.G. Agent Retires

After serving 30 years as agent and travelling inspector for United Grain Growers Ltd., J. H. Wilson, Shoal Lake, Manitoba, retired on pension May 1st and has moved to Haney, B.C. Both he and Mrs. Wilson have been the recipients of the good wishes of their many friends.—*Shoal Lake, Man.*

Water Damage

Residents of the Birdtail Valley have never seen the water so high as it was this year. Extensive damage occurred to a few of the farmers who live on the lowlands. The Birdtail bridge gave way, as did the dam at Birtle.—*Birdtail, Man.*

Winners at Stock Show

John Kartanson won the grand championship at the recent Basswood fat stock show. Mr. Kartanson's Hereford heifer tipped the scales at 790 pounds and was sold at 40 cents a pound.

Reserve championship was won by Bob Douglas, whose Hereford steer weighed 1,040 pounds and sold for 31 cents a pound.

John Lockhead won the calf club championship and the shield donated by the Basswood Shippers' Association, while Bob Lockhead won the reserve championship. Both animals were exhibited in the 800 pounds and over class. John Lockhead also won first prize for showmanship.

A total of 167 animals passed through the sale ring and sales amounted to \$27,225.10. Average price for the stock show animals was 18½ cents a pound

and for calf club animals 19 cents a pound.

Judge of the show was John Connor, assistant livestock commissioner for Manitoba. Carl Bradley, of Newdale, was the auctioneer.—*Newdale, Man.*

Serious Fire Loss

L. W. Gamey, a U.G.G. shareholder and supporter, had the misfortune to lose his home by fire. The fire, which started on the shingles of the roof, resulted in the complete destruction of the home. A good percentage of the furniture was saved. The house was built by Mr. Gamey's father, Wesley Gamey, who was one of the oldest shareholders of the U.G.G.—*Strathclair, Man.*

Vermilion Host to Extension Workers

A successful Short Course for Extension Workers was held at the Vermilion School of Agriculture during May. The Short Course was based on a series of lectures and discussions by C. C. Hearne, Extension Educationist, Division of Field Studies and Training for the United States Department of Agriculture. The men attending the Short Course were guests at a noon luncheon provided by the Vermilion Board of Trade.

An interesting feature of the Course was the "work-shop." This work-shop idea is very popular in the United States, and those attending the Course decided that it had much in its favor. The work-shops at Vermilion took the form of planning groups. With 15 or 16 members in each group, objectives were established, problems discussed, plans laid and solutions considered. The people of Alberta will hear more from their extension workers about these work-shop methods.

Other speakers during the Short Course were J. G. Rayner, Director of the Department of Extension, University of Saskatchewan; E. E. Brockelbank, Director of Saskatchewan Agricultural Representatives; H. S. Fry, Associate Editor of "The Country Guide"; R. D. Sinclair, Dean of Agriculture, University of Alberta; O. S. Longman, Deputy Minister of Agriculture; D. Cameron, Director of Extension, University of Alberta; and S. O. Hillerud of the University of Alberta Extension Service.—*Edmonton, Alta.*

Monthly Commentary

Continued from page 46

told the sub-committee of new markets opening up for United States wheat. If such wheat could be spared, he thought there might be an outlet for from 50 to 100 million bushels annually in India. In addition, he spoke of South American countries, which, dissatisfied with the high prices Argentina now demands for wheat, are beginning to look for supplies from the United States.

Whichever point of view may prove to be correct for the long run, there can be no doubt whatever of continuing world food shortages for another year. That prospect is not alleviated by the expectation that the United States will harvest this year the greatest wheat crop in its history. Nor would it be materially changed even if western Canada could produce a bumper harvest in 1947. The hard facts of the present world food situation were disclosed at a recent meeting in Washington of the Emergency Food Council. There, its secretary-general presented a statement declaring that the world cereal shortage will persist at least until the harvest of 1948. Hundreds of millions of people are suffering now from food shortages which will still get more acute until the harvests of 1947 are gathered. Supplies from those harvests would inevitably be exhausted during the coming crop year, and the summer of 1948 will see a hungry world eagerly

looking forward to the results of that year's harvests.

The report of the secretary-general, in accounting for the present situation, laid stress on the fact that the second world war was immeasurably more destructive than the first and that reconstruction is proportionately more difficult.

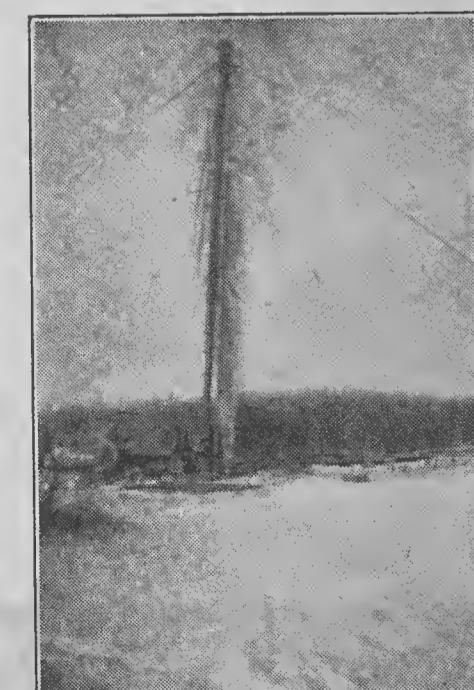
Emphasizing the critical nature of the present situation, the report declared that in a dozen countries there is grave doubt whether supplies in sight will bridge the gap until the domestic harvest is available. The situation is so precarious that a delay of harvest so much as a week beyond the date now anticipated, could be a deciding factor. Grain stocks in almost all importing countries are lower now, and will be still lower at June 30th, than they were at the same time last year.

It is not only that bread stuffs are scarce. Delays and difficulty in the way of rehabilitating agriculture keep importing countries short of meat, milk, eggs and vegetables. Fats and oils formerly obtained from African and Pacific countries are not yet available in anything like adequate quantities. World sugar production is still short and there is a tremendous continuing deficit in quantities of rice available for export from producing countries.

It is difficult, of course, to make any market forecasts based on the great excess of present food needs over available supplies. The physical difficulties of transport, both at sea and by rail in nearly every country, would prevent movement of supplies, in adequate quantity, even if these were available. The pipelines of supply have to be filled up throughout the world before food movement can take place in adequate quantity. We have seen examples of that during the past two years in Canada when at different times the flow of wheat could not be maintained because even if railway cars, lake vessels, or ocean ships were waiting, supplies of wheat were not available at critical points to fill them. Then, over large parts of Europe, the ordinary commercial machinery for the transport and shipment of food is lacking.

Over all, there remains the great problem of financing international trade and the question of how supplies are to be paid for. That problem is still unsettled in spite of the establishment of the world bank and of the world monetary fund. In part, it is related to the efforts now going on at Geneva by the International Trade Organization towards re-establishment of international trade.

Thus the world wheat crisis is not a problem by itself; it is part of an overall world food crisis. Nor is the world food shortage an isolated problem; it is part of a world-wide economic problem.



"Thar She Blows," at Furness Sask.

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—F. H. Packham, Pincher Creek, Alberta



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He used to farm with 20 head of horses — then tried a gasoline wheel-type tractor. Compared to the latter power, his Diesel D2 saves him \$230.00 per year, on fuel expense alone — not even counting big savings of time, which he can profitably use for tending his beef and dairy cattle herds.

"My Diesel D2 has never left me in the lurch," states Mr. Packham. "It excels other tractors with its extra traction and performance on difficult jobs."

It's easy to operate, too, he declares. "Set the D2 straight down the field, then take your hands off the steering levers and roll a smoke." Plenty easy on repairs, he adds. "I never needed many parts, but when I did need them, I could always get them." (After 8 busy years, 5508 meter hours of work, his D2 is still working on its original tracks.)

His harvest outfit shown here is the D2 and an 8-foot power take-off combine. The D2 powers combine and pulls it on only 1½ Imperial gallons of Diesel fuel per hour! "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors specialize on helping make harvests sure and economical!

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FOR CASH AND CONSERVATION

Continued from page 8

the hope today is that Manitoba and Saskatchewan may turn out to be permanently secure from weevil invasion if seed from infested areas is rigidly kept out.

Hon. Douglas Campbell, Manitoba's minister of agriculture, and himself a Portage farmer before attaining political office, fathered an act passed last year by the provincial legislature, which should secure this control for Manitoba, and Saskatchewan will doubtless follow.

If immunity from weevils proves to be lasting, consider the prospect that it opens for the sale of pea seed for export, even if the market for commercial peas should be recovered by Poland!

With respect to disease, climate is also on the side of the prairie pea grower. Only two diseases so far have shown up in Manitoba fields, bacterial wilt and ascochyta (ask-ock-it-a, with the accent on the second syllable.) The first of these is a seed-borne disease. The second may be seed-borne or carried over on surface trash. As Portage peas are sown invariably on fallow the

and bran are respectively 11.3 and 13.2 per cent. Peas average out at about 20.3 per cent!

Recognizing this fact, the Manitoba department of agriculture started a campaign in the spring of 1939 to promote the growing of peas for stock. By the time the first fruits of their persuasion was in the bin, the Montrealers had boosted the price to a level out of reach of stock feeders. Demand for human consumption has kept it there, but the day will come when the project will be revived.

I asked Bob Whiteman, of the Manitoba department of agriculture, what varieties they were pushing. But he was not concerned about varieties. Dashaway, Arthur and Sterling seem about equally suited to local conditions. The names appear above in reverse order of size of kernel, Dashaway being the smallest, but the yield from all three varieties is about equal.

From another source I was told the amusing story of the origin of Dashaway. Between the two wars, Dash Bros., of Kipling, Sask., experimented with field pea varieties. In one lot supposed to be Golden Vine, they noticed a distinct variant which ripened considerably in advance of the rest. Sensing the value of its early maturity, they sent it to a university professor at Saskatoon, who shared their enthusiasm for the new find and submitted it for perpetuation under a variety name. "Let's call it Dashaway," he



A portion of the McCallister seed cleaning plant at Portage la Prairie. This plant handled 175,000 bushels of peas last year in addition to other seed. From the commencement of flow of last year's harvest till time of writing it operated 24 hours a day except during January.

trash hazard is practically non-existent. The new legislation may help to exclude seed from infested localities, although there is some need for amending the Dominion Seeds Act and the regulations governing registration and certification of seed from diseased crops. Most important is the partiality of both these diseases for a climate marked by heavy dews and muggy weather. In typical prairie growing seasons they will find the going hard.

PEA growers obtain encouragement also from the mounting popularity of peas for human consumption. Maybe the new ways of fabricating prepared soups has something to do with it because it is no longer necessary for the housewife to tend a stove for hours to boil split peas. Maybe a lot of Canadians, newly released from war service, have discovered what a good dish Quebec's stand-by can be.

Another outlet for the crop is for livestock feeding. Peas furnish probably the cheapest source of protein that can be produced on a prairie farm. Barley, on which Canada's hog export now depends, contains only 9.3 digestible protein. Oats is a little better at 9.4. Wheat

proposed, "honoring the name of its finders and at the same time carrying the implication that it gets away to an early start in the growing season."

The seed branch at Ottawa, custodian of the national reputation for purity of varieties, bowed its august assent and the variety was formally named, to become, in time, Manitoba's leading sort. But it was not long before the horrible professional secret leaked out. Dashaway is identical with Chancellor, an old and favorably known variety. The Kipling farmers merely had an impurity in their plot and the experts had been caught nodding. To this day both names persist. The peas go into the freight car at Portage as Dashaway and come out at Montreal as Chancellor.

A lot of Canadians, whose income wasn't subject to regulation by the W.P.T.B., are nervous about the return to normal price levels. Not so the pea growers of Portage. They realize that the days of lush profits are numbered. But they also believe that when order and sanity are returned to this old world, it will be proved that they have discovered a crop which for some, at least, meets the requirements of both cash profit and soil conservation.

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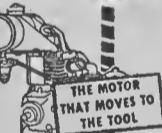
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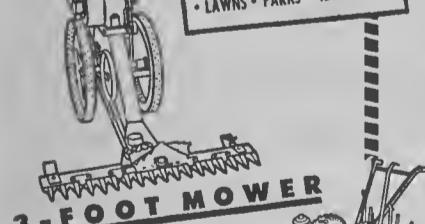
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Poultry Increases Rapidly in B.C.

Division of farms is followed by varied and intensified production

IT is almost certainly true that no area in western Canada during the last five years has shown more rapid development of small holdings and intensive production of commodities, such as small fruits, canning crops and poultry, than the Lower Fraser Valley in British Columbia.

In early August, 1946, a representative of The Country Guide spent several days on Vancouver Island and in the Fraser Valley. During this time, Gordon Landon, Poultry Commissioner for British Columbia, whose headquarters are at New Westminster, found time to tell us something about the marked increase in population and holdings in the lower Fraser Valley, and to visit with us several poultry establishments.

The poultry industry in British Columbia has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. We understand that seven million chicks were hatched in the province last year, and our notes also mention about 500,000 turkeys, most of which were hatched in the Fraser Valley and on the Island. A growing and

supplementing their city income by growing strawberries and beans for the canneries. Some of them would, eventually, leave their city employment as they are able to make a living for themselves on the land.

One man we heard of was raising 4,000 turkeys on slatted porches. Four years previous, when The Country Guide had last visited the Fraser Valley, practically all of this particular land was still wild and covered with trees. Farther north in the valley, around Chilliwack, we understood that larger holdings, formerly dairy farms, were also being broken up into ten-acre lots and sold for at least as high as \$800 per acre.

REFERENCE to one or two of the poultry enterprises we visited, will perhaps give some indication of the degree of intensity now under way. We visited, for example, the Pacific Poultry Products, a 10-acre proposition on which 15,000 birds are handled each year. Of these, approximately 10,000 are



[Nat. Film Board photo.
Purebred S.C. White Leghorns on a Lower Fraser Valley poultry farm,
operated by M. H. Rutledge, Sardis.

presumably profitable trade in hatching eggs is developing with the states of Washington, Oregon and California. Twenty thousand hatching eggs were shipped to these states, mostly to the Petaluma Valley in California in 1945. Customers were back again last year for more, largely because of improved hatchability secured from eggs produced in the more northerly and cooler climates. Sales have also been made in Canada as far east as the province of Quebec and the Maritimes.

THE heaviest poultry population in B.C. is found within a 15-mile radius of Cloverdale, in the municipalities of Langley and Surrey. In the Surrey municipality for example, the prewar population was around 15,000, but has increased by 1946 to around 23,000. Most of this increase, we were informed, came from the Prairie Provinces. Land which in prewar days sold from \$25 to \$50 an acre, undeveloped and without buildings, was last year selling for around \$300. In the Yarrow district, a high point of \$1,400 per acre had been achieved. Near the city of New Westminster workers in the shipyards and in Vancouver were paying from \$6,000 to \$7,000 for an acre of land or so, with a quite ordinary house. Many of these new owners of small holdings were

meat birds, and include 2,000 capons. Around 1,500 layers are housed in a two-storey laying house containing six 24x30-foot pens, each calculated to house laying hens on a basis of four square feet per bird. An eventual 3,000 layers is aimed at. A year before I saw the place, the ground was bare without a building of any kind.

More pullets are reared than are required, and the excess are disposed of as potential layers at from four weeks of age up. A 220-foot brooder house is maintained, capable of handling 6,000 chicks. As the proposition develops, it is intended to arrange small brooder units, carrying from 300 to 400 chicks.

Throughout the valley we learned that peat moss is generally used for litter. This is obtained from the Lulu Island and Ladner peat bogs. It is dug in summer, pressed, dried out in a shed, and baled for sale.

The meat birds are run outside in small ranges, and the capons handled about the same as non-caponized birds, during the early part of the feeding period. Later on they are penned up and fed some mash. We were told that there were more capons in the Valley last year than ever; that the market for them had never been fully developed, and that there had never been a sufficient supply; also, that there was a

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price differential in their favor. They are not sold under seven pounds weight. Just prior to our visit (early August) a thousand cockerels had been sold weighing from seven to 7½ pounds each.

Hampshires were largely used for broilers, because they are quick feathering and rapid maturing. This breed, we were told, combines a low mortality with high vitality, and offers a combination of meat and egg bird. For mature meat birds, the Barred Rock is preferred, not only on account of flavor, but because they dress out better and carry more meat on the breast.

ANOTHER establishment visited was that of Newton Farms Limited. This is really a subsidiary enterprise of a restaurant in Vancouver known as the White Spot, which specializes in serving broilers. The poultry plant consisted primarily of a broiler house and a brooder house. Day-old chicks are purchased and brooded in two stages—from day-old to 2½ weeks, and from 2½ weeks to four weeks. At eight weeks of age they are marketed at two pounds weight. One lot, we were told, had reached required weight in seven weeks and two days.

The broiler house was equipped to carry 6,500 to 7,000 birds in cages, arranged 30 birds to a cage. They remain in these cages from four weeks of age to broiler weight. On the day of our visit we arrived just as the last of the birds were being put over the de-feathering machine. The manager, Mr. Davis, and one woman helper, were getting the birds ready for delivery to Vancouver. The manager operated the machine, and his helper, after picking off the odd feather remaining, placed them in a barrel of cold water, after which they were removed to a drying rack. Later they were placed in barrels and taken to the White Spot, where they were dressed and immediately packed in barrels with alternate layers of fine ice. The birds remain thus packed until they are ready for the steam-pressure cooker.

During the summer months when a drive in the car is a pleasant relief for many city folk, "chicken on the straw" is a tasty form of car service. We were told that the line-up of cars is often sufficient to require a traffic policeman, while inside, the occupants of 200 other cars can be served. This would certainly provide a market for a lot of broilers.

Raising broilers indoors is a careful proposition. The floors must be washed every morning, disinfected every third day, the cages cleaned when the birds are taken out, and every possible care taken to see that the loss from disease is reduced to the absolute minimum.

These visits will afford some indication of the specialization to be found within the B.C. poultry industry. The 1947 production of chicks bids fair to greatly exceed that of 1946. The latest tabulated statement of chick output by provinces in Canada to hand is dated May 17, and shows 1947 production (to April 30) to have been 29 per cent above that of 1946 in the same period. A total of 6,882,468 chicks had been hatched in B.C. up to that date, as compared with 4,779,361 for the same period in 1946. Only Ontario hatches more chicks than British Columbia, and this year the Ontario increase up to May 17 was 17 per cent, as compared with 42.7 per cent for B.C.—H.S.F.



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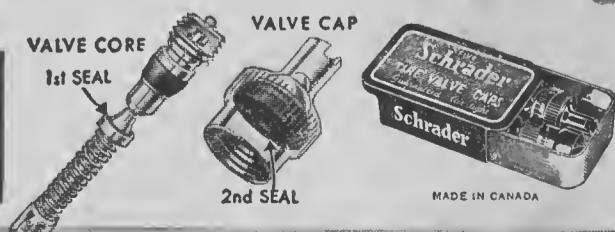
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Continued from page 6

minister its affairs in accordance with its constitution and by-laws, and to retain full responsibility for the handling of all moneys received on its behalf by the National Record Office.

At this meeting, too, 11 associations, including Clydesdale, Shire and Hackney horses, Shorthorn, Hereford, Aberdeen Angus, Ayrshire, Jersey and Galloway cattle, in addition to sheep and swine associations, signed agreements with the minister.

At the same meeting it was agreed that a "National Record Board" should be organized, which would be a joint committee for the management of such record affairs as would be of common interest to all breeds, and composed of smaller committees appointed by individual breed associations as representatives on the National Record Board. The National Record Board at first consisted of 52 breed representatives, arranged so that, based on relative popularity and membership of that day, Hereford and Galloway cattle and Shire horses, for example, each had three representatives, while Shorthorn cattle, sheep and swine each had seven.

It was also agreed that within the National Record Board there should be appointed a "National Record Committee" to meet more frequently and to be responsible for personnel and the general management of the new Canadian National Live Stock Records. Robert Miller, Stouffville, Ontario, who represented Shorthorn cattle, Clydesdale and Hackney horses, and sheep, was elected chairman of the National Record Board. The first records committee consisted of the following stalwarts of the day: Robert Beith, Bowmanville, Ontario; William Smith, Columbus, Ontario; A. W. Smith, Maple Lodge, Ontario; Robert Ness, Howick, Quebec; John Dryden, Toronto, Ontario; and J. D. Brethour, Burford, Ontario.

THUS was the nationalization of Canadian livestock records achieved in 1905. It is noteworthy that in the intervening period of more than 40 years the principle and basic organization then adopted has not been altered. Breed associations are responsible now, as then, for the recording, registration and transfer of their own individual animals. The Dominion Department of Agriculture, through its chief registration officer, A. P. MacVannel, still approves every individual registration certificate issued by any one of the 28 record associations now operating within the Canadian National Live Stock Records.

Also, since the Department approves certification of pedigree, it conducts all investigations and prosecutions where these may be required; and it is no secret that if the complete tale could be told, this aspect alone of pedigree recording would add considerably to the romantic story of livestock development in Canada.

In addition to certification of pedigrees by the chief registration officer, the Department of Agriculture has assisted the Record Board materially over the years by annual grants of money, direct and indirect. The acquisition of early provincial records cost \$7,150 of federal money. Direct grants in cash to the record office increased steadily through the years, and after 1920 were established at \$20,000 annually, part of which was used to pay salaries and expenses of the Record Committee and incidental expenses for office equipment, and the remainder was pro-rated among the various breed associations on the basis of the number of transactions recorded by each during the year.

Except for this contribution, the balance of all recording costs is met proportionately by the affiliated associations. In 1932, the cash grant was reduced to \$18,000 per annum, but in addition to this the Department of Agriculture provides free office space, light, heat, janitor and postal messenger service. Record office printing is likewise paid for by the department, so that an estimate of close to \$1,000,000 as the total of government assistance to the National Live Stock Record Office since its inception in 1905, would seem reasonable.

Each year there is published a printed report of the Record Committee to the Record Board and record associations. The latest report available is that for the year 1945. This report shows total receipts for the year on behalf of all record associations amounting to \$310,565.92, from a total of 117,075 pedigrees and 100,068 transfers recorded for 18,293 members of all the associations. The 28 associations include all of the better known breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, with the exception of the Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada, which still issues its own pedigrees and transfers. Separate herd books are maintained for Angus, Ayrshire, Brown Swiss, Canadian, Guernsey, Hereford, Jersey, Red Poll and Shorthorn cattle; Belgian, Canadian, Clydesdale, French-Coach, Hackney, Hunter, Shire, Standard-Bred Suffolk and Thoroughbred horses; as well as for Silver Foxes. Combined breed herd books are used for other classes of animals including goats, dogs, ponies, poultry, sheep and swine; while, in addition, the Live Stock Record Office maintains a Canadian General Stud and Herd Book, in which are recorded pedigrees of such lesser breeds as Arabian, Cleveland Bay, Yorkshire Coach, German, Hanoverian, Oldenberg, Morgan and Saddle horses, and Jacks and Jennets, as well as Devon, Highland and Lincoln Red Shorthorn cattle.

Not all of the individual associations are active. A few, such as the Galloway cattle, poultry, Shire, Suffolk and French Coach horse societies are societies mostly in name and are administered by the Record Committee. During recent months another record association has been in process of formation for the recording of Chinchillas.

IT is not the purpose of this article to go into wearisome detail as to how the affiliation known as Canadian National Live Stock Records operates. It is important, however, for all persons interested in pedigreed animals to know that the system sponsored by the then minister of agriculture and his live stock commissioner in 1905, and hammered into effective organization by discussion among breed representatives, has stood the test of time. Never since then has it been possible for such individuals as Brenda and Pauline to be the unwitting cause of annoyance and loss to breeders, for irregularities to go undetected for long, or for carelessness to be perpetuated.

Changes have been made necessary throughout the years; and adaptation, as, for example, to the newer method of artificial insemination, has been rendered essential to the progress of livestock breeding.

The Record Board will now issue a certificate of approval to conduct artificial insemination under certain conditions, but the breed associations, in turn, may cancel such a certificate at any time, on recommendation of the Special Committee on Artificial Insemination, which may be authorized by the Minister for any record association. Breed associations may or may not choose to register artificially bred animals, but if they do the procedure is uniform. The same principle is used, too, with regard to export and import of purebreds to and from other coun-



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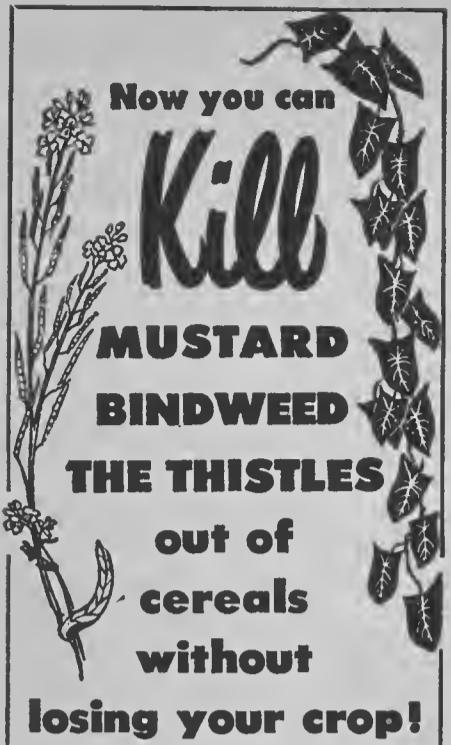
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tries. Canadian National Records are recognized and accepted in Great Britain and the United States, and the pedigrees of certain record associations of these countries are accepted in Canada. The record office is also responsible, on behalf of the Record Board, for checking exhibition returns, or the study of methods of identification.

For the year 1945 a total of 295,400 operational items comprised the year's work for the National Live Stock Record Office, under Director R. G. T. Hitchman, who is secretary of the Record Board and of the Record Committee. Some record associations account for much more work than others. Shorthorn cattle, for example, involved 44,081 operations, dogs 40,525, swine 37,368, sheep 34,122, Hereford cattle 33,980, Ayrshire cattle 33,263 and Jersey cattle 30,523.

It is probably not contended by anyone that the operation of Canadian National Live Stock Records represents the acme of efficiency. Nevertheless, it does combine a recognition of the public interest, with responsible administration of breed association affairs by those directly interested. It provides a guarantee of reliability for Canada's purebred livestock records. It ensures the recording of pedigrees at comparatively low cost, and it offers a system of checks and balances which, over the years, has justified the ambition of those who convened in Ottawa over 40 years ago to unify and nationalize Canada's system of pedigree recording.

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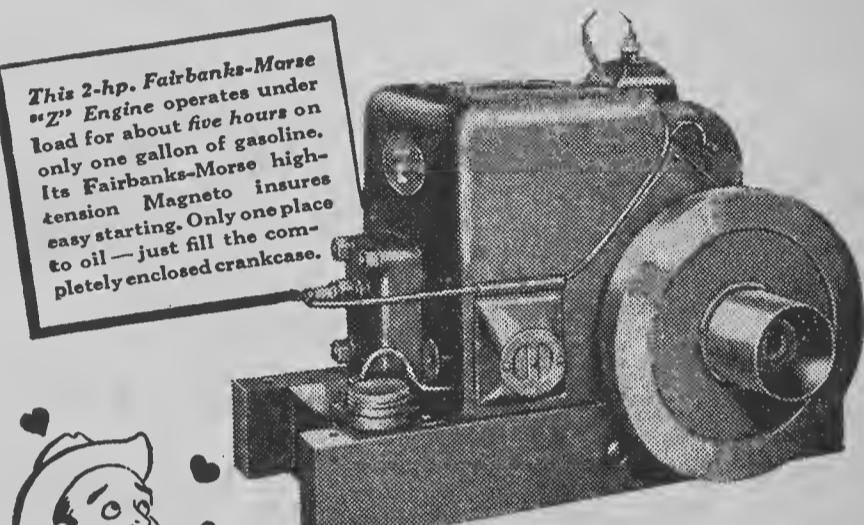
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Scandalous Behavior of Mrs. Phalarope

The female of this species spends her time in footloose frivolity while Mr. Fairy Drake minds the youngsters

By DAN McCOWAN

IN general the marital affairs of most birds follow well defined patterns. Some, like the geese and the golden eagles, mate permanently; others pair off for the duration of the nesting season only. In most cases both parents share the duties of incubation and of caring for the young.

There are of course exceptions to this rule, as for instance that of the apparently shameless male humming bird who ungallantly leaves mother to tend the twins alone. Heartless as such behavior may see it has exact parallel in the home life of a large group of shore birds named Phalarope. But in the case of the amazing Phalarope the situation is reversed. The females flit about the neighborhood enjoying the spring and summer days to the full while their docile partners, alone and unaided, attend to the crying needs of the offspring.

The Phalarope might best be described as a swimming sandpiper. There are three distinct species of these birds in Canada, namely, the Northern, common throughout the interior of British Columbia; Wilson's, having its summer quarters on the prairies, and the Red Phalarope which nests on the Arctic coast. All of them spend Christmas in South America; some individuals, enamored with daylight saving, even venture as far south as Patagonia. In migrating, their seasonal routes follow the sea coasts and being expert swimmers, warmly clad in waterproof plumage, are as much at home on the tempestuous ocean as on placid ponds and sloughs in far inland Saskatchewan.

The name Fairy Duck, frequently applied to the Phalaropes, is singularly appropriate. They are sprightly birds, full of life and vigor, in fact feathered whirligigs aptly describes their behavior when in quest of insect food. Afloat on shallow and stagnant water they cause their bodies to spin rapidly thereby creating small whirlpools which hoist water beetles, bugs and miscellaneous larvae to the surface and within easy reach. Allied with the Dragonflies the Phalaropes are a thorn in the flesh to all mosquitoes and but for their timely aid our summer outings and picnics would be much less enjoyable. Another item on the bill of fare of these birds is a marine worm which, given opportunity, makes life burdensome to oysters.

The Red Phalarope, paddling briskly amidst ice floes and under mid-day and mid-night sun, feeds largely on minute forms of organic life found in great plenty in the Arctic ocean. Sharing food supplies with the world's largest living mammal, this hardy seafaring sandpiper is consequently known as the Whale bird. The feet of all Phalaropes, being lobed, are similar in form to those of the Coot and thus another common name for the bird is Coot Foot.

Just when and why the female Phalaropes turned over the all-important business of nest building, egg hatching and the rearing of the chicks to the males is a question which has stumped the experts in bird lore. It is a sobering thought that in all probability no juvenile Phalarope in this age knows the meaning of mother love.

The adult bird meekly fashions the cradle, incubates the three or four dull green and freckled eggs and dutifully cares for the downy young. To them Life with Father seems entirely satisfactory and their paternal up-bringing places them under no handicap whatever. I have yet to meet, or hear of, an under-privileged Phalarope—unless all male members of the tribe naturally come under that heading.

In justice to the females it should be clearly understood that henpeckery has no part in this topsy-turvy arrangement.

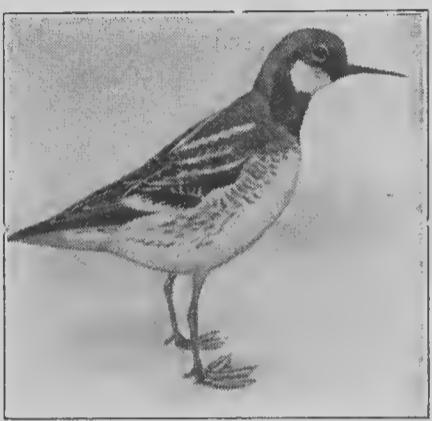
Rather does it seem, although evidence is scarce, like a deliberate plot, or perhaps a practical joke on the part of Mother Nature. If so, she must be gratified at its huge success. With most species of birds the cock struts in gaudy plumage while the hens, by comparison, are dowdy in dress.

In the case of the Phalaropes the males, being deputed to hatch the eggs, are suitably clad in sober colors matching well the nest and its surroundings. Phalaropes of the, shall I say, gentle sex, resplendent in gay summer costumes, do all the courting and are not a bit bashful in their wooings.

Freed from the labor of nest building and from the tedium of sitting on a clutch of eggs for days on end; relieved of all responsibility for the welfare of the resultant brood, the Phalarope matrons have much leisure time. Crows summon parliaments of their kind and also hold courts of justice but female Fairy Ducks form the counterpart of women's clubs. While their patient partners are devotedly employed in the nurseries, the hens are usually to be found gadding about in friendly groups on the tranquil waters of a sun-warmed slough. There, between intervals of pirouetting and feeding, these footloose and carefree birds may possibly discuss such subjects as the down-trodden state of female coots and ducks. They may also debate over avian methods of mosquito control and listen to an occasional travel talk about favored aerial routes between Aklavik and Argentina.

Amongst the many and varied problems confronting the student of bird life none is more perplexing than that of the emancipation of the female Phalaropes. There must be some good reason for the males having to undergo the drudgery incidental to raising broods but, so far, no reasonable explanation has been forthcoming. But then again no one knows why cuckoos and cowbirds are all brought up by foster parents. It is such enigmas as these that make Nature study so engrossing a pursuit and so fascinating a hobby.

James Mason, the English movie actor, has contributed an article to the New York Times appraising the American performances of his contemporaries. At the top of his list is Fredric March, who, he says, has been a best actor for many years. Second is Spencer Tracy, "who gives the illusion of complete reality in everything he does." Third is Charles Laughton, "of immense imaginative range and flexibility." Fourth is Van Heflin; fifth, Robert Donat, and sixth, the radio actor, Fred Allen.



The club-haunting Mrs. Phalarope.

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Cows can be Ornery

Job's cattle were oxen or they would have worn him down too

By J. W. GALENKAMP

Illustrated by David Ranson

THREE was a day, generally speaking, when everybody milked but father. But now it is the other way round; nobody milks but father, if they can possibly get out of it. It is a hard accusation to make about the most useful animal on the place, but it is my opinion that the milk cow has had more to do with youngsters deserting the farm than any other one thing.

When one looks at a picture of a peaceful pastoral scene the predominant feature of the landscape is usually a herd of cows. But artists who paint these pictures don't know how ornery the brutes can be. They should have to hunt them up in a bush pasture on a warm summer evening when the mosquitoes are bad. Every cow can have a bell on her, but at milking time the whole herd hides in a clump of brush and there's never a tinkle out of them.

Bringing home the cows after school is the children's job and it often takes hours for them to find them. To a cow, far pastures are always the greenest and she makes for them as soon as she is turned out of the barn in the morning. Years ago a neighbor and myself lived on opposite sides of a C.P.R. section and we grazed our cows on it. In the evening his cows were usually looking over my fence and mine over his. We often talked of milking each other's cows but never got around to it.

THINGS like this make me think that a farm is planned all wrong. Farms should be surveyed out in circles and arranged rather like a dinner plate with the arable land in the centre and the pasture around the edge.

The idea is to let the cows out of the front door of the barn in the morning and by evening they should be just walking in at the back door. That would make life easier for the kids and take a lot of misery out of dairying. But they still have to be milked, and that would be a tiresome job even if they stood still.

Unfortunately, many cows are as temperamental as a prima donna. And nothing gets my goat more than to be slapped in the face with a dirty wet tail just when I open my mouth to talk to someone. The worst of it is that you have to take it. Many ideas have been thought up to stop tail swinging. The man who tried tying a brick to the offending appendage landed in hospital with a broken jaw. Others have experimented with clothes pin and bits of rope. I remember seeing a row of cows with their tails hung up in the air as



if the heel flies were after them. The owner was very proud of the notion till he started milking; then he found out that if the cows couldn't swing their tails, they swung their hind ends instead, which was worse.

But there are a lot more troubles besides that to take the joy out of life. There are teats that are too big and teats that are too small; not to mention hard milkers and the cow that won't let her milk down. And if that wasn't enough there is usually a cow with a torn teat injured while taking a shortcut to some land of milk and honey.

The catalog of a dairyman's woes should end here. But is there anything more infuriating than to be kicked into the gutter with a full pail of milk on top of you? How the black blood of murder throbs through one's veins when that happens. A man who can climb out of that little incident still smiling as if nothing had happened, and then sit down to the next cow murmuring sweet nothings to her while gently massaging her bag has passed the dairyman's supreme test of self-control.

If we all had the patience of Job these little annoyances wouldn't cut any ice. But the day comes to most of us when we have had enough. What a relief to get up in the morning and remember that there are no cows to milk! It worked with me for a time and then the little inconveniences of having no milk or cream began to accumulate. It started in the house first; the family complained that creamy butter was tasteless and that canned milk was vile. Then my wife wanted to know what she was going to do for skim milk to feed her turkeys and chickens.

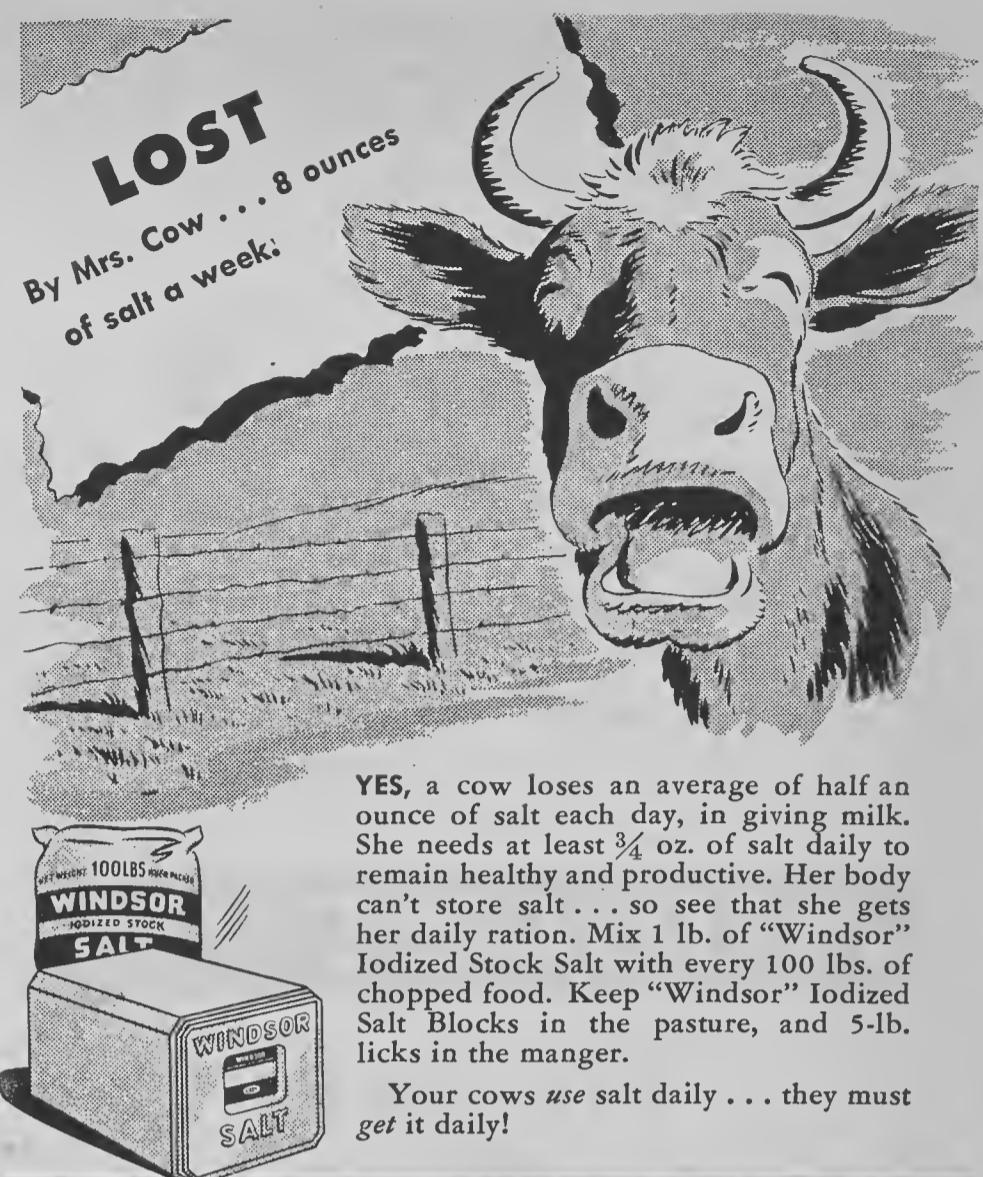
BUT what really broke my heart was the reproachful look in the eyes of little pigs when I had nothing better than water to give them. I knew then that circumstances over which I had no control were inevitably driving me back into the same old grind, for it was impossible to dodge the fact that a farm without cows is as lopsided as a rowboat with only one oar.

So I once more took up the white man's burden. But this time there is a glimmer of hope on the horizon. I was looking at something in town the other day that resembled a cross between a motor cycle and a set of Scottish bagpipes. The latest thing in milking machines! All it needed to make it perfect was a gramophone playing soft music. As I gazed at the answer to a milkman's prayer I dreamed of the day soon to come when all I would have to do would be to smoke a fat cigar and watch the cows while the machine made them stand and deliver.

Of course there will still be the problem of getting the beasts home at night. Perhaps an alarm clock tied to their horns and set to go off at a certain time would remind them of their duty, but I doubt it. Our greatest hope is the milking machine of the future, one that will bawl like a calf. Then they will come home running!



"An alarm clock to remind them of their duty."



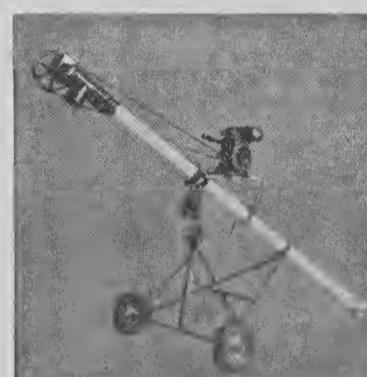
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Have An Apple

The packaging and sale of B.C. apples is now a well integrated and big scale business

By FRANK WOOD

So you bought a box of apples—and paid a good price for it too, no doubt. Maybe it was a box of McIntosh, or possibly Wealthies, or Winesaps for winter keeping. But whatever the variety, the betting is a 100 to 1 that they were grown in British Columbia. Perhaps they came from the Okanagan, or the Fraser, or the Creston Valley—but back of that box of apples is a story—and an organization.

British Columbia Tree Fruits Ltd., and the B.C. Fruit Growers' Association handle the growing and marketing problems for upwards of 3,500 registered growers. They handle very nearly 100 per cent of the B.C. apple pack. That pack in 1946-47 is going to set an all-time high record.

B.C. has fought hard to gain and hold her present pre-eminence. During the war years United States apples were largely packed ungraded, and sold at a straight price of so much per box. B.C., on the other hand, stayed with a system of graded packing. Controlled marketing kept the standard high. That policy is paying off now, with B.C. graded apples holding top market preference.

An example of this is the famous McIntosh variety. Good color and finish lends itself to an attractive display in retail stores enhancing the value. The 1945 crop produced fine colored Macs and figures show that last season's shipments have so far surpassed any other year. It must also be realized that due to a box shortage and labor difficulties a substantial tonnage was shipped in bulk.

There is a market for practically every kind and condition of apple. For instance a bad hailstorm struck some sections of the Okanagan Valley last summer. Thousands of boxes were ruined, but there was considerable salvage to cut the total loss. One processor in the United States contracted for 100 carloads of haled McIntosh, and later ordered 40 carloads of haled Jonathans.

Apple growing and marketing is big industry in British Columbia. Unlike the handling of most other farm products, the harvesting and sale of the B.C. apple crop is organized, down to the finest detail. It is controlled from

the time the picker climbs his ladder until it reaches the customer. Apples are perishable, and they cannot be piled in sheds and stored indefinitely as can grain. Yet the crop comes off in volume, necessitating experienced, orderly handling and marketing to prevent tremendous waste and loss.

From the beginning the packing companies have their fingers on the pulse. As the harvesting season approaches growers are advised of the exact time to start picking the different varieties, that is, the time when the fruit has reached full maturity. The degree of maturity is determined by means of iodine tests which show when the starch content is turning to sugar, an indication that the apple has completed its growth.

When picking has started the movement of the fruit from the orchards to the packing shed is strictly controlled. Each individual grower is placed on a hauling schedule. His produce must be brought in on the days and at the times specified. In order to avoid congestion and facilitate efficient handling, truckers are rigidly scheduled, not as to days and hours, but right down to the quarter hour. Every truck or tractor-trailer reports first at the receiving room. Here the load is checked and a credit slip issued. The driver is instructed as to which storage shed to take his load. Individual orchardist's produce is kept separate all the way through. They are graded and packed without mixing. This applies to every grower whether he is marketing 50 boxes or 1,000.

AFTER being unloaded at the indicated shed, the apples are immediately placed in cold storage where they are pre-cooled to 32 degrees. This temperature stops the process of ripening and holds the fruit in just the condition it is when received.

First process in preparation for packing is the wiping and cleaning. Apples are dumped into a hopper to be fed through an automatic machine which thoroughly cleans them, removing every trace of orchard dust and spray residue. From this machine the fruit is conveyed on endless belts to the sorting room. Here they are hand sorted for color and size, and all culls are re-



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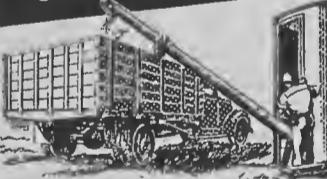
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moved. From thence they go by endless belt to the grading chain.

The grading chain carries the fruit along, automatically sorting the various sizes through holes, dropping them into revolving tubs. There are long lines of these tubs along the chain, each manned by a wrapper and packer. Girls are usually employed for this purpose, their nimble fingers moving at lightning speed. As the boxes are filled they are pushed along rollers to the last machine, an ingenious device which securely nails the lids in place in one motion. Thence down the chute to the shipping floor.

The boxes are all labelled and stencilled in advance, and when they arrive at the shipping floor they are ready to be addressed. On this floor a crew of men, operating two-wheeled dollies, shift the boxes, six at a time, to their proper section of the shed. They are segregated (in boxes) as to size, and are ready for loading out.

So great is the volume that it is impossible to load out the entire crop as fast as it comes in. Apple shipments will continue until spring, though the main rush is over by the latter part of September. The surplus, which has to be held in storage, is kept at a temperature of 32 degrees. At this temperature the various varieties of apples will keep in perfect condition for varying lengths of time—McIntosh until March, Delicious until April or May, and Winesaps until June or July.

APPLES which have been attacked by blight or spoiled by worms never reach the packing sheds. They have no market value and are used by the orchardists as pig and stock feed. The culls, which are graded out in the packing sheds, go to processing plants where they are converted into dried apples, apple juice or pectin. The three main grades are the Extra Fancy, Fancy and "C" grade. Most common is the "C" grade which are known outside the trade as "households."

Though there are years when the pack is much below normal, and still other seasons when it was very low, a complete crop failure, such as is experienced occasionally by wheat farmers, has never been known. Occasionally a particularly early frost or heavy, unseasonable snowstorm, has been known to cut production away down. But for the 1946 season the pack was exceptionally large in all fruit-growing districts of British Columbia. At the present time it looks like the biggest year in history. Out of the comparatively small Creston Valley district alone the tonnage so far exceeds 375,000 boxes, an increase of approximately 30 per cent over any other big year.

PRICES to the growers at time of writing are high and the market is holding up wonderfully well. Fruit hungry Great Britain is taking all the apples she can get, and for the first time since the war shipping space is available. The overseas pack is going to run into several millions of boxes, a large percentage of which is this year being loaded from Pacific ports. South America, always a good market for the Delicious, is taking all that can be shipped. Eastern Canadian markets are demanding the B.C. product. This year it is not uncommon to receive orders for blocks of five to ten cars from eastern jobbers, whereas the former practice was to order one car at a time. F.O.B. prices in the United States continue to be attractive.

There are markets for B.C. apples everywhere — and there's a bountiful supply to meet the demand. Yes, it's big business—it's an industry that has been slowly expanding for years. But this season the growers and packers have hit the jackpot.

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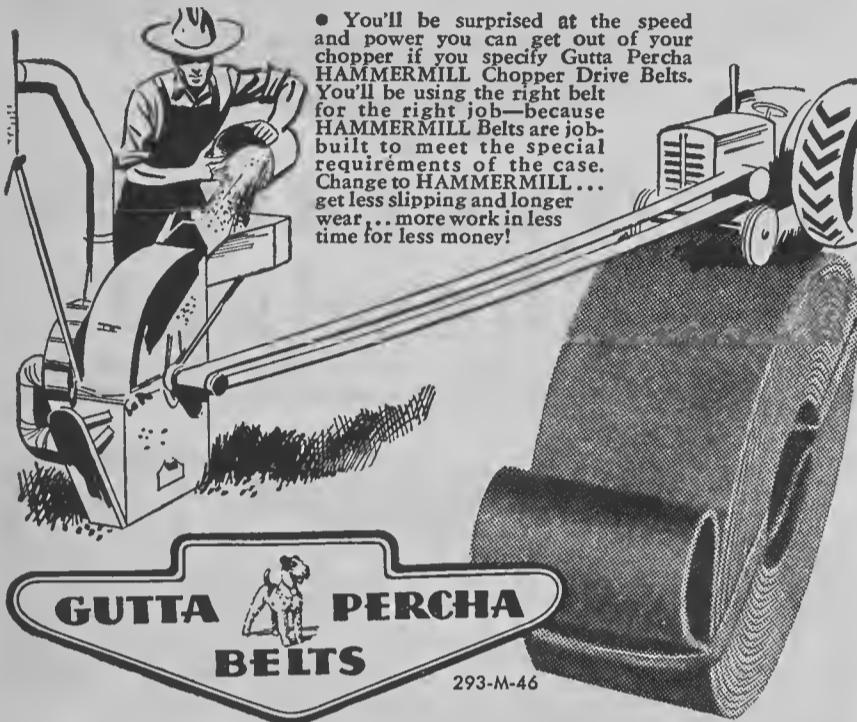
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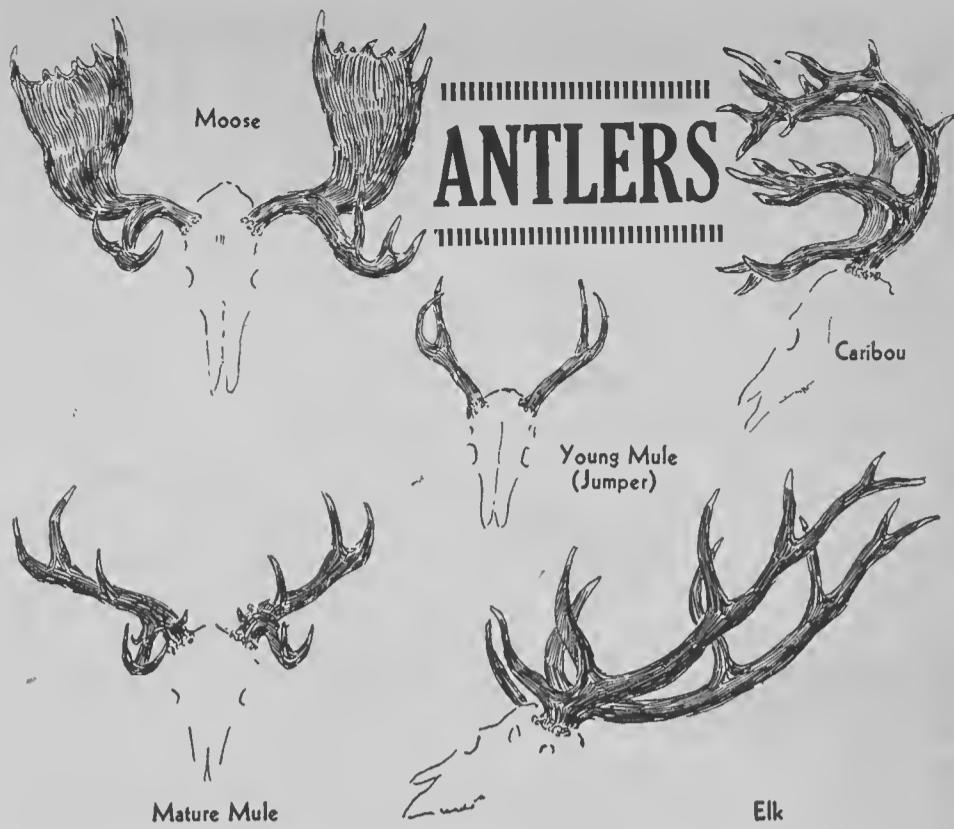


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FRISE



Some bush lore and a warning . . . by C. E. Craddock

THIS word brings visions of dense spruce forests with the sound of a woodpecker in the background; a tamarac swamp where the moss is almost knee deep and the mosquitoes are singing; a jackpine ridge, or a fringe of willows along a river or lake. Each a natural habitat of the tribe which wears antlers.

The male has the burden of carrying them, except in the case of the caribou, where both male and female are similarly equipped. A new pair of these really beautiful ornaments is grown annually, but I think they can be justly referred to as perennials because they come up from the same roots each year. The wonderful part is that such a growth can take place in approximately half a year.

Starting in the spring, by September they are usually at their peak. This means that growth has ceased long before this stage is reached. The first sign of growth is two small knobs covered with thin skin and very fine hair. This skin is a continuation of the skin of the head. The growth is very rapid, and as it progresses points are thrown out, but they are not points at this stage, as they all have blobs on their ends. Antlers during the growing period have both a circulatory and a nervous system, making them sensitive. They are really a form of gristle and bend quite easily. They are susceptible to injury from striking against trees and other objects.

We sometimes see odd antlers; that is, not mates, due to one having been damaged while in this semi-plastic state. Also, some specimens assume abnormal or unnatural shapes. I once found a moose skull with antlers attached; one was quite large, the other less than half the size, with a point like a finger coming right out of the centre palm.



In Midsummer.

In late Autumn.

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mating season, nature considers that the antlers can be dispensed with, so that by midwinter, most of them are shed. Occasionally, an animal will carry one or both until on towards spring, but it is not usual. It is rather a pity that nature works this way, as it leaves these animals with no means of defense against the savage timber wolves which are increasing in numbers and boldness, taking a heavy toll all the time.

During the summer, all members of the deer tribe; i.e., deer, moose, elk and caribou, have a strong tendency towards slimmer necks, but when the strength that was going to raise antlers is shut off, it goes into their necks and they thicken up considerably. This is most noticeable in the mule deer which, while "in the velvet" stage, is of a light reddish brown color with slim, flat-sided neck, but before the mating season starts, it changes to a soft grey and develops a very heavy neck, practically round, which recedes again with the loss of its antlers.

Each branch of the deer family in northern Canada has a distinct type of antler. That of the moose is palmate; that is, the posterior portion forms a wide web with points along the upper edge. It also has brow tines. These project from the main horn in a forward direction out over the eyes and no doubt are a form of protection in traveling through the bush and in fighting.

Other forms of antlers are almost round in the main trunk. In the caribou, the brow tines project straight out and close to the face, and are used for digging up moss, which forms a large part of their diet. A yearling caribou generally has just two small spikes for antlers, sometimes spoon-shaped or forked at extremity. The deer, when mature, also has brow tines, but mostly of a rudimentary nature. A young deer generally runs to only two points to each antler. Those of the caribou tend to curve upward and forward, while the elk's are more the style of a glorified deer, frequently developing to great length and spread.

WHEN one sees some of the large sets of antlers, it is puzzling how such spreads can negotiate thick bush, yet they do so with no difficulty and can do it almost in silence when necessary. On one occasion, when sitting around our camp fire, we heard some animal plowing through the bush, an area of tangled, fire-killed timber, grumbling as it came. On sighting our fire—or getting our scent—he froze. Not a sound was heard for several minutes. Then we heard him leaving quite some distance away. It really was miraculous how a bull moose with antlers could pass through that tangle without a sound.

If our federal government fails to act swiftly and surely, there will soon be no antlers to admire. With the wholesale destruction wrought by timber wolves on one hand, and by residents on the other, our big game is following the buffalo. It is very inconsistent on the part of the federal administration to pay thousands of dollars and trail reindeer in to feed and clothe the natives, and absolutely neglect nature's bounty in that respect. The barren lands caribou are the answer to this problem, yet they are being dissipated in their thousands, wasted and abused, while the authorities in Ottawa sit supinely by with no interest whatever in the matter. During the migration, wolves raise the devil generally, while natives and whites watch out at the crossings and slaughter remorselessly. It is a disgrace and a black spot to the administration of our resources, that such conditions are allowed to exist. Unless the federal government takes a decided and an aggressive stand on the matter, backed up with action, our big game is well on the way out.

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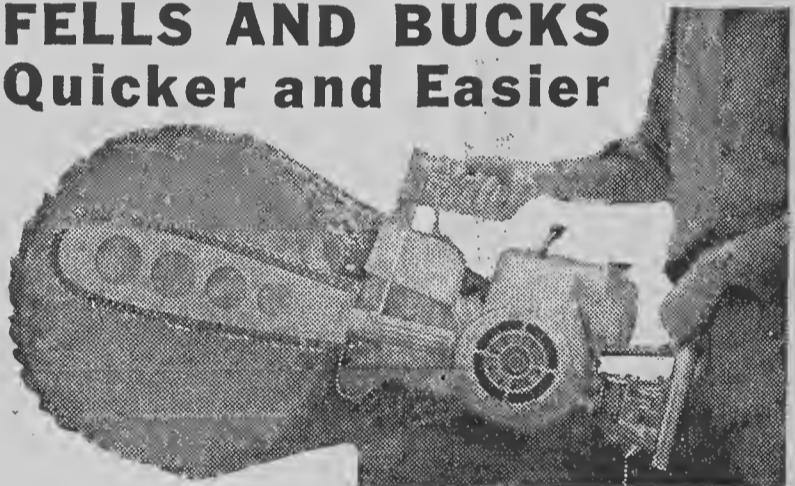
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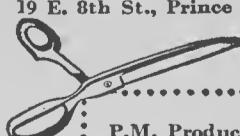
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EATON'S

BIG RED

Continued from page 11

dangle from the string around his neck. He drew the belt axe from its sheath, and with that in his hand crept forward. Carefully, the axe poised, he went into the brush and came to the set. Another snarl gurgled from Red's throat, and the big red dog edged around Danny to stand with his tail stiff and his hackles raised.

Danny paused, the axe held high, while his eyes darted around the brush and back to the fox set. The two traps that composed it had been carefully buried in the snow, and covered with tissue paper so they would not freeze. The bait, a scented bit of snowshoe rabbit, had hung over the set. But now, for ten feet around, the snow was beaten down and stained with blood. Bits of red fur and particles of flesh were scattered about. The two traps hung over a bush, and from them dangled the ripped carcass of what had been a fine red fox. Danny advanced, knelt beside the fox, and examined it closely. Its pelt was torn beyond hope of repair, and even half of its red tail had been bitten off. A rank, musty odor defiled the air and the traps had been scored by sharp teeth. Danny twirled the axe in his hand, and spoke softly to the dog.

"Injun devil!"

With his hands he pressed down the springs of the two traps, let the fox slide from them into the snow, and put the traps in his pack. Not often did an Indian devil or wolverene, invade the Wintapi. But when one did, and found a trap-line, the unfortunate trapper had either to kill the pirate or pull his traps. Danny looked angrily across the laurel, and spoke again to the dog.

"Injun devil, by criminey!"

It was bad, very bad. Four years ago another wolverene had come into the Wintapi and established a run on two lines of Ross Pickett's fox traps. Ross had set for it every trap that a lifetime spent in the woods had revealed to him. But still the Indian devil had triumphed. That year Ross and Danny had taken less than half their normal catch of fur, and summer had brought lean times to the cabin in the beech woods.

RED stalked forward, plowing through the deep snow. He stopped beside a laurel bush, whined softly, and waited for Danny to advance to his side. The wolverene had left the ruined set here, and the broad trail plowed by its stubby body was plain where it had gone into the laurel. Danny looked speculatively back toward the cabin in the beech woods. His father's hounds, taking a trail so fresh, might bay their quarry. But it would take three hours to get the hounds, and three more to bring them back here. Nothing was more diabolically cunning than a wolverene. If the hounds took a trail six hours old, they would stand little chance of overtaking the Indian devil. Besides, there were the rest of the traps to think of. This was the wolverene's first appearance on the line. He might not have found all the traps. The thing to do was make the rounds, take any good pelts that were in the traps, then come back with the hounds to try and hunt the wolverene down.

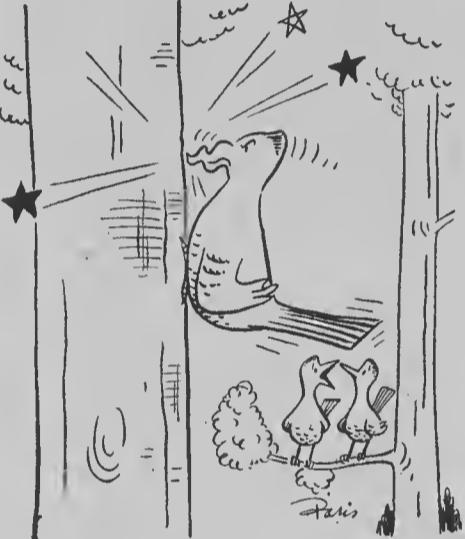
A quarter of a mile farther on was the next set, which had caught nothing. But sprung and empty, the two traps lay on top of the snow where the wolverene had left them after it had contemptuously scratched particles of ice and snow over them to spring them. Danny's eyes were cloudy, and little angry flecks washed back and forth in them as he examined the trail where the Indian devil had again disappeared into the laurel. The wolverene was not only on a trap-line, but he knew that

he was and apparently was determined to find and defile or spoil every trap on it. Danny left the traps where they lay, and took the axe from its sheath to swing it in his hand.

"Damn him!" he gritted. "Damn his ugly hide!"

A fresh burst of wind, casting whirling flakes of snow before it, roared across the flat top of Stoney Lonesome. Danny blinked, and bent his head as he plodded forward. Ross, if he was here, would probably have some idea of what to do with an Indian devil on the rampage. But Ross was not here, and whatever was to be done Danny had to do. The dangling chain of one of the traps in his pack caught on a bush and fell to the snow. Danny retraced his steps to pick the trap up, and Red brushed against his knees. Another almost inaudible growl bubbled from the dog's throat as Danny swerved from the trail to the next set.

Again Red lunged ahead of him, plowing through the snow and snarling. Danny ran on his snowshoes, the axe in his hand raised and ready to strike. He saw the trapped fox, a shining bit of red-gold, crouched flat in the snow and staring fixedly into the laurel. Red stopped. His body stiffened. His hackles raised, and for a moment he stood on point. Then a great, thunderous battle challenge rolled from his throat and he



"He never knows when he's licked."

lunged forward again. Danny made a wild swing with his free hand, and slipped his mitten through Red's collar.

Red fought his restraining hand, and snarled almost continuously as he strained toward the laurel. Danny stopped, trying with his eyes to pierce the almost impenetrable brush. But all he could see was the laurel. He spoke to the raging dog.

"Easy. Take it easy, Red."

Red quieted, but stood trembling and tense. Slowly, a step at a time, they went forward. There was a momentary lull in the wind, and Danny snapped his head erect. Behind him, a sudden rattle of steel sounded as the fox in the trap leaped sideways. Then, twenty feet away, the brush rattled. Red snarled, and for a moment struggled to be free. Danny settled slowly down on his snowshoes, and again tried to peer through the matted tangle of laurel stems.

At first he could see nothing. Then, among the boulders and snow-covered ends of logs that were scattered through the laurel, he caught the dark sheen of fur. Danny fixed his gaze on it, and very slowly the head and fore-quarters of the marauding wolverene assumed distinct outline. It stood beside a log, its front paws on a rock, staring steadily at him. Then as suddenly and silently as it had come, it was gone.

Red strode forward, but Danny pulled him back. A little shiver travelled up and down his spine, and an icy hand seemed to clutch the back of his neck. Not for nothing had trappers who encountered them considered the wolverene as the incarnation of everything

evil. There had been evil in its attitude, hate in its steady stare. Danny shivered again.

"Come on," he murmured to Red. "That thing would kill you quick'n you could kill a mouse. We got to get that fox."

ONCE on the trail again, Danny unbuckled Red's collar, slipped it through the ring on the end of a trap chain, and put it back on the dog. He looked back down the trail, toward the cabin in the beeches, and again wished mightily that Ross was here to guide him. He had no weapons with which he might successfully fight a wolverene. But when a man didn't have what he wanted, it was his place to make the best use of what he had. Of one thing he was certain; Red must not be allowed to go into the brush and fight the wolverene. If he did he would be killed.

Danny looked up the trail toward the overnight cabin at the end of the trap-line. There might be more pelts in some of the traps, and if he did not get them today the wolverene surely would. Besides, he and Red had never yet been run out of their mountains, not even by the huge Old Majesty. Of course, at least to a dog, a wolverene was much more dangerous than any bear. Most dogs knew enough to keep out of a bear's way, but would not hesitate to close with an Indian devil. But he could keep Red on the chain. Danny started up the trail, holding his hand behind him so Red would have plenty of room to walk in his snowshoe tracks. Another blast of wind rolled across the mountain top and whirled down the slope.

The next trap held a brown marten, and hope began to rise in Danny. The wolverene must have come on the trap-line only that morning, and had not found all the traps. Danny thrust the marten into his pack beside the fox, and shouldered it to continue up the trail. He felt better. He had had every reason for leaving the mountain top. But he hadn't left it. Ross would not have left either, and anything Ross would or would not do must be the right thing.

The howling wind abated a little, but the swirling snow fell more thickly. The grey sky had added more layers of color to its overcast self. Danny took another fox from a trap, and passed by half a dozen sets that were still undisturbed. As he passed a huge pine beside the trail, he nodded in satisfaction. Despite the storm, and deep-snow travel, he had made good time. There was one more set between this pine and the cabin, which he should reach shortly after dark. Suddenly, snapping the chain taut and jerking Danny's arm around, Red crowded up beside him.

Now in semi-darkness, the laurel rattled and whispered mournfully as the snow beat against it and the few little breezes that had not kept pace with the gale whispered through it. Red stood beside the trail, hackles bristled and lips raised. Another snarl came from his throat. Danny knelt beside him, and stroked the dog's ear with his mitten.

"Don't go off half-cocked," he murmured. "Easy, Red."

Red crowded very close to him, whimpering softly, while Danny reached down to unfasten the snap cover of his axe sheath. The wolverene had not deserted the trap-line, then, but had circled it to come in from the other end. He was ahead now, possibly waiting and possibly destroying the last trap. Danny reached out to encircle the dog's neck with his arm. If it came to a fight, he and Red would fight together. But Red must not be allowed to go into the brush alone.

Danny glanced back toward the big pine, but its top was invisible against the night sky. With his left hand, he took a firmer grip on the trap attached

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to Red's collar, and with the belt axe in his right began to snowshoe up the trail. Red walked beside him, still tense and alert as he plowed through the deep snow. He stopped, and strained toward the brush, while again the thunderous battle challenge rumbled from his throat.

Danny paused for a fraction of a second while some cold sixth sense functioned within him. He knew that the wolverene was there, very close, and that its intended prey this time was no helpless trapped creature but himself and Red. Danny began to run, racing up the trail, half-dragging Red with him. He saw the dark mass of the overnight cabin looming ahead. Danny pulled the latch string and opened the door.

He stumbled into the cabin, slammed the door behind him, and leaned, panting, against it. He dropped the trap that was attached to Red's collar, and heard the dog dragging it across the floor.

After a few seconds Danny took off his mittens and stooped in the darkness to unlace his snowshoe harnesses. He stepped out of them, and reached into his pocket for the box of waterproof matches that he carried wherever he went. Striking one on the side of the box, he stepped to the table and touched the flaming match to the wick of a candle that stood upright in the neck of a syrup bottle. The candle's glare revealed in dull yellow outline every nook and corner of the cabin.

It was an eight by ten shack, with a bunk at one end and a fireplace, built of stone gathered on Stoney Lonesome, filling the other. A few simple cooking utensils hung on wooden pegs driven into the wall beside the fireplace, and folded blankets were piled at one end of the bunk. The cabin had never been intended for anything except a sleeping place when either Ross or Danny might be at this end of the Stoney Lonesome trap-line.

Danny felt for the axe at his belt, and with a shock discovered that it was gone. It had been in his hand at the last place Red had scented the wolverene. He must have dropped it during the ensuing wild flight. Danny clenched his hands. A trapper did not necessarily have to have a gun, but an axe was almost indispensable. Well, he would have to get along without one tonight. There was a stack of wood piled beside the door. He could bring in an arm load, shave kindling sticks with his skinning knife, and have a fire. Usually they left kindling sticks in the cabin. But the last time, for some reason, they had been overlooked.

Red padded over to him. Danny unbuckled his collar, slipped the dragging trap from it, and put the collar back on. Snow rattled crisply against the sod-thatched roof, and outside the angry wind was again shrieking its rage. Danny set a pan before the candle, so it would not blow out when the door was opened, and turned to lift the latch. The candle flickered slightly, and a dull thud sounded as the wind blew a loose branch or stub against the side of the cabin. Then Red trotted to the centre of the floor and stood looking at the roof. A low growl rolled from him. Danny took his hand from the latch and backed against the door.

The wind was attacking in short, angry charges that blasted the cabin and staggered, spent, from it. But during its split second lulls there was another and very distinct sound. Something that was neither wind clawing at the thatch nor hard snow rattling against it, scraped on the roof. Danny listened, open-mouthed. He felt sweat start from his temples and roll down his face. His throat tightened. The wolverene was on the roof, trying to claw a hole through it.

Danny moved from the door to the

centre of the hut. His eyes roved about it, alighting in turn on each of the objects it held. He lifted the coffee pot, and balanced it in his hand. A few bits of frozen dirt sifted through the poles that supported the thatch. Danny swung the coffee pot in a long arc. It was a poor weapon, but better than his short-bladed skinning knife.

He licked his dry lips, and knelt beside Red with his hand on the dog's ruff. Both their glances strayed to the roof. Danny clenched his free hand. Even bears feared wolverenes, and if this one got into the cabin . . . But Ross had always said that if a man didn't have what he needed, he could make out some way with what he had. Danny fumbled in his pack, and moved away from Red, toward the fireplace.

Abruptly, the scraping on the roof ceased. There was the sound of something moving across it, and a second's silence. Red sprang forward, and Danny warned him away.

"Stay back! Back here!"

Red stopped. The pan that sheltered the candle fell down, and the candle's glow again filled the room. Bits of soot and dirt tumbled into the fireplace, and Danny stared in terrified fascination at the wide chimney. There was a little thud, and the wolverene tumbled from the chimney into the open fireplace, to stand blinking. In one mighty leap Red bridged the distance between them and closed. Danny felt the trip-hammer beat of his own heart as he ran forward with the coffee pot poised.

He danced on the balls of his feet beside the fighting pair, awaiting a chance to strike. But they were rolling over and over on the floor, and Danny's heart seemed to stop beating as he saw the wolverene's powerful jaws fastened in Red's chest. He stooped, and with a wild stab grasped one of the wolverene's back paws. The other plowed a bloody row of furrows down his arm. Danny jerked, and the wolverene arched his body to bring his jaws back and snap. His slashing teeth closed on Danny's trousers, and Danny kicked hard as the fighting beast fell to the floor with a strip of wool cloth in his mouth. The wolverene's foul musk filled the cabin. Danny stumbled, as a little clod of chinking fell to the floor beside him.

Almost at once he was on his feet again, back to the wall. Red had not known how to fight a wolverene when he started to fight this one. But he knew now. The big setter had dived in, closed his teeth on the side of the wolverene's neck, and was straining backward. The wolverene's rage bubbled through his constricted wind pipe, as he strove to bring his back claws into play. But Red had learned the deadly danger of those claws, and whirled aside whenever they struck. The big setter's jaws ground deeper.

Danny watched the wolverene try frantically to rip the dog apart with his front claws. But they were encased in the only weapons Danny had had with which he might have any chance of fighting this thing successfully—the two steel fox traps he had picked up and set before the fireplace when he heard the wolverene coming down it. The wolverene's breath came in wheezing gasps, and Red dived in to take a firmer hold.

LATE the next afternoon, carrying Red across his shoulders on top of his pack, Danny stumbled into the cabin in the beech woods. He put the dog in his bed by the stove, took off his snowshoes, and slipped out of his coat. Ross, who knew from long experience the many things that could happen on a trap-line, waited for him to speak.

"He got clawed up some, Pappy. But he's all right. Mr. Haggin can even show him at another dog show if he wants. I packed him the last four miles because he was lame."

He took the two foxes and the marten

pelt from his pack. "We got these," he said.

For a moment he stood over the pack, looking from it to the injured dog. Then, because it would not do for a trapper to boast, he lifted the last pelt out quietly.

"There was an Injun devil too, Pappy. He messed up the traps some. But we got him. Red and me got him."

THE winter wore swiftly on, with January bringing its cold and February great, feathery drifts of snow. Ross and Danny were out every day from before dawn until dark, and the stretched furs in the fur shed reached in a long line from one end to the other, and back again. Ross took his hounds into the mountains; brought back a few wildcat and lynx pelts and the fisher he had marked earlier in the fall.

Late in February Moe Snass, the Wintapi's fur buyer, led his pack mule up the Smokey Creek trail. For hours Moe, Ross, and Danny stood in the cold shed haggling over the value of the pelts that hung there. But Ross grinned, and winked surreptitiously at Danny, when he pocketed the check that, finally and unwillingly, Moe wrote for him. They stood together, watching the fur buyer lead his laden pack mule down the trail. Ross grinned again.

"He paid more'n he wanted to," he observed. "It's been a good year, Danny."

"It sure has. We didn't cheat him, did we, Pappy?"

Ross laughed. "Any time you cheat Moe, you'll see pink owls flyin' round in the day-time. Nope. He made himself a nice profit, but not as much as he would of liked."

Red bounded forward and buried his face in the snow, sniffing eagerly at a field mouse in its drift-covered tunnel. He shook the loose snow from his muzzle and came bouncing back to Danny. Ross took the check from his pocket, and looked at it.

"Five hundred and sixty dollars, Danny. And the muskrat and beaver still got to come into their prime. We're like to make two hundred dollars more. Let's jaunt up the valley and look at them six fox traps we got in the beeches."

"Sure thing."

They donned snowshoes and side by side set off through the beech forest. Red paced behind, stepping in their tracks and looking interestedly about for whatever showed. A fox had walked among the beeches, his dainty trail plain in the new-fallen snow that topped the crust of the old fall. Ross swerved, and the fox leaped wildly away from the trunk of a huge beech

to bring up at the end of the trap that held him. He crouched in the snow, his bushy tail curled around his flanks, trying to hide. Ross put his gloved hands on his hips, and turned to Danny.

"This is it, huh?"

"It looks thataway."

Instead of a burnished and gleaming red-gold, the fox's pelt was dull copper. The weather was still cold. But the sun was higher and brighter, and during the day the fox had lain on high ledges to absorb such warmth as it offered. It had bleached his pelt, and thus its value was cut sharply. No trapper who hoped to continue trapping ever killed any fur animal except when it was near peak value. Ross knelt beside the trapped fox, and his gloved hand shot out to seize its neck. His other hand closed over its slim jaws, and Danny removed the trap from its paw. The liberated fox sped away among the trees, and Ross grinned after it.

"He'll be there for next year. I reckon we pull our fox traps, Danny."

"I reckon we do."

"We may as well start with these six."

They picked up the six fox traps and carried them down to store in the shed. The next day they made the long trip over half of Stoney Lonesome, taking one good fox and liberating two that, like the one in the valley, had been burned.

"It's sure enough time to pull fox traps. The first robin won't be more'n three weeks behind the first crow."

"That's right," Danny agreed. "Say, Pappy, there's a good bit of daylight left. If you can pack these traps in, I can swing up the valley and see if the beaver are movin' in that pond by the aspens."

"We'll get our share even if they ain't," Ross grunted. "But go ahead anyhow."

With the heavy pack on his shoulders Ross swung down through the beech woods toward the cabin. Happiness, somehow tempered by doubt, went with him. Spring was not far off, and with it Mr. Haggan would come back to his big estate. And Mr. Haggan, though he had made no definite promises, had certainly hinted that he was going to take Danny in hand and teach him all about dogs.

Ross could not help the doubt. Never in his life had anyone given him anything, nor had he ever had anything at all for which he had not traded hard and often bitter physical toil. But Danny was different. Danny was like his mother, and it was in him to be more than just a trapper. Fervently Ross hoped that Mr. Haggan lived up to his unspoken promises. Danny was



"Betcha his mummy doesn't use any moth balls."

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happy enough with Red. But there were so many horizons of which Ross, as a life-long trapper, had had only a bare and tantalizing glimpse, and that might open completely for Danny if only things worked out right.

"I hope they do," Ross murmured to himself. "I hope, Mr. Haggin, that you take that boy in hand. You won't be sad if you do."

HE left the traps in the shed, entered the cabin, and started a fire. He was in the midst of preparing supper when there was a knock at the door. Ross opened it to confront Curley Jordan, one of the caretakers from Mr. Haggin's estate. Curley thrust a yellow envelope at him.

"What is it?" Ross inquired.

"Telegram," Curley said.

Ross opened it, read it, thanked Curley, and shut the door in his face. Then he retreated to the darkest corner of the cabin to sit down on a chair with his chin in his hands. His forehead creased, and he stared moodily at the floor. He had always known that some day such a thing was inevitable. But Danny was so young! Not even eighteen!

Ross picked the telegram up, re-read it, and rose to pace the floor. But when he heard Danny take his snowshoes off and hang them beside the door he hastily shoved the telegram under the bread box. Danny burst in, his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright. Red padded in behind him and wagged over to greet Ross, who was puttering unconcernedly about the table.

"How's it out?" Ross said over his shoulder.

"Breakin'. The pussy-willow stalks are plumb green, and there's an inch of water over the ice on the beaver dam. Two more weeks of winter is the most we'll get."

"Yeh?"

Ross absently tossed a paring knife into the air and caught it by the handle. His brow wrinkled in perplexity. This wasn't something a man could bull or bluff his way through. Young people were pretty sensitive about their business, and apt to get huffy if somebody tried to run it for them. It was a time for subtlety. But Ross didn't know how to be subtle.

"Danny," he said bluntly, "do you trust me?"

"Why, why sure, Pappy."

"All right. I don't aim to mind your business for you. But if there's any way I can help you, I will."

"What you talkin' about?"

"I'm talkin' about this woman you met when you took Red to the dog show in New York! Danny, she's comin' here!"

"What!"

"Here it is," Ross insisted. He took the telegram from beneath the bread box and thrust it at Danny. "Read it yourself. I expect you to do whatever's right. But if this Haggin's aimin' to palm off one of his female relatives on a boy what don't know his own mind I'll . . ."

"Wait a minute." Danny opened the telegram and read, "MEET SHEILAH MACGUIRE ON 10 PM TRAIN AT WINTAPI STATION. REGARDS. HAGGIN." He folded the telegram and stared over it. Then he began to laugh. "Pappy, that's no woman. It's a dog!"

"A huh?"

"A dog!" Danny repeated. "A mate for Red. Mr. Haggin said he'd send one up just as soon as he got one good enough! Just think, Pappy! We're goin' to raise pups here, good pups, show and field dogs! Man, oh man, Pappy! Just think!"

Ross scratched his head dubiously. "You sure?"

"Of course!" Danny danted around the table. "I was too busy at the dog show to meet any women in New York. Just think of the pups we're goin' to have, Pappy! Two years from now I bet one of 'em takes first in show at

Madison Square! We'll have to keep her warm and everything, Pappy! And . . ."

"Sheilah MacGuire!" Ross snorted. "Who ever heard of a dog named that? Mebbe-so, if the cabin ain't comfortable enough for her, we can build a steam-heated house!"

"We don't need it," Danny said, blissfully unconscious of the sarcasm. "Let's see now, spring pups make awful good ones. By gosh, I can take a couple of 'em this fall and start 'em huntin' with Red. What time is it, Pappy?"

"Twenty to five."

"Whew! I better go!"

"You better," Ross said drily. "It's four whole miles to the Wintapi station, and you ain't got but five hours and twenty minutes to make it."

NEVERTHELESS, Danny insisted on leaving at once, and when Red would have followed he ordered him back. The big dog went to his blanket beside Danny's bed, and looked resentfully out of his brown eyes. Ross snapped his fingers, and Red padded defiantly over to sit beside him. Ross addressed him with mock sympathy.

"I hope you got your wild oats all planted, Red. There's a woman comin' into your life."

From the doorway, Danny grinned. He left the cabin, strapped on his snowshoes, and started up the long valley that led over a mountain to the Wintapi station. At long last, he heard the train whistle. He rushed out to the platform, watched the train stab the darkness with its single headlight, and stamped his feet restlessly as it drew near. As it stopped, the door of the express car rolled open. The agent thrust his head out.

"Hey, are you waitin' for a dog?"

"Yup."

"Here it is."

He thrust a crate through the door, and Danny lowered it excitedly to the ground. His heart pumped crazily. From the brief glimpse he had had through the slatted crate in the car's dim light, the dog within had looked like none other than the setter that most nearly approached Red's perfection, the one that had competed with him for best of breed. But it couldn't be—Mr. Haggin had said that no money could buy her.

The train rushed into the darkness and Danny knelt beside the crate. The dog within whined, and pressed her cold nose against Danny's questing hand. Her wagging tail bumped the side of the crate, and she whined again. A short, sharp bark cut the night's silence, and the dog scratched with her front paw at the gateway of her prison. Danny murmured soothingly.

"Oh, sure, sure, Sheilah. Here's me lookin' at you, and you wantin' to get out. I bet you're tired, cold, and hungry."

He felt about in the darkness, found the wire that held the crate's door shut, and untwisted it. He opened the door, and the dog minced hesitatingly forward.

She sat down before Danny, and bent her long, finely formed head upward as she looked at him. Danny stroked her ears, and gently tickled her muzzle. His hands went over her in the darkness, feeling her ribs, her loins, her back, and her rear legs. A sigh escaped him. You could tell almost as much by feeling a dog as you could by looking at one, and if this wasn't Dr. MacGruder's bitch it was an exact replica. Danny took a length of buckskin thong from his pocket, slipped it under the dog's collar, and again spoke to her.

"This is only until we know each other, Sheilah. Right now we can't take a chance of losin' one another in the dark night."

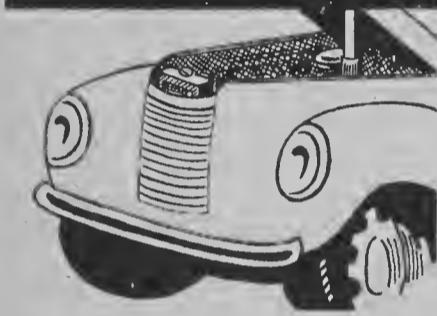
He started up through the forest, retracing the snowshoe trail he had made coming down, and for a space Sheilah floundered in the snow beside him. Gently but firmly Danny forced her be-



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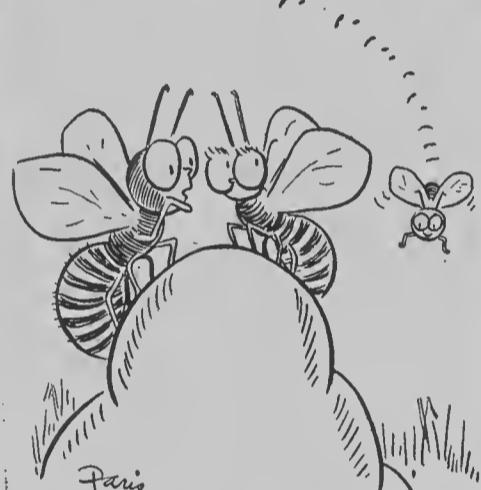
hind, made her walk where his snow-shoes had packed the snow. And he travelled slowly. Sheilah was not Red, who knew the tricks and ways of the forest. But she would learn.

Danny swung back down into the beech woods, toward the cabin, and Sheilah plunged and bucked as, for the first time in her life, the smell of wood smoke drifted to her sensitive nostrils. Danny knelt beside her, stroking her smooth sides with his hand and talking quietly. A balmy little breeze, fore-runner of the warmth that was to come, played up the valley and pushed the cold air before it. Danny heard Red's challenging bark. The hounds came out of their kennels and bayed sleepily. Ross stood framed in the open door.

"You got her, Danny?"
"Yeah. I'll fetch her in in a minute."

He knelt beside the trembling dog, stroking her sides and talking gently to her. Irish setters were a special breed in themselves, sensitive, intelligent, and proud. You had to handle them right or you couldn't handle them at all. Doubt or mistrust in their minds was very hard to overcome, and getting off to the right start with a new Irish setter was essential. The dog stopped trembling, laid her head on Danny's thigh, and sighed. For a few moments more he fussed over her.

When he rose, Sheilah walked confidently beside him and stayed very close to his knees while he took off his



"Don't you think it's time we told Junior about the birds and the bees?"

snowshoes. A little uncertain, but no longer trembling, she walked up the steps and into the cabin. Then her trepidation returned. She shrank against Danny, the being who had released her from the crate, the person who obviously had had most to do with terminating her long and onerous train ride.

"There she is," Danny said proudly.
"Whew!" Ross whistled. "Is that ever a dog! But she's scared, Danny."

"They're all high strung."

"Well, we got to calm her."

Ross dropped a piece of fat beef into the skillet and put it on the stove. It sputtered there, and when it was cooked he carried it over to hold it under the aristocratic nose of Sheilah MacGuire. She sniffed at it, licked it with her tongue, and finally accepted it. She smelled at Ross's trousers, his shirt, his hands, his shoes, etching in her keen mind an indelible picture of this man who, apparently, meant only to be kind and could be trusted. Danny knelt beside her, hand on her shining ruff.

"See how she acts with Red," Ross suggested.

Danny glanced around to see Red sitting before the stove, apparently engaged in a deep study of the cabin's opposite wall. He snapped his fingers.

"Come here, Red. Come over and meet Sheilah."

The big dog rose. Looking only at the open door, haughtily ignoring all other occupants of the cabin, he stalked regally into the night.

Danny stared, dumfounded. Sheilah wriggled a little closer to him, and opened her slender jaws to lick his hand.



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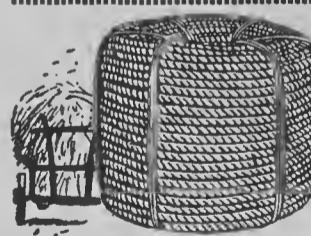
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Danny looked out the open door, then up at Ross.

"What the dickens . . . ?"

"Haw, haw, haw!" Ross sat on a chair, bent double with laughter. He straightened to gasp, "You got him a mate, Danny. But you forgot to ask him if he wanted one!"

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's jealous, you loon! He's been king-pin 'round here long's he's been here. Now you got another dog to pet. That's what's eatin' him."

"Well, I'll be darned!"

Danny's gaze strayed from the slight Sheilah to the open door, and back again. He had known that Red would want to be boss of his own household, and that Sheilah would do as he thought best. But it never occurred to him that Red wouldn't even want a mate.

"What'll I do?" he appealed.

"I dunno." Ross shook his head lugubriously, but laughter still sparkled in his eyes. "Mebbe," he suggested helpfully, "you could write to one of those here newspaper people who give advice to all romantical things and . . ."

"I'm not foolin', Pappy."

"He'll come back if you kick her out."

"She'll run away."

"Likely she will," Ross agreed gravely, "but she sure ain't goin' to share Red's bed. Given she's in here at all, she can have all of it."

"Watch her," Danny said decisively. "I'm goin' out and see if I can argue with that old fool."

HE took a flashlight and went outside. The yard about was tracked up, by both men and dogs, and there was no possibility of choosing Red's trail from among so many. Mike, leader of the hounds, sat sleepily in front of his cabin revelling in the warm breeze. Asa stood in his snowy pasture, letting the soft

wind blow winter weariness away from his gaunt frame. Danny whistled, and Asa tossed his head up to look around. Danny cast the beam of his light in the direction Asa was looking, and saw Red framed in the black doorway of the mule's shed. Danny whistled again, and the dog ducked into the shed.

Danny plunged through the melting snow to the shed, and entered. Asa's stall, fresh and clean, confronted him. Asa's hay was packed on both sides of the stall, and filled all the rest of the shed. Stretched out, facing the wall and ignoring Danny, Red lay on a forkful of hay that had tumbled from the rack. Danny knelt beside the dog. His fingers tickled Red's ear in that place which the big dog found so difficult to reach with his own hind paw.

"You're actin' like a jug-head," Danny scolded softly. "Come on back to the house, Red."

Red swung his head to look steadily up at Danny, and turned away. Danny flinched. Ross had been right. Red was jealous, fiercely jealous that his beloved master's hands should even stroke another dog, to say nothing of taking her right into the house.

"You're wrong, Red," Danny protested. "I don't like her better'n you. But I got to keep her in the house. She don't know this place like you do, and she don't know yet that she's goin' to belong here. Come on back, Red. You're still king-pin. Come on, Red!"

He ran toward the door, and paused to throw his light back on the hay. Red had stretched full length in it, and did not even raise his head when Danny snapped his fingers and whistled. Danny went worriedly from the shed. Red was deeply insulted, and unless there was some way to atone that insult he would continue to sulk. But—just how might that be done? Danny went back into the cabin to be greeted daintily by

Sheilah, who had been lolling against Ross's knees.

"Where is he?" Ross inquired.

"Sleepin' with Asa. He won't come out."

Ross wagged his head. "That dog's a proud 'un. I just dunno what you're goin' to do now."

"He'll come to his senses."

"Yeah?" Ross inquired skeptically. "I'll bet four dollars to an empty shotgun cartridge he never gives in to you."

"But, but he's got to!"

Danny sat down on a chair to stare hard at Sheilah MacGuire. He had wanted a fine dog, a mate for Red, but he had never wanted it to be like this. Red was Red, partridge dog extraordinary and the most satisfactory canine companion that a man could possibly have. If Red was going to stay mad at him why—why he might just as well not have any dog. If he let Sheilah out, and she ran away, she'd probably only go down to Mr. Haggins'. He voiced the thought to Ross.

Ross's mouth tightened sternly, and he shook his head. "Danny, did you find that dog chasin' 'round in the snow?"

"Why no. But . . ."

"Mr. Haggins ain't goin' to find it thataway, either," Ross pronounced firmly. "Given he'd wanted the dog down to his place, he'd of sent it there. But he sent it to us—to you. If you're not goin' to keep it, you see that he gets it back."

"I was just thinkin'," Danny said miserably. "Maybe we could toll him back with a bait of meat."

"Sure!" Ross scoffed. "You know him better'n that. That Red dog ain't goin' to do nothin' without he wants to."

"I guess you're right," Danny admitted.

Sheilah looked up at Ross, whom she seemed to have adopted as her special

mentor, and sighed deeply. She laid her head on Ross's lap, and Ross scratched her ear. Danny sighed unhappily. Sheilah had taken to Ross as Red had taken to him, and now instead of having two dogs he hadn't any. He went to bed, and lay sleepless while the warm zephyrs played outside his window and the long night hours ticked by. A dozen times during the night he reached over the side of his bed for Red, who always slept on a blanket beside him. But the big dog was not there.

THE next morning Red emerged from the mule shed and sat in the sun before it. Haggard and worn from lack of sleep, Danny saw him there when he went out to the wood lot for an armload of wood, and tried to whistle him into the house. But Red only turned his head toward the sound and looked away again. Danny took his load of wood and his breaking heart back into the house.

"What's he doin' this mornin'?" Ross inquired.

"Settin' by Asa's shed. He won't come to me."

Ross said gently, "Don't let it hit you too hard. I bet he'd like to come back in. But a proud dog's a lot like a proud man."

"If'n he wants to go on bein' a fool he can just be one. I don't care," Danny lied.

"That's the way to take it."

Danny cooked breakfast, and Sheilah went over to sit beside Ross with one paw to his knee as she received tidbits from his plate. Ross finished and pushed his plate back, and a little smile played around his lips as he looked fondly down at the dog. Danny watched, and even in the depths of his own misery found room for surprise. Ross was a man who had always hunted varmints, and preferred varmint hunting dogs.



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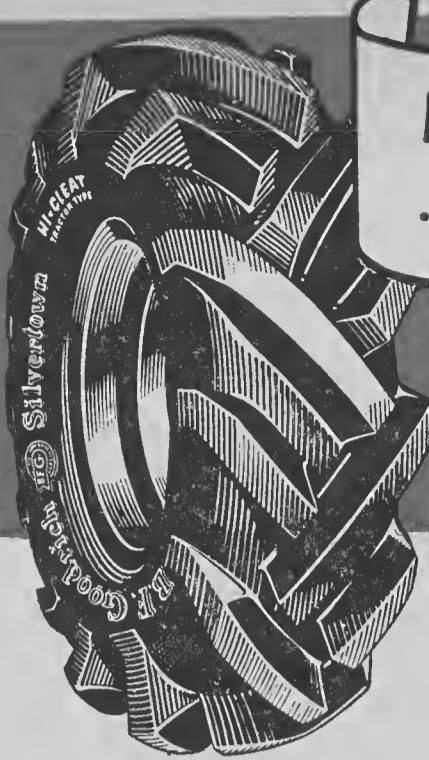
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Obviously the delicate Sheilah would never hunt varmints, and maybe not anything, but just the same Ross was engrossed in her.

"Sure is a lot of dog under them red setters' hides," he observed. "We got to let her out to run a bit, Danny."

"Do you think she'll stay here?"

"Sure," Ross said confidently. "I think I can handle this dog. You had the right angle on 'em, Danny. You can't lick such dogs. But they'll do anything for you given they once want to."

He pushed his chair back and opened the door. The sun had climbed brightly over Stoney Lonesome, and great wet spots appeared on top of the snow. The depressions in the pasture were puddles, and the trunks of the trees gleamed wetly. Sheilah stood for a moment on the porch, and the hounds came out of their kennels to bay at her. She glanced up at Ross, and gave the hounds a wide berth as she padded down the steps. Plainly she lacked Red's bravado—in the first five minutes of his stay at the Pickett household he had shown Mike who was going to be boss of all the dogs there. Ross, a slight smile still on his lips, climbed down the steps with her and followed her about as she cast back and forth in front of the cabin. They started toward the beech woods, and Danny glanced at Red.

He was still sitting by the door of the mule shed, staring indifferently at Sheilah and Ross. Danny let his gaze return to them, and saw Sheilah race toward a clump of brush. Half a dozen partridges burst out of it. Two lit in a hemlock, and the other four scattered in the beech woods. Sheilah raced wildly about, dashing to and fro as she sought to pin down exactly this new and entrancing scent.

"Here, Sheilah," said Ross gently. "Come here, gal."

Sheilah went over and rubbed against

Ross's legs. Red left his seat by the mule shed, and at top speed raced across the slush-filled pasture. Danny gasped, and rose to shout. Red had gone mad; he was going to kill this unwelcome trespasser. But he stifled the shout in his throat as Red snapped to a perfect point in front of the hemlocks. He held his point, tail stiff and foreleg curved. Danny dashed in to get his shotgun, and ran across the field.

He heard his father call to him, but paid no attention to it. A hundred feet from Red he stopped running and edged up behind him.

"Get 'em out, Red," he said softly.

Red lunged forward and the two partridges thundered up. Danny raised his gun, deliberately undershot the out-of-season birds, and lowered his shotgun.

"Missed!" he said dejectedly.

Red looked around, his eyes friendly once more and his tail wagging. He looked disdainfully toward the shrinking Sheilah. Red, prince of partridge dogs, had proven himself definitely superior to this puny female, and Danny had witnessed the entire performance. There could not now be the slightest doubt as to which dog was best. He shoved his muzzle deep into Danny's cupped hand and sniffed loudly. Then he went forward to meet Sheilah.

She advanced, uncertain but friendly, and they sniffed noses. Then together they set off toward the house.

THE spring advanced. Melted snow filled every little ditch and depression, and the swollen creeks surged over their banks into the meadows and forests around them. Then green grass showed, flowers bloomed, trees were bud-laden, and one day a belated flock of north-bound geese squawked over Stoney Lonesome on their strong-winged passage north. In the shallow little gulley where he had been tearing

a log apart to get the white grubs that had burrowed into it, the huge bear raised his long head to watch them go. He licked another white grub from its damp bed, and climbed ponderously out of the gulley.

A quiver, starting at the tip of his almost tailless rear, rolled to the tip of his black snout. A curious light gleamed in his red, pig's eyes, and he ran a pink tongue from the side of his mouth. Suddenly the bear's six hundred and fifty pound body whirled about. He stared back down into the gulley, as though expecting something that should not be, his mad eyes the reflection of his mad brain.

Old Majesty, the huge, the relentless, the savage and unforgiving enemy of every human being in the Wintapi, had come out of hibernation with the first breath of spring, to pad his lean sides with whatever food he could find. But not for him to be contented with spare pickings, or to relinquish the things his shrunken belly craved. Man had not come to him for nearly a year. But he was not afraid to go to man.

He stood up, his shaggy head swung low and his club-like feet braced. He took a few steps forward, and the laurel stalks in front of him crumpled as though their fibrous, tough stems were brittle sticks. The bear kept going, smashing the laurel as he walked straight to the rim of the big plateau. For ten minutes he stood there, swinging his head, gazing into the valley, and smelling the breezes that blew out of it. He quartered down the slope into the grey-trunked beeches that struggled up the hill. Once among them he stopped again.

There was no hurry. The sun was only three-quarters across its westward sky-journey, and there were still hours of daylight. Daylight was not Old Majesty's time when he went among

men. Much as he might scorn them, he had a vast respect for their weapons. But when the friendly night clothed the wilderness and made invisible the creatures whose abode it was, man's weapons became almost impotent. Long ago the colossal black bear had learned that man was an ineffective and puny thing at night.

When twilight folded its grey wings over the beech woods he went on, perfectly straight, turning aside for nothing. He knew exactly where he was going because he had been there before, many times, and he would go again whenever the impulse moved him. Old Majesty, unbeaten king of the Wintapi, went where he willed.

He came to the great meadow that enfolded the big Wintapi estate of Mr. Haggin, and stopped just within the protecting forest to examine it. Light gleamed in the houses. The smell of wood smoke tickled his nostrils. With it came the mingled odors of the cattle, sheep, and horses with which Mr. Haggin had stocked his rolling acres. The waiting bear licked his chops. His front feet did a nervous little dance on the ground before him; and an eager whine broke from his half-open mouth. He was king, and the promise of kingly repast was carried to his quivering nostrils on the brisk little wind that blew from the barn to him.

Not until shortly before midnight, when the last light in the last house winked out, did he start across the meadow. He went slowly, cautiously, lifting his huge paws in the short spring grass and putting them carefully back down on the earth. A dog barked, and the huge bear paused to listen intently to it. He advanced again, still not afraid and ready to meet any foe that might come forth to challenge him. But nothing moved. Knowing only the ways of the farm, caring nothing for the forest,

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the sleeping caretaker whose dog had scented approaching peril awoke to speak angrily. The dog lay down, nervous but afraid to bark again.

Old Majesty padded soft footedly to a corral, and pressed his head against it to peer between the rails. There had been sheep in it that day; there oily scent came heavily to his nostrils and he drooled on the grass. But the sheep had been removed to the security of a barn. Robert Fraley, Mr. Haggin's overseer, had learned his lesson well. Old Majesty had come raiding before, might at any time come again, and nothing must be left outside at night.

The big bear swerved to one of the strong grey barns, and pushed his head against the door. Within he heard cattle stamping nervously, and the threatening rumble of a chained bull that scented danger to the herd. The big bear inserted a front claw in the crevice where the two barn doors rolled shut, and with all his tremendous strength tried to pry them open. But they were stoutly built, and the most he could do was force them an inch apart. Then the oaken doors sprang right back together again. The bear champed his jaws angrily, and slapped the earth in senseless fury. A shower of pebbles leaped up to strike him in the face. His jowl curled in a snarl.

He walked to the sheep fold, and when he could not enter that reared to smash a window with his front paw. Glass tinkled, and the frightened sheep within plunged and milled as they raced to the other end of the fold. Old Majesty settled back to the ground, staring at the houses from which men would come if they came. But still there was no sound. Nothing moved. He reared to thrust his mighty head and shoulders through the broken window, but drew warily back. He could get in. But the barn was a trap. If he was caught within it there was no way out except through the hard-to-enter window. He walked to the horse barn, and the shrill scream of an aroused stallion sliced through the night. Again the stallion screamed.

THE big bear swung about, and sat on his haunches facing a house where man had at last awakened. A door creaked open. A lantern gleamed, and came bobbing toward the barn. Old Majesty took a tentative step toward the man, then retreated slowly into the night. Two hundred feet out in the meadow he stopped to watch while the man with the lantern went slowly from one barn to the other. He exclaimed over the broken window, and unlocked the door of the horse barn to go in and quiet the raging stallion. Then, loud and startling in the night, a bell rang. Lights winked on in all the houses, and more lanterns bobbed in the hands of the running men who carried them.

Old Majesty turned and ran back into the beeches. He was still unafraid, still contemptuous of the men, and willing to fight them. But there was no reason for fighting since there was nothing in the big grey barns that he could get. Then, because there had not been, a great rage flooded him. He ran straight up the valley, threading his way among the ponderous beeches, and stopped only when he came to the border of another and smaller clearing.

There was a part-log, part-board cabin nestled in the shadow of some of the huge beech trees. Beside it were four dog kennels, one of them empty, a shed, and a barn. The wind was blowing strongly from the cabin to him, and Old Majesty's lip curled as he read and interpreted the scents it carried. He knew the three hounds within the kennels. They had been on his trail more than once, and he had nothing but scorn for all of them. But as his brain received and placed in their correct categories the scents of the two men

and the two dogs in the cabin, his curled lip emitted an ugly snarl.

The only living thing he feared, or respected, was one of the two dogs in the cabin. It was Red, the one dog ever on his trail that he had not been able to outwit or kill. Red had followed him a long way, foiling him at every turn, and after a long chase had bayed him on a rock. One of the men in the cabin had come with a gun. But Old Majesty had escaped. His head drooped so low that his black snout almost touched the ground.

A gaunt mule rested in the pasture that surrounded the shed. Old Majesty's head swung further around, and his beady little eyes fastened on the mule. His hunt had been frustrated, but here was prey surrounded by no oaken barn. The big bear threw caution away and began to run.

Instantly everything about the cabin came awake. As one of the three chained hounds emerged from their kennels and cast themselves again and again to the ends of their chains falling down and getting up to leap again. The two dogs in the cabin added their barking to the din, and a light glowed. There were no stolid farmers in this cabin, but woods men who knew the ways of the woods.

Old Majesty plunged on, and now that he had started nothing would turn him aside. He crashed through the wire fence as though it were paper. The terrified mule swung to gallop away. But the black shadow that raced through the night was beside it, and reared to strike its thin neck with a sledgehammer paw. For one brief second, with jaws stretched wide, the mule tried to fight back. The bear struck again, and the mule went to its knees. It rolled over on its back with all four legs moving feebly.

The beam of a flashlight stabbed the darkness, and from the porch of the cabin red streaks flashed as two rifles spat their leaden messengers into the night. Old Majesty's hind paw whipped up to strike at his right ear, through which a bullet had passed. He ran around the mule shed, putting it between himself and the riflemen, and went into the beech woods. For a moment he stopped, sitting on his haunches and facing the cabin as though half-minded to go back and renew the fight. But, cutting through the bedlam created by the baying hounds and the hysterically screeching Sheila, Red's battle challenge came steadily. With feet shuffling and head swinging Old Majesty climbed through the beech woods back up Stoney Lonesome's slope.

Daylight found him far back in the wilderness. All day, alternately running and walking, he travelled across the top of Stoney Lonesome and into the unnamed wilderness beyond it. And all day he heard the baying hounds. The bear's jaws gaped wide, his tongue lolled from the side of his mouth. Long, greasy strings of slaver swung from his jaws. And, as his weariness increased, so did his anger.

Night came, and the yelling dogs ceased their noise. From the summit of a high and brush-covered peak, Old Majesty turned to survey the wilderness through which he had run. Far below, in a valley, something shone brightly yellow. It was the campfire of the man who had come with the dogs. Ross Pickett was taking no chances on his hounds meeting Old Majesty in the dark. But they would meet him, and he would meet him. Asa had been killed. And, though only another four-footed one, Asa had been Ross Pickett's friend.

Again, with the first faint streak of dawn, Old Majesty heard the dogs yelling on his trail. He left the thicket where he had bedded, ran up and over the mountain and down the other side. He stopped in front of a boulder as big as a house, and backed against it. Rising on his hind legs, he swung his front

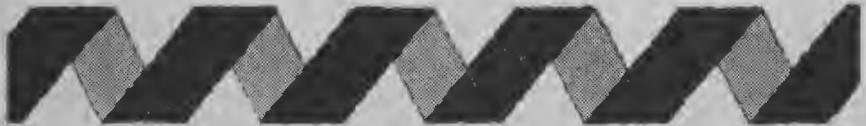
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ones right, left, and forward, as though to assure himself that he would have plenty of room in which to fight when fighting became necessary. He listened, his head bent forward. Then a cunning gleam flicked across his red eyes and he dropped to all fours.

HE swung into the pines, at a right angle to the trail he had made coming in, and after walking seventy feet swung to parallel it. Moving slowly, careful to rustle no twig and break no branch whose sound might betray him, he stalked through the pines back to the trail and lay beside it. He heard the hounds yelling nearer, then saw them come in sight. Old Majesty lay very still, and when the three hounds were right in front of him he sprang.

His huge body overwhelmed Old Mike, bore him down and into the earth. The grizzled old hound, veteran of a hundred hunts, wriggled and tried to bring his jaws into play. But Old Majesty moved very carefully, feeling beneath his breast with his mighty front paw. His claws encountered and sank into Old Mike's neck, and he dragged the fighting hound into the open. He slapped with his free paw, and Old Mike's back sagged. The old hound dragged himself forward with his front feet. His open jaws closed on Old Majesty's flank. The big bear slapped again, and Mike died as it had from the first been inevitable that he would die. But his jaws were clamped shut, and in them was a long strip of Old Majesty's skin.

Then the bear swung to deal with the hysterically yelling pups. They separated, one going to the side while the other feinted from the front. Old Majesty moved slowly, slapping at the dog in front of him and watching it keep just out of range. Suddenly and unexpectedly he whirled, and his slashing paw pounded the neck of the pup that was barking in from the side. The hound flew ten feet through the air and collided suddenly with a boulder. Old Majesty leaped ahead, trapping the other pup between his front paws and pounding it into a bloody pulp. For ten minutes, in delirious, unreasoning rage, he hammered the three dogs. From far off he heard the man shout.

"Halloo-ooo!"

Old Majesty rose to listen, his little eyes very bright and his ears alert. The lust of battle still gripped him, and victory was his. He backed into the brush and stood very quietly waiting. The breeze brought Ross Pickett's scent to him before he saw anything. Carrying his rifle in his right hand, Ross came running toward that place where he had last heard the dogs. Old Majesty lunged and struck, once.

But fighting a man was very different from fighting a dog, and the big bear knew it. Despite his anger he was nervous, and he did not time his charge with the same split-second precision that had taken the hounds to their deaths. His front paw struck Ross Pickett's left arm, glanced off his chest, and sent him spinning into the pines. But Ross kept hold of his rifle, and dropped to a sitting position with it in his right hand. He cocked it with his thumb, and raised it with his right arm.

About to follow up his charge, Old Majesty paused. He had lived to be old because he knew many things, and among them was the certainty that a man with a gun, in broad daylight, was more than a match for himself. After split-second indecision he turned and ran back into the pines, while Ross's bullet whistled over him.

DOWN at the cabin in the beech woods, Danny Pickett sat in the warm sunshine. Red was beside him, and Sheilah lay outstretched on the soft grass. Danny glanced fondly at her. Sheilah was with pups, due to litter in a very few days, and now could take no violent exercise and must be very careful.

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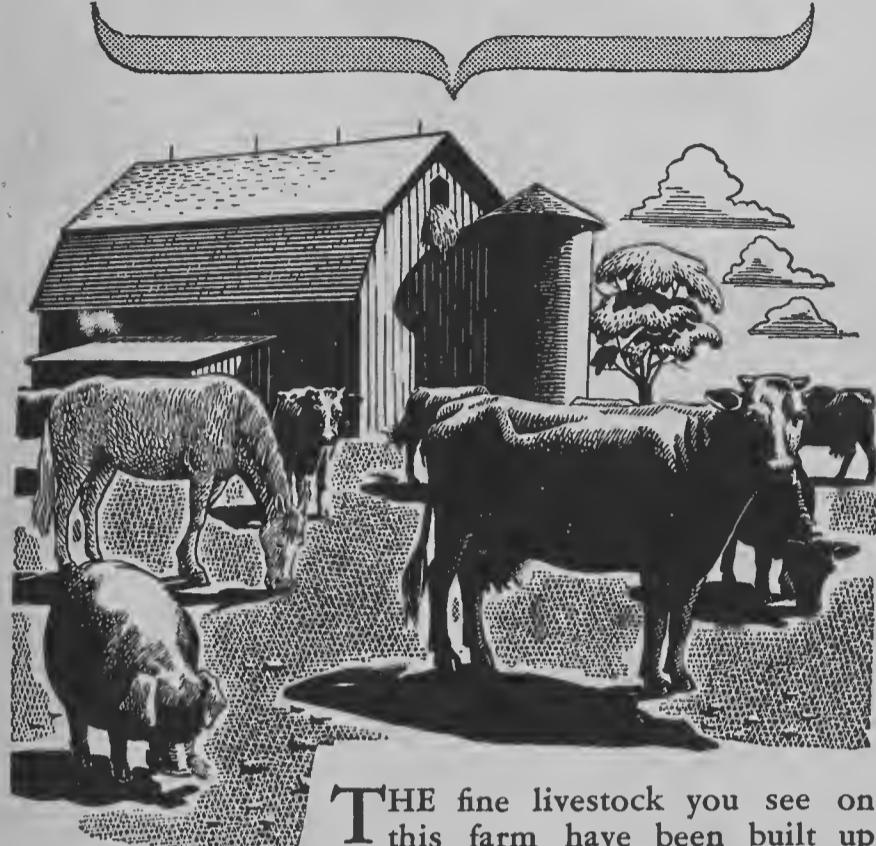
GINGERBREAD CUP CAKES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted shortening	1 tsp. cinnamon
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups molasses	1 tsp. ginger
1 egg, beaten	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cloves
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
1 tsp. Magic Baking Soda	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup hot water
1 tsp. Magic Baking Powder	

Combine shortening and molasses and add egg. Stir until well blended. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with the hot water. Bake in 24 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cup cake pans in moderate oven (350°F.) for 30 minutes. Blend one 3-oz. package of cream cheese with enough milk to make of sauce consistency. Top each serving with a spoonful.



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Somebody had to stay at the house and watch her while Ross and his hounds were up in the mountains on Old Majesty's trail.

Danny looked at the heap of brown earth that covered Asa, and lifted his eyes to the mountain. An anxious frown creased his brow, and uneasiness gnawed within him. But nothing could have stopped Ross's going on this hunt, and nothing could have persuaded him to take anyone with him. Old Majesty had killed Asa, and Ross must conduct a deadly, personal feud with any varmint that harmed anything about the Pickett household. Probably the hounds would not bay Old Majesty—no hounds ever had. But they were certainly giving him a run. Ross had been gone for three days now.

Danny's gaze strayed back to Sheilah, and something deep within him stirred. The indistinct vision that he had tried to see clearly ever since the dog show sought to assume shape and form. But somehow it would not, although it seemed to concern Sheilah directly. Danny knew only that in the back of his mind there lived a fine dog, a magnificent dog, a dog to put all others to shame. But weren't Red and Sheilah all that? He walked down the steps and knelt to tickle Sheilah's ear.

"How you feelin'?" he crooned. "You're goin' to have a big litter, then you and me and the pups and Red, we're all goin' to do great things."

Red sat suddenly up, head erect and ears alert. A short, challenging bark rumbled from him, and Danny raised his head to follow the dog's gaze. He gasped. Ross came out of the beech woods into the clearing. He was walking very slowly, his eyes on the ground and his left arm limp at his side. Danny raced across the pasture to meet him, passed an arm about his father's shoulders.

"Pappy!"

"I met the bear," Ross Pickett said wearily. "He got the dogs, all three of 'em."

"Don't talk now, Pappy."

Danny guided his father into the cabin, took off his clothes and put him to bed. He held a glass of water to his father's lips, laid a cool towel across his hot forehead. Then, with Red racing beside him, he ran down the Smokey Creek trail to Mr. Haggin's. Curley Jordan, one of the caretakers, met him.

"Call Doc Smedley!" Danny snapped. "Get him here quick! Pappy's been hurt by a bear!"

He ran back up the trail, and into the cabin. Ross lay quietly on the bed. But there was misery and heartbreak in his eyes, and he was staring blankly at the ceiling. Danny glanced at his blood-stained shirt, and stared back at Ross. Curley Jordan ran in, and an hour later Dr. Smedley followed. He bent over Ross, while Danny hovered solicitously in the background and watched him work. Dr. Smedley straightened.

"Is he . . . Is he bad hurt?" Danny gulped.

"Three broken ribs and a broken arm," Dr. Smedley said. "That's quite a smash. But he'll be all right."

Dr. Smedley filled a hypodermic, and made ready to inject it into Ross's shoulder.

"What's that for?" Danny asked.

"To put him to sleep. He won't feel it when we set the broken bones, and he needs a rest."

Danny stepped to the bed, and looked down on Ross's pain-distorted face.

"Pappy, where'd you leave that big bear's track?"

"In all them little pines what grew up where the fire went," Ross whispered. "You can't miss it, Danny. Cross three cricks off to the west of Stoney Lonesome, and climb that big mountain where we got the fisher out of the cave two years gone. It's on a straight line between a dead chestnut on the east

side of that mountain, and a big pine on the west side of the next. It's the only big pine there. Hit right between 'em and you can't miss. He got all the dogs, Danny. All of 'em. Be careful."

"I will, Pappy. Don't fret."

He stepped back and watched Dr. Smedley inject the anesthetic into Ross's arm. Ross dropped into an easy slumber, and Danny turned to Curley Jordan.

"Will you stay here with Sheilah and Pappy, until I come back?"

"Gosh yes, Danny. I'll be glad to, and Mr. Haggin would want me to. What are you going to do?"

"There ain't but one dog ever bayed Old Majesty," Danny Pickett said grimly. "And that dog can do it again. I'll be seein' you when Red and I get him!"

DANNY didn't look again at any of the men in the cabin. He took a canvas packsack from its hanger, packed into it a box of matches, a slab of bacon, a small package of coffee, five pounds of flour, two loaves of bread, and a first-aid kit. He hung a sheathed knife at his belt, put a box of cartridges in his pocket, took his gun from its rack, loaded it, and was ready for the Wintapi wilderness. Red trotted soberly over to sit beside him, and followed closely when Danny went out on the porch.

He stood there, feeling the warm spring breezes blow about his face and neck and ruffle his shirt. And it seemed to him that never before in his entire life had he been so calm, or known so exactly just what he was going to do.

Old Majesty must die, he was very sure of that. Not alone because he had killed Asa and hurt Ross, and probably would hurt or kill other men, but for an added reason. The Wintapi was wild and hard—ever ready with its threats and dangers. Only those who could meet and parry its blows were entitled to live there, or could live there. Now Old Majesty had asserted his own supremacy over all of it, in attacking Ross had proclaimed that nothing could walk in the Wintapi unless he willed it. And Danny knew that he must meet the big bear's challenge, must go into the mountains and fight Old Majesty on his own grounds. This was not something that a man could forget or run from.

At the same time, he was fully aware of the risks he ran and the chances he took. First there was Red, the dog that, next to Ross, he loved better than anything else. In hunting Old Majesty Red might be killed. Or, if he was not killed or even hurt, the fact that Danny must urge him to hunt a bear, a varmint, could easily make meaningless all the long hours that Danny had taken to teach him to hunt partridges alone. Lastly, Danny considered the fact that he himself might be hurt.

But he still knew that he had to go, that Ross expected him to go. Ross saw the Wintapi as Danny did, and knew that he who quailed at any challenge it hurled was forever lost. Danny bit his lip. He was young, but old enough to know that life was seldom easy. And it seemed to him that in the future there would be a great many other bears to meet. How he met them depended in great measure on what he did now with Old Majesty. It had become his fight. Regardless of loss or sacrifice he must give everything to winning it.

He walked down the porch steps, averted his eyes from the dog kennels, and walked across the pasture into the beech woods. The sun sprayed its golden rays through their budding twigs, painted the forest floor beneath them. Red crowded close to his side, seeming in some mysterious way to know that this was no ordinary trip. Even when he reached the crest of Stoney Lonesome Danny did not turn his eyes back for one last look at the cabin.

Danny walked around the rim of the big plateau, keeping out of the laurel

that grew upon it in the scrub. There was no special hurry. Ross had left the scene of the battle yesterday afternoon, and since had been making his pain-racked journey home. Certainly he would no longer find a fresh trail away from that place where Old Majesty had killed the hounds, and he might be in the mountains many days before he had the final reckoning with the bear. But he had to stay, and would stay, until the final hour of that reckoning.

He was awake with the first streaks of dawn, had caught and cooked a trout and started up the valley. Danny climbed the lost ridge at its head, and struck into the big pines that lined the ridge. The small pines wherein Ross and his hounds had had their tragic meeting with Old Majesty were scarcely two hours away. A warm wind eddied down the ridge to blow against his face, and Danny strode briskly. A pulsing eagerness crept through him, and he gripped the rifle more firmly. Red ranged out to hunt through a copse of brush at one side, and came running back.

Danny climbed the mountain where he and Ross had taken a snarling, spitting fisher from a cave two years before, and walked to its east slope to stand directly under what had been a fine chestnut tree. Now its branches were leafless and grey, its twigs broken and shapeless. He looked directly across the valley that yawned beneath him at a huge pine growing on the slope of the opposite mountain.

Danny's eyes marked the spot from which he would have to start. Some day he would return, give what was left of Old Mike and the two pups a suitable burial, and mark something on their grave about the battle they had had. But that must wait. They had to be avenged first.

DANNY sat beneath the chestnut stub, an arm about Red's neck and the rifle resting where he could instantly reach and bring it into play. His brow wrinkled in deep thought. He could go down into the valley, and work out Old Majesty's trail from the place where he had fought. But that might take hours or even days of pains-taking effort.

"Where would he go, Red?" Danny asked softly. "Where would that old hellion of gone from here?"

Red whined, and turned his head to lick Danny's ear. Danny stared hard at the ground, saw a worm inching along it, and snapped his head erect. Insect eggs were hatching in the dead, damp logs, and they'd be full of grubs. Hav-

ing failed in his bold attempt to raid the farms, Old Majesty had to take his living from the wilderness. And, at this season of the year, grubs were the most plentiful and easiest-to-get food in it.

Danny bent his head forward and closed his eyes, trying in his mind to reconstruct a picture of the country as he knew it. Certainly Old Majesty, bold enough to ambush the three hounds and Ross, had not fled in blind panic when he left the scene of the battle. Probably he had even waited around to see if he was going to be followed any more. But he had had a long run, and would want to rest and eat after it. Two mountains away there were a great many fallen trees whose trunks were moss-encrusted and whose pulp was dozy. Danny flipped a penny, and when it fell heads-up rose to quarter down the mountain. Before trying to work out a stale track he would cross those two mountains and see if he could not find a fresh one.

Red padded behind him as he toiled up one mountain, down its other side, and up the mountain beyond. He paused on the summit to stare down the slope. Red edged around him, pricked up his ears, and raised his hackles. He growled, looked up and wagged his tail.

Danny squatted down, and clamped his hand over the big dog's muzzle as he strove to see past the trees in front of him. Wind shook a copse of brush, and Danny brought his rifle up with one hand on the breech, ready to cock it and shoot. He rose and walked slowly down the slope, passing the yellow ripped stumps that marched in endless lines along it and threading his way among the prostrate tree trunks. Some had been shredded by powerful claws; a bear had been at them.

It was where a little spring bubbled out of the mountain side and softened the earth about it that Danny found Old Majesty's track. He knelt to examine it, a huge thing longer than his own foot and wider than his spread hand. His guess then, had been the correct one; Old Majesty had come here to feast on grubs. The track by the spring was scarcely two hours old. Danny grasped Red by the scruff of the neck, and shoved his nose down in the track.

"That's him," he said. "That's the varmint we got to find."

Red sniffed long and deeply at the track, and raised his head to look at Danny. He sat down, tail flat on the ground behind him, staring down the slope. Danny watched. Red never had been a trailing dog, and would not now



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become one. But if he could catch the body scent of Old Majesty, and was urged to the attack, he would chase the big bear and finally bring it to bay. Danny climbed back to the summit of the mountain and sat down. The wind was almost straight out of the west, blowing gently but steadily. Clouds scudded across the sky, and the feathered tips of the pine trees bent. For a long while Danny stared steadily into the valley, and looked from it to Red.

Old Majesty was not there now or Red would smell him and indicate his presence. But there was no sign that he had been alarmed and knew that another pursuer was on his trail. Danny looked back down to the spring where he had found the track. He could follow the trail if he wanted to, and eventually work it out, but he must wage a battle of wits as well as one of scientific woodcraft. Fresh as it was, it would still take a long while to puzzle out that trail on the hard, rocky ground. Danny looked again down the slope, at the vast number of decaying logs that lay undisturbed. All of them were full of grubs, and if Old Majesty wanted to rest a few days he would not stray far from this place. Probably he was resting now, and not far away. But exactly where was he and what was the best way to go about finding him?

Danny rose, and with Red padding beside him travelled straight up the top of the mountain. He crossed the valley at its head, crossed the next mountain to the one beyond, and swung down it. He came off its sloping nose into a forested valley, and struck due east. But all the while he had been both studying the ground beneath him and watching Red. The big setter had stalked away three or four times to hunt partridges that he had scented in the thickets. But not once had his nose gone to the ground, and Danny had seen no bear track leading away. Old Majesty, then, was somewhere within the circle he had made.

DANNY walked due east, crossing the noses of the mountains whose heads he had walked around and returned to the foot of the slope where the grub-ridden logs lay. He walked around it, up the valley that separated it from the next hill, and again sat down to ponder. He ate bread smeared with bacon grease, gave Red some, and sat down with his back against a boulder. Twilight came, and erratic bats swooped up and down the little stream before him. But pitch darkness had descended on the wilderness before Danny started up the mountain again.

He left his pack beside the stream, carrying only a three-cell flashlight and his rifle as he climbed. The wind still blew steadily from the west. A whip-poor-will shrieked, and Red halted to peer toward the sound. Danny waited for the big dog to catch up with him. He was still a hundred feet below the mountain's crest when he stooped to crawl.

The back of his neck tingled, and little shivers ran up and down his spine. Old Majesty, just twice in his whole terrible career, had been seen in daylight by men who carried rifles. Ross had missed his shot, and Danny had dared not shoot for fear that a wounded bear might injure Red. But, though the big bear had been hunted many times by day, as far as Danny knew this was the first time anyone had ever thought of stalking him by night. He reached the summit of the mountain, and felt in the darkness for Red. His fingers found and clenched the big dog's fur.

Almost imperceptibly he felt Red stiffen, and Danny laid the rifle across his knees while his other hand stole forth to clamp about the big setter's muzzle. He thrilled with pride. Again his guess had been the right one. Old Majesty had not wandered away, but after eating his fill of grubs had merely gone to sleep in some secluded thicket.

Now he was back. From down the slope came the ripping sound of another log being torn apart. Then an eerie silence.

It was broken by the buzz of an insect in a nearby tree, and Danny snapped his head erect. A light wind blew out of the valley. Red maintained his tense stance. The wind eddied around, blowing from all directions, and Red shrank close to the earth. A clammy hand brushed Danny's spine. He let go of the dog's muzzle to pick up his rifle. He clutched it very tightly, wrapping his fingers about the breech with one hand on the trigger. Something was happening out there in the darkness, something that only Red could interpret, and in that moment Danny knew that he was afraid.

Red turned his head, and held it poised while he remained rooted in his tracks. Slowly he swung his body about, facing up the ridge now instead of into the valley. Inch by inch he continued to turn, facing down the other side of the razor-backed ridge, and swinging until he had made a complete circle and was staring into the valley again. Then, Danny understood. He bit his lip so hard that he felt the taste of blood in his mouth, and let go of Red's ruff to reach into his pocket for the flashlight.

They were hunting Old Majesty, but there in the black night the great bear was also hunting them. He had come back to feed on the grubs in the dead logs, scented Danny and Red, and rather than run again had elected to try conclusions in the darkness, the time that he favored most and that was most favorable to him. Danny swallowed hard as the complete realization of that was driven home to him, but he grasped it perfectly. Old Majesty was no ordinary bear, but bigger, wiser, fiercer, and more intelligent than any other bear that Danny had ever known. Beyond a doubt he remembered Red, and that Red had once brought him to bay. Even though he might now fear the dog, he still knew that he would have to fight it out sooner or later, and was selecting that fight to his own advantage.

In the darkness he had walked clear around them, nerving himself to the attack and trying to choose the best method for it. Now he was just a little way down the hill, looking them over, reading them with his nose and listening for their next move. Danny drew back the hammer of his rifle, and in the night its metallic little click was startlingly loud. He held it in his right hand, clutching the flashlight with his left, and spoke softly,

"Stay here, Red. Stay with me."

Down the slope pebbles rattled, and there was the scraping of a claw on a rock. Danny thought hard, trying in his mind to reconstruct an exact picture of the mountain side as he had seen it earlier that morning. The nearest big rock, he thought, was about sixty yards from where they stood now and Old Majesty must have walked on it. Half-tempted to flash the light and shoot, he hesitated. The bear might come nearer, present a fairer shot. If he did not, if instead of attacking he chose to run, Danny could always urge Red forward to follow him. Somewhere in the lost wilderness Red would once again bring Old Majesty to bay.

Red was once more facing up the ridge, and had taken two stiff-legged steps forward. Danny poised the flashlight and rifle. Red did not turn his head again, so the bear was standing still. Danny snapped the light on. Its white beam travelled into the night to fall like a silver cage about something huge and black, something that stood scarcely twenty yards up the spine of the ridge. The wind blowing out of the valley eddied around it, curled the long hair that hung from its belly.

Danny raised the gun, supported it on the hand in which he gripped the light, and aimed in its uncertain glow.



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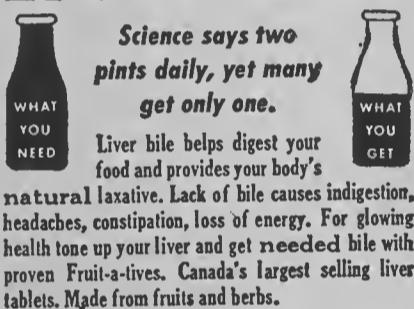
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This, he thought, was not real or right. It was something that you did only in a dream, and awoke to find it a blurred memory. But the cold trigger about which his finger curled was real enough, as was the crack of the rifle and the little tongue of red flame that licked into the darkness. He heard the sudden little "splot" as the bullet struck and buried itself in flesh. Red's battle roar rang through the night, and at almost exactly the same second the big dog and Old Majesty launched themselves at each other.

Danny shot again and again, desperately working the lever of his gun and pumping bullet after bullet into the oncoming black mass. A feeling of hopelessness almost overwhelmed him. The bear kept coming. It was as though Old Majesty was a monstrous thing, an animated mass of something that had no more life than a stone or a rock, and upon which bullets had no effect. Wide-eyed, Danny saw it within thirty, then twenty feet of him, and in that moment he knew that he would have died if it had not been for Red.

THE big setter met the charging bear, and closed with him. Old Majesty's paw flashed, raked down the dog's chest, and Red reeled away to roll over and over on the ground. His attention diverted from Danny, Old Majesty lunged after the dog.

Danny shook his head. He seemed still to be in a dream, in the throes of something terrible from which sane awakening only could release him. Feverishly he found himself ripping the box of cartridges apart, pumping more bullets into the rifle's magazine. His legs seemed to belong to someone else as he ran forward through the night, held the muzzle of his gun within two feet of Old Majesty's ear, and pulled the trigger. The big bear jerked convulsively, quivered, and settled down to stretch his great length on the earth.

For a moment Danny stood pale and trembling, the gun dangling by his side and the flashlight painting the unreal scene before him. He saw Red, whose coat was now stained with crimson, rise on three legs and prepare to renew the battle. He lunged at the bear, but stopped and turned toward Danny, his jaws very wide open, panting hard. Danny faltered, the rifle clattered to the ground, and tears rolled unashamed from his eyes. Red was everything Danny had thought him and very much more. Beautiful, courageous, strong—and noble. He would fight to the death if need be, but would not molest or disgrace a fallen enemy. Danny snapped back to reality.

"Red!"
The cry was wrenching from him. He ran forward to kneel beside the wounded dog. His hand strayed to Red's left chest and leg. Blood trickled through his fingers as he felt torn flesh and muscles. Even as he turned the light on, he knew that Red would never win another prize in a dog show. His left front leg was ripped half away. Danny picked the dog up, and carried him down the mountain to where he had left the pack. He knelt beside him,



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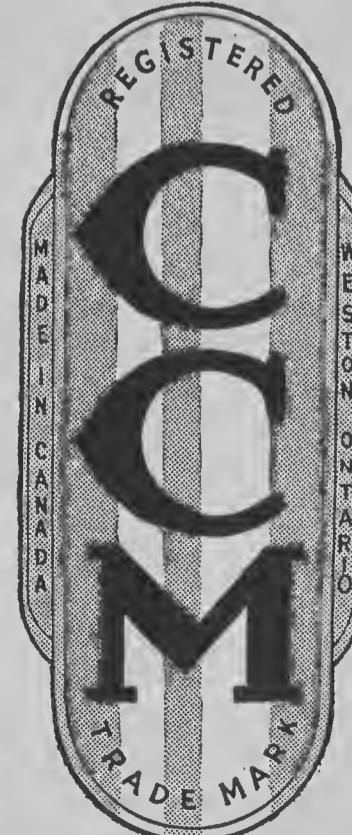
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dusted the gaping wounds with sulfa powder, and wrapped a clean white bandage around them. Danny took off his jacket, made of it a soft bed for the big setter, and built a fire.

Day followed day as they camped by the little stream. Red got up from his bed to walk stiffly about, and Danny watched with his heart in his eyes. Red's wounds were healing well, but an ugly scar showed and he would never again have much use of his left front leg. Danny gathered the dog to him, and hugged Red very tightly.

On the eighth day, with Red limping behind him, he started down the valley toward home. They camped that night in another little valley, under the shadow of Stoney Lonesome's laurel thickets. With Red's fine head pillowled on his lap, Danny sat before the leaping little fire he had built and stared into the darkness. Somehow he seemed to have changed. The old Danny Pickett had gone forth on the outlaw

bear's trail, but a new one was returning. And the new one was a Danny Pickett able to do what he never could have done before.

Late the next afternoon they broke out of the beech woods into the clearing and saw the shanty. Danny stopped, and his left hand strayed down to rest on the big setter's head. Ross stood on the porch. But that grey-haired, crisp man dressed in sports tweeds who was at the foot of the steps talking with Ross could be none other than Mr. Haggin. Danny shook his head wonderingly. The old Danny Pickett would have been terrified at bringing Mr. Haggin's dog back as he was bringing Red. But the new Danny seemed able to do it, to cope with and meet this problem just as he could cope with others. He walked slowly across the pasture toward the shanty. And for some reason that, too, seemed to have undergone a change. Asa and the four hounds were gone. Ross, Sheilah, Red,

and himself, remained. That fact alone seemed to have brought about the transformation.

Danny's glance paused briefly on the sling in which his father's left arm rested, then strayed to Ross's face.

"Where is he?" Ross asked.

"Dead," Danny said. "Dead up on a ridge. We met him in the night. Red and me killed him in the dark."

Ross nodded. "Good thing," he murmured.

Danny swung to face the stern-visaged Mr. Haggin. Red pressed very closely against his legs, and Danny's dangling hand rested on the big dog's head.

"I did it," he said. "It's my fault and mine alone. I let him get at the bear. If I hadn't taken him along, he wouldn't have been hurt. But I did take him along and he is hurt; he'll never go to another show. He's spoiled for you. But he's never spoiled for me and never will be. If you'll sell me Red I'll

pay you every cent of the seven thousand dollars he cost you."

HE heard and paid no attention to Ross's incredulous gasp. Something strong seemed to have grown within him. He was not the Danny Pickett who had been born and lived in poverty all his life. He had cast off the old shackles, the confining bonds that said he and Ross had to struggle along as best they could. If others could do big things so could he.

"I haven't got seven thousand dollars and you know I haven't. But I can get it—in time I can get it. And I've got to have Red; I can't part with him. He's got to be mine. And I tell you again that I'll give you every cent you paid for him if only you'll sell him to me!"

Mr. Haggin said suddenly and unexpectedly, "That's a reasonable enough offer and I'll accept it. But in one way you're thinking like a fool."

"Why?"

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"I thought the same thing."

"Then whatever led you to believe that I'd think otherwise? Furthermore, Danny, it's good business for me to sell you that dog. He's won best of breed, and will never win best of show simply because he isn't quite good enough. Then there are little matters like stud fees. You can put him out at stud for fifty or seventy-five dollars, and any breeder in the country with a good bitch will be glad to pay it. Of course, if you don't want the fee you can usually take your pick of the resulting litter. By the way, now that you have more responsibilities, I'm raising you to a hundred dollars a month. I'll hold back fifty, and apply it on what you owe me for Red. About next year, if everything works out the way I think it will, you can name your own salary. Men really capable of handling a dog aren't easy to find, and even if we can't take Red back we can show Sheilah again this year. I want you to take her into the ring, but maybe we'll let Bob handle the pup if we enter one."

"Pup?" Danny was still dazed.

Mr. Haggin grinned. "How do you like Sheilah, Danny?"

"She's a wonderful dog."

"Your dad thinks so too. He . . ."

"I told him I'd allus been a hound man," Ross admitted, a trifle sheepishly. "But that Sheilah, doggone her hide! She's an awful lot of dog. I asked Mr. Haggin if he minded if I

sort of worked with you on these setters 'stead of gettin' more hounds. Not that I'm ever goin' to forget Mike and those pups. But these setters . . . I ain't askin' no pay."

Mr. Haggin winked at Danny. "He might even be worth a salary when we get a really big string of setters, eh? Dr. Dan MacGruder went abroad, Danny; took a post in China. He hadn't any good place to leave Sheilah, so he sold her to me dirt cheap. But come on,

Danny, we have something to show you." He grinned again. "Just remember that you didn't own Red until a few minutes ago, so we'll sort of have to work together on this. Of course the next time you can have your pick of the litter."

Danny followed Ross and Mr. Haggin around the corner of the shanty, and came upon Sheilah stretched out in the warm sun. She raised a proud head to look at them, and wagged her

tail in happy greeting to Red. Danny stared, spellbound.

Five blunt-nosed puppies all snuggled contentedly against their mother's flank. But one, a little bigger and stronger than the rest, raised his head when he heard unaccustomed noise. And, puppy though he was, even now there was about him an invisible but very definite aura of the essence that Danny knew as quality. It was as though the tiny mite of dogdom had inherited all the finest qualities of both his father and mother, and in so doing was just a little finer than either one. Danny smiled, very happily, and in the tiny pup saw the incarnation of all the dreams that had troubled him since he had first begun to appreciate a fine thoroughbred dog.

But in the back of his mind still another and even more indistinct vision already seemed to be crowding the first. The tiny pup was only one step forward, and there would be many, many more.

Red walked stiffly up. His tail wagged as he sniffed noses with Sheilah, and looked carefully at his two sons and three daughters.

THE END



"Well, anyway, I don't pack mud on my face on purpose!"

Notice to Subscribers

The demand for Canadian paper and pulp continues to exceed the supply—particularly in certain types of paper used extensively by magazine publishers. For the same reason deliveries of new and necessary printing equipment are slow.

If the quality of paper in this magazine is not as good as usual or if your copy of The Country Guide is late, we ask your indulgence. Be assured our desire is to give the best service to our subscribers. Only difficult existing conditions prevent better service.

The Countrywoman

The Gypsy

By INA BURNS

*The gypsy took my hand in hers
And sang me rhapsodies
Of highways strewn with roses
And jaunts across the seas.*

*I crossed her palm with silver
Then she saw wealth and fame,
And fair and dark admirers
Who offered me their name.*

*The gypsy took my hand in hers
And saw the shining way
To all that's sweet upon the earth,
To all that's light and gay.*

*I did not ponder as I left,
Heart high and pleasure bent,
Why she who unlocked palaces
Lived in a tattered tent.*

Painting Pointers

HERE'S an old saying that "paint covers a multitude of sins." And it is quite true. Many times, odd pieces of furniture that have no relation to each other in appearance, become a most useful and attractive set for some room, if painted in good color and perhaps trimmed with a contrasting one. Paint will serve to "bind" pieces together and make them unified and help make the owner forget that they do not belong to a set. In the spring, the urge comes to brighten up the house with new touches. So here are some suggestions in connection with a home-task in which many homemakers delight to dabble, in these days when it is so necessary to make old things do, instead of buying new pieces which are almost impossible to find and are high in price.

Instead of carrying a large pail of paint about, pour a small amount into a cardboard carton such as cottage cheese is packed in or a tin can. The waxed cartons are useful because they resist turpentine and the flat sides are grand to scrape off the excess paint from the brush. When the painting job is finished, the unused paint will pour back into the original can nicely because of the smooth, waxed surface.

It is important that brushes have good care and be kept clean. They should be kept in turpentine when not in use for a few hours or days during the time the paint-job is being done. When the task is completed, the brushes should be thoroughly cleaned with turpentine, washed in soap and water, dried and then hung on a hook until another job comes up. Do not leave them standing on the bristles in a can. A properly cared-for paint brush will look like new when the cleaning is done. Bristles will be soft, dry and free of any sign of stickiness. Neglected brushes may be freed from stiffness by heating in linseed oil and working them back and forth.

Before you start a paint job, put soap under your finger nails. Then rub your hands with vaseline. You will find that paint will wash off much easier and that your nails have been well protected.

If the odor of paint is objectionable, place a tub, pail or large can of cold water in the room. Half an onion will also help to absorb odors. After the paint can has been opened, the paint may be kept from thickening if the lid is placed on tightly when the paint is stored. It also helps if a small amount of linseed oil is poured into the can before closing. The oil will flood the top and prevent a "skin" from forming.

Before painting any surface, be sure that it is clean and dry. Before painting a glossy surface, rub it with steel wool to remove sheen and then brush over

June miscellany of some matters of interest to the rural homemaker

By AMY J. ROE

with a duster. This will permit the fresh paint to hold much better. If you are interrupted at your task, either put the brush in a small can of turpentine or wrap it in waxed paper. Never leave it standing in the paint. If you set the paint container on a paper plate or in a small wooden berry box, you will prevent drippings on the floor or bench.

When painting around a window, or along a narrow edge, where you have to be careful not to get paint on the adjoining surface, hold a piece of tin or stiff cardboard close to the painting surface. Any daubs of paint will then be on the protecting tin or card and not on the surface which you are trying to protect. Avoid painting on a dusty or windy day. On a windy day there is apt to be dust in the air, though you may not be aware of it and the finished surface will not be as smooth as it should be.

—L. P. BELL.

Showers for the Bride

THE custom of giving showers for the bride-to-be is a modern and pleasant one. It is an entertaining way for friends to present simple and useful gifts. There are a variety of ways in which showers can be arranged. Some advance planning and a little preparation are required as usually they come as a surprise to the person most concerned. There are many different ways to present the gifts, which helps to provide amusement and fun. A novel idea for a kitchen shower is to serve lunch in a gaily decorated kitchen and then to present the bride with the articles used in preparing such a lunch. Refreshments may be as elaborate or plain as the hostess desires, with each item as tasty as possible.

Before deciding on the type of shower to give your friend, think of what she will need in her home. Also consider where the couple will be living, in order that the gifts will fit in with their mode of life. Should the bride and groom be setting up housekeeping in small quarters, as is so often the case these days, it is unlikely that they will have a storage space for a complete collection of pots and pans or other bulky articles. Gifts which could be used in several ways and which could be easily stored would be more appropriate. Nests of different kinds of bowls, utensils with short handles, would be ideal for light-housekeeping rooms or a small apartment. On the other hand, if the couple are to set up their home on a

farm, in a house by themselves, there is a good likelihood that they will have plenty of storage space, so larger and useful articles will be appreciated.

A miscellaneous shower is the most popular type. The invited guests bring different gifts which would be suitable. They may consult each other in advance so that there will not be too many duplicate choices. The range of gifts for such a shower is unlimited. Novelty or "cuteness" is sometimes an attraction in buying gifts, but the bride will greatly appreciate useful things instead of a large assortment of novel and merely decorative articles. Shower gifts should not be expensive but quality is an important point with whatever item is bestowed. If you wish to remember a friend by sending an expensive gift, send it to her house as a wedding gift rather than take it to a shower, as its presence may make others at the shower feel that their offerings are unimportant. Showers are given by friends, not by relatives of either the bride or the groom.

Kitchen showers are popular. There is plenty of scope here for variety: Can openers, baking utensils, cooking equipment. If the bride has a chosen color scheme for her kitchen, try to find out what it is and give something that fits in with it. Find out, if possible, her preference in coffee pots as well as her choice in aluminum, enamel, stainless steel or glass for kitchen utensils. She will find greater delight in the collection afterwards, if they look well together. A shower where the gifts are an assortment of good kitchen knives will be appreciated, as so often these items have to wait for other household expenditures. The handles of all knives chosen should be firm and of a type which will not pull off or loosen easily. Quality buying in this type of ware is essential, as they will be in constant use. Cutting edges should be sharp and the metal such as will hold a keen edge. Stainless steel is both attractive and good wearing and will give years of satisfactory service. A knife sharpener added will cause the bride to thank you for your thoughtfulness.

Give thought to such details as the ease with which the gifts may be cleaned and used. Lift kitchen utensils to see if they are light in weight and so be easy to use without tiring. Examine the handles of cooking utensils to see if they are rounded and comfortable to hold, as well as heat resisting. Such a detail as rounded instead of squared corners in cake pans, will save many precious minutes of digging and scraping to remove crumbs. A recipe file is a suitable gift. Have each guest contribute one of her favorite recipes or add a useful cooking hint. If these are typed or neatly written by hand on the cards beforehand, the bride will appreciate the thoughtfulness of her friends.

Other showers: Linen, china, silver, glass, also add many possibilities. A novel idea for a linen shower would be to have a clothes line of some strong and pretty ribbon hung across the room, where each guest could pin her gift to the line, as she arrived. When all the gifts have been contributed, the bride could be led in to view her linens. A laundry or a garden shower are other ideas worth considering.

In giving china, glass or silver, find out what pattern the bride favors. A knife, fork, or spoon of some set she has started is sure to please her. Where guests are close friends of a bride, they may prefer to contribute to a general fund and have one of the number buy a given number of pieces of china or glassware which they know she likes.

There should be some games or a little program to round out the evening or afternoon shower. Aim at keeping the event informal and provide plenty of opportunity for good fun and laughter.—M.R.M.



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**Greatest Advancement In Power Farming
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She Blazed the Alcan

A true story of missions of mercy and teaching
in Canada's remote areas

By NAN SHIPLEY

"No matter how far back you go," the old sourdough told the newcomers, "the Mounties and the van-girls will always find you!"

"And that," laughs genial Eva Hasell, "is a very great compliment."

But she did not come by this reputation easily, and twenty-six years of life filled with as much service and adventure as any Mountie's makes her story read like fiction.

As a young Englishwoman in London Miss Hasell was astonished and troubled to hear that thousands of Canadian children living in out-of-the-way places were deprived of any religious teaching whatsoever, and resolved to do something about it. Her valuable Red Cross experience in the first World War, the fact that she could drive a heavy lorry, make running repairs, had a thorough knowledge of first-aid and had worked as a Volunteer Land Army Girl coupled with her early religious training—three years at St. Christopher's College and practical work as honorary diocesan Sunday school teacher, fitted her extremely well for this great task.

So in 1920 with a truck or van she had purchased herself, Miss Hasell received the permission of the Bishop of Qu'Appelle and accompanied by a co-worker set off from Winnipeg along the 400-mile dirt road to Regina. The van was equipped with folding-cots, a small table, portable gramophone, boxes of religious papers and canned provisions. (Incidentally this first experimental van has served as a model for all others that followed.) Because of the cramped quarters within, all cooking was done on a small primus-stove out-of-doors, clothes washed at convenient creeks and ironed on the back step of the van. The workers' uniforms were chosen for their durable qualities rather than their modish lines—blouse, skirt and jacket of khaki with stout shoes, rubber boots and serviceable felt hat. Even with care this costume, new in May, actually falls to pieces from hard wear by October. Occasionally some item meets with disaster long before that as was the case one season when a teething child chewed holes in Miss Hasell's hat.

Her work was primarily to carry the services of the Anglican Church to children separated from it by distance and to enroll them on a sort of Sunday school mailing list which assures the children of four religious papers per month and an annual examination by mail when a gold medal is presented to the youngster with the highest standing. In very isolated places of course some children do not receive their mail more than three times a year and then all in a big pile. Miss Hasell's travels thrust a tremendous amount of social welfare work upon her and when she finds such desperate cases as neglected invalids, cripples, imbeciles and children cruelly treated, her first thought is to get aid to these helpless people.

No distance is too great to travel. No story too fantastic to investigate. It meant forty miles of hard, hot walking to trace the rumor that a little eight-year-old girl was being abused by her step-father yet Miss Hasell's reference to the stiff 900-foot climb up Moonlight Canyon is merely—"We pulled ourselves up by catching at low bushes. The black flies were very bad." They found the child left in a tent eight miles from the nearest human being,

to herd cattle. During the winter she was forced to carry heavy loads along her step-father's trap-line. The little girl was taken out and after hospitalization placed in a foster-home in Edmonton where Miss Hasell and a friend have financed her keep ever since.

In 1928 Miss Hasell and Iris Sayles, her co-worker since 1926, walked for two months in the vast Peace River district where there was no clergyman

the great value in this task of carrying religious teachings to children who otherwise would grow up to atheism or at least total ignorance of God.

The people of England, Scotland and Ireland responded generously to the Caravan Fund and a large number of bales of clothing was carried free of charge by both Canadian steamship and railway companies. One of the most interesting packages came from the

Peace River district where land was cheap and some could be had for mere squatters' rights. Even for the experienced farmers this fresh start on virgin land was difficult enough. But beyond belief were the hardships of the newcomers — those thousands of English, and Europeans — the shopkeepers, ticket-collectors, bell-ringers and green-grocers who migrated to the great North-West after the first World War.

"All the people from the drought area crossed the Peace River in rafts," Miss Hasell recalls. "And then had to climb up the 900-foot banks. There was no ferry, no road, no trail and no church, school or any medical attention. Everyone lived in tents or one-room shacks, and they settled anywhere from one to two hundred miles from the nearest railway. Edmonton was more than 500 miles away."

It was to reach these isolated children that Miss Hasell and her workers left their vans when the trail ended and shouldering their pack-sacks, fought black flies and endured all sorts of weather, making their way through muskeg, burnt bushlands and round mountains leaving their foot-prints where a few years later the Alaska Highway was to appear!

The outbreak of World War II restricted travel to and from England and in 1940 both Miss Hasell and Miss Sayles joined the Number One Company of Women's Transport, Eva driving an ambulance and Iris doing quarter-master's work. In the evenings they gave lectures and lantern slides on their caravan work, entertaining and amusing the women of Britain during the bad blitz with the lighter side of their encounters—the odd requests they met—the peculiar answers to their questions. Chief among the requests, when outright proposals failed, was the backwoods bachelors' plea for brides, and quite frequently some lonely woman would display a length of mail-order dress material and ask the van-workers to cut it out to the very latest fashion.

"Have your children been baptised?" Miss Hasell asked one woman they found far back in the Algoma country.

"No, and neither have I," was the reply. "I think it's hereditary!"

Annual examination papers too show astonishing interpretations and one that always delights Miss Hasell is the answer a little boy gave to the question—"How was St. Paul converted?"

"By the Sunday School by Post!"

Returning to Canada their zeal heightened—if such could be possible—the van-workers plunged into their work of getting the old vans out of winter-storage and contacting the drivers and teachers for by 1944 the little idea—the solitary van on its trial trip over the prairies—had expanded to something like an organization with 24 caravans and 48 workers covering the Dominion from Vancouver Island to Prince Edward Island, with an enrollment of more than 60,000 children!

"There's a fine balance about life in the long run," Miss Hasell says. "So often during the war-years we met young soldiers from Canada who told us that the only religious teaching they had ever received was from us, and how grateful they were for it. Then too many of these young boys we had only a few years ago linked by correspondence with friends in Scotland and England and now the Canadians were visit-



The mission van and workers in Alberta. Left: Iris Sayles. Right: F. H. Eva Hasell, M.B.E., founder and organizer.

in 10,000 square miles and only one Anglican Church. At Cherry Point, an isolated little settlement nearly 100 miles from a doctor, the settlers begged Miss Hasell to find them a nurse. She purchased a small cabin and outfitted it to accommodate a year-round worker to hold services and Sunday school, and a nurse to attend to the physical needs of the 100 children and their parents. The girls who so valiantly undertook this great responsibility, Audrey Keillar, the teacher, and Doris Kenny, the nurse, both accomplished innumerable acts of courage during those first trying years. Doris handled some very serious cases and once in 40 below zero weather took a sick woman by sled up and down dangerous hills 50 miles to a doctor. On more than one occasion she rode with an ill child in her arms on horseback the same distance.

After four summer months spent locating lonely children and putting them in touch with the Church, Miss Hasell and her companion returned to England for the remainder of the year where they gave lectures all over the British Isles and in this way raised funds for their work. For more caravans and more voluntary workers were needed if all the isolated families in Canada were to be reached. The Church could not maintain clergymen in these remote settlements yet it recognized

Queen's household, and in this connection there is a pathetic yet happy little tale.

On one of the van-workers' trips into the bush-country of northern Ontario they had found a family in great distress after the father had been committed to 15 years' imprisonment. The mother and the children, quite apart from their stark poverty, were badly depressed by the heinous nature of the crime and in need of comfort. With the enrollment of the children and the generosity of city-friends whom Miss Hasell asked to send Christmas presents and to correspond with the mother, the sad group gradually found interests to take their minds off their own tragedy. Yet nothing bolstered their morale, nothing gave them such pride and happiness as their parcel of clothing from part of the Queen's donation!

IT was ten or eleven years after her initial visit to Regina where she had first thrilled to the endless fields of tall yellow grain rippling in the breeze that Miss Hasell was to drive through black dust-storms past miles of desolate, empty fields and deserted farmhouses. From Manitoba, Saskatchewan, southern Alberta and many parts of the United States the terrible drought years drove the farmers deeper and deeper into the fertile but unknown

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June Wedding

Advance preparations make an important day run smoothly and leave a happy memory

By RUTH MEREDITH

JUNE is regarded as the ideal month for a wedding. Starry eyed and sublimely happy the June bride is queen of the month. Because this period in her life will be a long treasured memory, everything should be as nearly perfect as possible. Weeks beforehand preparations have been made to make her wedding beautiful and memorable.

There are perplexing problems confronting the bride and her mother in preparing for a wedding. First of all the invitations have to be sent, and these should go on their way about three weeks before the wedding. For an informal wedding the invitations may be hand-written by the bride on ordinary sized stationery. The note may be formally written or informal depending on how well the bride knows the person to whom the invitation is being sent. All necessary information including the date, the time of the wedding, the place, the church, and the reception is given. The bride's mother may write an invitation to any guests who are older, or who are old friends of the family. The announcements, which go to those friends and relatives who do not receive an invitation, should be sent the day of the wedding or the day after.

Formal invitations are printed or engraved on fine paper and follow a definite pattern. They are always mailed in two envelopes with the address on the outside envelope only. The inner envelope may have the name of the person on it but no address.

When the day of days arrives and the wedding is to take place, the bride will be the centre of the whole exciting event. This is her day, and the most important one in her life, and for her everything must run smoothly.

TRADITION plays an important part in any wedding, especially if it is to be formal. The bride wears the traditional long white wedding dress with the veil. The gown may be in any white material which is suitable, and of any period or style which the bride herself desires. The dresses of the bridesmaids are chosen by the bride, and they are always dressed exactly alike as to texture of materials and the pattern, though the colors of their dresses may be different. The maid of honor's dress never matches the bridesmaid's exactly, though it is usually somewhat similar so as to harmonize with the entire wedding procession. Gloves which are kept on in the receiving line, are worn at the wedding.

The men present, including the bridegroom, ushers, and best man, all wear formal clothes, and are as alike as possible. Unless the wedding is very formal gloves are not worn by the men. The only difference in the dress of the men is that the bridegroom wears a more elaborate boutonniere. The boutonnieres for the ushers should be waiting in the vestibule of the church, and are put on as soon as they arrive.

Before a church wedding is to take place the bridesmaids meet at the bride's home where they are given their bouquets. The transportation is all arranged beforehand and there should be enough cars for the wedding party to be comfortably taken to the church. The first car contains the bride's mother and perhaps some of the bridesmaids, leaving room for the bride's father to return with her mother after the ceremony. In the following cars come the

bridesmaids, maid of honor, and the flower girl. The last car takes the bride and her father or nearest male relative to the church and will drive the newly married couple back to the reception.

The church should be decorated attractively with flowers, and it is a wise move to leave this important detail up to the florists. At the wedding rehearsal the night before, the wedding procedure will have been worked out so everyone will know his or her role. The minister will help out in this respect. When the couple go out to sign the register, there is generally a solo of some song chosen by the bride and groom. After the ceremony the wedding party proceeds back to the reception.

FOR the informal wedding a street length dress or suit is worn by the bride. A hat is also a must, and gloves may be worn or not according to individual preference. A conservative business suit is the thing for the groom and the men at an informal wedding, though no particular color should be stressed in ties or suits. Usually the bride has one attendant, though two is permissible at informal weddings. If she so desires she may enter the church from the vestry after the groom has taken his place, instead of making her entrance down the aisle. Even if the wedding is in the home and regardless of how informal it may be, the women all wear hats.

The question of when the pictures are to be taken often arises. Usually they are taken after the reception either in the home or out on the lawn, and just before the bride changes into her going away outfit. Sometimes the pictures of the bridesmaids, bride and other feminine members of the party may be taken a half hour before they leave for the church. The wedding pictures may also be taken right after the signing of the register at the church. Arrangements must be made beforehand with a photographer, and his advice should be followed.

For the bride who is going to be married at home, a few suggestions about the proper procedure to be followed may be welcomed. It is a wise move to take all unnecessary furniture from the rooms to be used, so the guests will not have to crowd around it and be uncomfortable. Overdecorating the house is not necessary as simplicity is far more becoming. Instead of fixing up an elaborate altar have an attractive bank of flowers and ferns. They will be just as effective and much less trouble. Place this bank of flowers at the far end of the living room. At one end of the dining room place the wedding table where the guests will be served later.

A room should be reserved upstairs for the bride and her attendants to use, and where the wedding finery may be kept. The groom, best man, and ushers

Turn to page 83

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NOW DISCOVERED!—the best, most successful method ever for cleaning the cream separator! With Dreft—Procter & Gamble's amazing wetting agent—it takes only 2 minutes...twice a day—that's one-third the time taken by old, tedious methods. No hard brushing—no scouring, are necessary—because Dreft's amazing action dissolves greasy scum and floats away the heavy film coating of milk. Milkstone, too, is dissolved away—and Dreft helps prevent new milkstone from forming.

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Summer Salads



Cucumbers, gelatin, and cottage cheese combine in a cool salad.

Tempting and refreshing salads are important to summer meals

Veal Salad

2 c. cold veal, diced
1 c. diced string beans or celery, or equal parts of each
6 hard-cooked eggs
1/2 tsp. salt
Paprika
Few grains pepper
4 T. salad oil
1 1/2 T. vinegar
3 tomatoes
1 small package of cream cheese
Mayonnaise
Parsley
Lettuce

Chop the eggs rather coarsely, and combine them with the veal, string beans, oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Let stand thirty minutes to marinate. Then add mayonnaise to moisten. Arrange the salad in a mound on a large round platter, cover with mayonnaise, border with lettuce, and surround with the

tomatoes sliced and overlapping. Garnish with the cream cheese formed into balls and dusted with paprika, and a bit of parsley.

June Salad

Cooked asparagus stalks	finely minced parsley
Cooked green peas	French dressing
Cooked diced carrots	Mayonnaise
	Lettuce

Arrange the lettuce on a salad plate. Radiate asparagus stalks towards the edges, leaving a space in the centre for a mound of the green peas. Surround with a ring of the diced carrots. Sprinkle carefully with the French dressing, pipe thick mayonnaise in rings around both vegetables, and put a whirl in the centre, in which stands a few small leaves of white lettuce. Sprinkle carrots with minced parsley.

Banana and Celery Salad

6 small bananas	Lettuce
6 T. peanut butter	1/4 c. mayonnaise
6 large sticks celery	

Stuff the cleaned celery sticks with the peanut butter and then cut into small pieces. Arrange on beds of lettuce with the bananas either sliced or diced. Serve with mayonnaise. Whipped cream may be added to the dressing if desired.

Pear Salad

6 halves pears, fresh or canned	1 c. celery, diced
1/2 c. chopped walnut meats	1 c. cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise
4 T. grated yellow cheese	1 c. whipped cream
	Lettuce

Blend the salad dressing and whipped cream; add the walnuts and celery. Arrange the lettuce leaves on salad plates. Place a pear half, cavity side up, on each plate and fill generously with the salad mixture. Sprinkle with the grated yellow cheese.

Cucumber Pear Aspic (Illustration)

1 T. granulated gelatin	2 T. vinegar
1/4 c. cold water	1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 c. boiling water	1 c. drained, diced cucumbers
1 c. ice-water	1 c. diced canned pears
1/2 c. sugar	
1/2 c. lemon juice	

Soak gelatin in cold water until soft. Add to boiling water and stir over hot water until thoroughly dissolved. Add sugar and stir till dissolved. Remove from heat. Add remaining water and lemon juice and mix thoroughly. Add vinegar and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Season cucumber with 1/4 teaspoon salt; add pears. Fold into slightly thickened gelatin. Turn into ring mold which has been dipped in cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold. Fill centre with cottage cheese. Garnish with slices of cucumber and crisp lettuce.

Salmon and Cabbage Salad

3 1/2 c. cabbage, shredded	1 1/2 T. lemon juice
1 lb. can salmon or other fish, broken into pieces—or 2 c. cooked fresh fish	1 1/2 tsp. salt
2/3 c. celery, diced	1/4 tsp. pepper
1 1/2 c. finely minced onion	3/4 c. sour cream, whipped
	4 T. mayonnaise
	1/4 c. fine granulated sugar

Into the salad bowl put cabbage, fish, celery, onion and seasonings. Make sour cream mayonnaise: Fold 3/4 c. sour cream (whipped), 4 T. sugar and 1 1/2 T. lemon juice into mayonnaise. Add to cabbage mixture. Toss well. Garnish with parsley, if desired. Chill. Yield: 6 servings.

4 OUT OF 5 PRIZE WINNERS USE Robin Hood Flour



HERE'S A TREAT!

Ever try Robin Hood Apple Oat Bread? What a flavor . . . really a new flavor in bread. So fine in texture . . . so rich, yet easy to digest! But — better still — did you ever try it with a good old-fashioned pot of home-baked beans? That's when you'll like it best . . . and how much better the beans will taste, too!

It's a natural combination — Apple Oat Bread and baked beans.

And here's another natural combination — Robin Hood Flour and successful baking. They go together!

It's a fact, and one you'll want to remember for all your baking . . . because 4 out of 5 prize winners use Robin Hood Flour.

ACTUAL RECORD OF HOME-BAKING CONTESTS*

Of 10,617 First Prizes awarded . . . 8,850 were won by women using Robin Hood Flour.

Of 10,617 Second Prizes awarded . . . 8,198 were won by women using Robin Hood Flour.

*Records of proof available for inspection.

Prize Winner Has Used Robin Hood for 30 Years

Mrs. Selina Wilson, living near Ochre River, Man., keeps her husband and two children happy with her delicious baking.

She also finds time to win prizes for home baking, her most recent success being at the Dauphin Fair, where she was awarded two Firsts . . . one for bread and one for shortbread.

And of course, like 4 out of 5 other prize winners throughout Canada, Mrs. Wilson uses Robin Hood Flour. She says:

"I have used Robin Hood Flour for all my baking for about 30 years . . . and naturally, because of the excellent results I have always obtained, I will continue to do so."

"I know Robin Hood's dependable quality helped me win those two First Prizes at Dauphin, just as it helps me turn out better bread, cakes and pastry for my home."

"In my opinion, Robin Hood is definitely the best flour!"



ROBIN HOOD APPLE OAT BREAD

2 cups sifted Robin Hood Flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup granulated sugar

⅓ cup Robin Hood Oats
1 egg, well-beaten
¾ cup sour milk
1 cup finely grated raw apple
3 tablespoons melted butter or shortening

- Grease an 8 x 5 x 3 inch loaf tin thoroughly.
- Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt into mixing bowl. Add sugar and oats and mix well.
- Combine sour milk, beaten egg, apple and melted butter or shortening and add to dry ingredients, stirring just enough to blend.
- Turn into prepared tin and let stand for 20 minutes.
- Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.
- Bake at 350 degrees F. for 1 hour. Bake in centre of oven on middle rack.
- Turn out on wire rack and allow to cool for several hours before slicing.

NOTE: This bread is also delicious when served with cheese. If spicy flavor is desired, add ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and ½ teaspoon cinnamon to dry ingredients.

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And these crisp, toasty flakes with their malty-rich, delightfully different flavor, bring you added wheat nourishment, too, because they are made with other parts of wheat.

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Post's
BRAN FLAKES
A Product of General Foods

SHE BLAZED THE ALCAN

Continued from page 78

ing these friends and helping them to defend their homes."

Earnestly Miss Hasell goes on. "Our work of religious teaching and distribution of Sunday school literature, the visiting of lonely homes, the taking of services where there are none and looking after the sick and poor is far more vital today than when I started the work more than twenty-five years ago. Thousands of young men are bringing back brides from overseas and the majority of them will go into the sort of lonely places we know. These inexperienced girls will need our help with their own children. We never, never again want to find a woman who can say—'In the thirty years I have lived here (northern Ontario) no clergyman of any faith has ever visited this district.' Or to find another mother who born in the bush-country received all her secular education by mail and said that she had never seen a Bible. She was overjoyed at the prospect of enrolling her little girl in the Sunday School by Post because then she too, the mother, could learn about God!"

No wonder that every new trail into the bush is an invitation and a challenge, and who can tell what companion-starved child, what work and worry-weary mother the workers will find? There was one unforgettable morning, Thanksgiving Day to be exact, when a foot-trail led Miss Hasell and Miss Sayles to the humble hut of a woman recently deserted by her husband because he could no longer endure the loneliness and the futility of trying to make a living off their stony land. The mother said yes, she would be most happy to have her five boys on the Post, and after her chores about the farm she would try to help them with the lessons. They were very bright children and their hearing perfect—it was just that they were all speechless—dumb. For sheer desolation this woman's existence would be difficult to equal. This clearly was a case for provincial assistance and spurred on by Miss Hasell's constant reminders it arrived.

It is often while revisiting lonely families that the workers first learn of some calamity or tragedy which has struck—a little member of the Sunday School by Post died just before Christmas and although her father walked many miles no one could be found to take the simple burial service. A woman, thirty-five miles from the doctor, died giving birth to her tenth child and through Miss Hasell arrangements must be made to have the bewildered children taken out to foster-homes or reliable institutions.

These return visits are often made under more trying circumstances than the original call as this excerpt from Miss Hasell's report reads—"After leaving Cherry Point we went one hundred miles to the Sturgeon Lake country. The bush fires were so bad that for days we did not see the sun and were choked by the smoke. We saw Bobby and Lloyd, the two paralyzed boys whom we had been looking after for six years. The two wheelchairs which we managed to obtain for them were a great help especially as both brothers have now lost the use of their legs and Bobby also of his arms. They and their mother were so grateful for the books and clothes so many people have sent them."

Although in recent years transportation problems for the van-workers have greatly improved—particularly through the opening of the Trans-Canada highway in Ontario and the Alaska highway

in northern Alberta, conditions for the people living in these thinly populated districts remain about the same. Not all the isolated families live miles from the railway either. Some of the loneliest people in Canada are the wives and children of sectionmen—those railway employees who keep the tracks in good repair and live in little red houses within sight and sound and the vibration of many passenger trains but who seldom have an opportunity to meet or talk with anyone outside of their own household. These children too have learned to watch along the railway-track for the familiar khaki-clad figures laden with book-filled knapsacks for no road connects these section-houses with other homes—their highway is only the tracks, and must be travelled by foot with an alert ear for fast trains rushing through the rock-cuts and over the narrow trestles.

Since the beginning of the war and even now in peacetime the churches in most small settlements have had to close because of lack of clergymen. This is an alarming condition when public schools in the same districts remain unopened through a dearth of teachers. Here the younger generation—those who will have Canada's welfare in their grasp within a few years—are deprived of all education. No, not quite all. Subversive literature is mailed and distributed free in the backwoods communities where police vigilance is easier to dodge than in larger towns, and as young people must read something they will avidly absorb these distorted and harmful facts. The government is aware that the only way to counteract such unhealthy influence is by the distribution of Christian and other good literature, and Miss Hasell's work has had the full support of the former governor-general, the Earl of Athlone, and the R.C.M.P. During her stay in the Dominion the Princess Alice graciously lent her patronage to the Sunday School Caravan Mission, and among others who have heard Miss Hasell's lectures and given their full endorsement are Lady Halifax and Mrs. Roosevelt.

At the time of the Royal visit both the King and Queen inspected a caravan at Regina—the St. Margaret, donated by the people of Scotland. While the Queen engaged Miss Hasell in conversation the King asked Iris Sayles if they carried fire-arms on their lonely trips into unknown territory. "No," she replied. "But we have an axe!"

The Queen presented Miss Hasell with a signed photograph of herself and the Princesses. "Pin this up in the caravan and tell the lonely families you visit how sorry the King and I are not to be able to see them, but say we are thinking of them all." And her parting words were—"I am so glad that you have started this work."

When asked if she is not ready to retire after more than twenty-five years of such strenuous work and service Miss Hasell is aghast. "Retire when there is still so much work to be done! Impossible! We need more and more workers if we are to reach all the little lonely children waiting to learn about God and the fundamental truths of Christianity. More than ever the children of the world need religion and we must be keener than those who spread evil."

In the Peace River district she is proudly remembered as the first white woman to blaze the trail for what became North America's most famous highway. In the Keewatin district she has the reputation of getting government assistance to dire cases faster than any other medium. In the Qu'Appelle region they speak of her as their mainstay and great life-saver during the drought years. Yet behind the thousands of miles by van, boat, horse and by foot—behind the annual lectures, over the hundred mark, given to raise funds for her work—lies the real secret of Miss Hasell's energy and determina-

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Miss Kenway, displaying worn-out shoes after an eight mile walk down the railway track.

JUNE WEDDING

Continued from page 79

must not be forgotten either, and they should also have a room in which to get ready. Provide a closet or room downstairs for the guests to place their coats and wraps as they arrive.

Whatever form of music decided upon, whether it be a piano, a quartet of instruments, or something else, have it placed out of the sight of the ceremony. It will be more impressive this way, and takes up none of the vital space.

The ceremony goes as follows. The guests are shown into the living room by the ushers, the bride's friends on the right and the bridegroom's on the left side of the minister. The bride's mother is shown to the front last of all.

Next the minister enters followed by the groom and best man, and they take their place at the altar. The ushers then clear an aisle for the bridesmaids and the bride on the right arm of her father. When the bride and her attendants arrive at the altar the guests may fill up the aisle cleared for the bridal party.

The actual ceremony takes place with the bride and bridesmaids on the right of the minister and the groom and best man on the left. The bride's father, after stepping forward to give the bride away, moves back with the bride's mother.

Next comes the signing of the register. Only the minister, bride and groom, bridesmaid and best man will go out. When they return her parents, then his, will come forward, and receive right where the ceremony took place. When this is done the bride and groom will go into the dining room and cut the cake, and then the food is served.

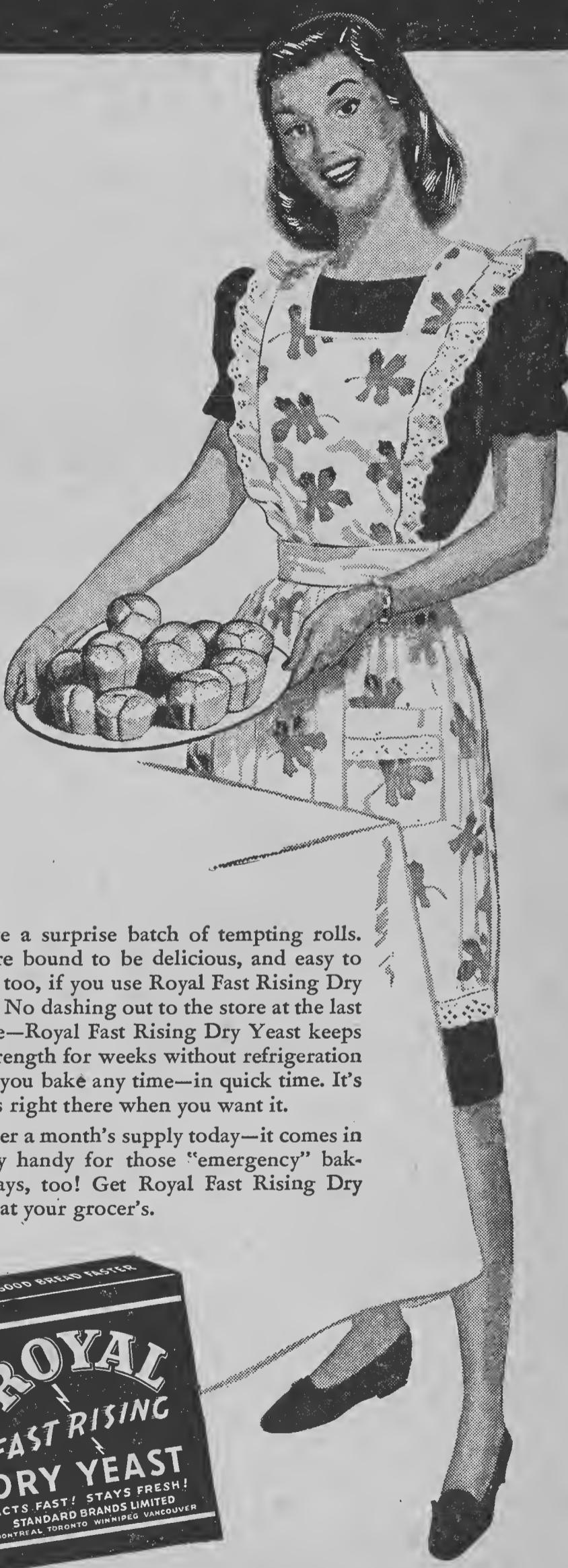
It is sometimes customary for the bridal party to go to a dance in honor of the occasion, unless the bride and groom have train reservations which prevent this. It is also the custom for the bride and groom to leave right after the reception on their honeymoon, and they are sent on their joyous way under a cloud of confetti and good wishes from all their friends and relatives.

A simple and effective way of renewing embroidery transfers is to trace over the design with an ordinary blue marking pencil. Press with a hot iron in the usual way, and the design will come out as clear as when new.—MRS. H. B. L., Alta.

tion. The will to be "keener than those who spread evil." And with such a courageous champion of their spiritual and physical rights, the backwoods children of Canada should emerge strong in faith and character.



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MADE IN CANADA

In England Now

Life today recalls friends of yesterday and our great inheritance

By JOAN M. FAWCETT

Saturday, May 3rd, 1947. I wrote to a friend in Canada today. During the war she and her husband, who was an officer in the R.A.F., were billeted in my father's house. I was living there with my children then and we got to know each other pretty well. She has been back in Canada now for well over a year. I said:

"It was wonderful to get your letter the other day and to know that Jim was settled in a job that he really likes. I still can't picture him in anything but airforce blue; it is as if he belonged only to the wartime world for me. I suppose it is because I never knew you before it happened. I expect you can't picture us in England without a war, very easily. We have got a house of our own again now and although it is in bad repair it is lovely to have a home of your own, with all your own things about. We are trying to grow food—still the main pre-occupation, you see. We grow vegetables and some fruit and a few flowers. We can't have more than a dozen fowl just for ourselves because you can't get a permit to get food for greater numbers unless you were keeping fowl on a big scale before the war.

"Father's house, now that we have left with the children, and you too have gone, and the sergeant and his wife and baby, has returned to its pre-war calm, except of course there aren't the servants there used to be. My sister left the Red Cross some time ago and is back home to live with him. They have an old cook and a young girl out of the village. The room you had as a bedroom is the maids' sitting-room again, although the hanging cupboard you rigged up in the corner is still there and always will be I expect. Father uses your sitting-room in the winter, as there isn't enough coal to heat the drawing-room except for Christmas Day or when anyone is staying. The nursery has been re-papered to remove the wear and tear of six years of occupation by three babies and is once again a rather chilly, clean, spare bedroom. When I go back the house seems very quiet and tidy but the stair carpets are still worn thin where we all did so much running up and down during those busy years. I often think of those moments of crisis, do you?, when you wanted to cook and so did Nannie, and the sergeant's baby cried and mine shouted.

"The aerodrome that you knew so well, around which your life really revolved that summer, is empty now; not a soul moves between the huts and the great hangars are empty of everything but spiders and beetles. Some of the grass between the runways has been ploughed up and is growing vegetables, other stretches have been wired off to graze sheep. But no permanent plan seems to have been worked out for it yet. I heard a rumor that the men's quarters were to be used as temporary houses. We are, you see, very short of homes but so far I don't think anything has been done. The little old village itself is very quiet without the roaring engines and the queues of noisy R.A.F. girls and men waiting for the buses. And now, of course, there are no aeroplanes at night or coming back in the early morning. You used to count them, I know, and then wait for the missing one or two.

"Write again and let me know all that you are doing. I should love to come to Canada to stay with you. I think it would do us all good here just to get away for a while; as a country, we need a change."

Sunday, May 4th, 1947. I have just read an article in the Sunday paper, by a man who spent February and March in Canada and America, in which

he complains bitterly that no good news is coming out of Britain. The friends of Britain in the west, he says, who must rely on the printed word for advice, see only a darkening picture of national exhaustion, of increasing austerity and of industrial difficulties. Instead they ought to be told how new life and vigor are stirring here in spite of those difficulties. I feel horribly conscious that I am one of the culprits, but it is fatally easy when you have found a willing audience to pour out your troubles. You see, nobody here wants to hear them for they have experienced just the same things themselves. But from now on I am resolved to call a halt to complaining and "concentrate upon what is fresh and intelligent and alive in Britain," and leave the bad news to look after itself.

And when I look over the scene of Britain today for that which is fresh, intelligent and alive, I see at once the young people of what used to be the leisured classes in England. It is a very different scene from that which succeeded the last war; today there is none of the hysterical thirst for gaiety and excitement that was so much a part of the early 1920's; no Bright Young Things, no bottle parties, in fact, nothing extravagant—no Eton crops, no long cigarette holders, no very short skirts or loud voices. They must have suffered as much and seen as many of their young friends killed and yet they are sane and balanced; full of vigor, but not aggressively boisterous. They have missed the big balls, the royal courts, the pre-war race meetings and other sports, but they enjoy the smaller pleasures that come their way and do not complain. Most of the girls, if they had left school in time, enlisted in one of the services; now they are still anxious to do a job of work; they are not used to being idle and see no reason why they should be. They cannot spend the time and money on their clothes that was once the way, for coupons won't run to many garments, and hats are so expensive and silly that to a large extent they still go bareheaded. And another difference that you notice vividly, is that these young people are proud and happy to have a house and children of their own soon after they are married, even if they stand very little chance of getting adequate help. They are natural, healthy, clear-eyed, sane-minded people who promise well for the future of this country.

Monday, May 5th, 1947. Because it was a perfect day—great white clouds racing across a blue sky and the cuckoo calling—I took the children this afternoon to see Roche Abbey. It is an ancient silver grey ruin of a Cistercian monastery tucked away deep in a small wooded valley beside a quick-flowing stream. I had been there often in my own childhood, but never since. It was more beautiful than I remembered. The wild daffodils were out beneath the trees and the new beech leaves were a brilliant green. It is just eight hundred years ago this July since twelve monks in dusty white Cistercian habits came here in their search for a suitable place, quiet and peaceful, in which to found a new monastery. I wondered if July 1147 looked at all like 1947. When you see a place like this, you love England without hesitation and know that you would not belong to any other history or want any other inheritance in spite of the harshness that sometimes goes with it. For when the hard things become too much, you can always step aside into the pool of history and be lapped awhile in the healing peace of a still living past.

Care of Grooming Aids

The right accessory for the job at hand, given the proper care, will help in every beauty program

By LORETTA MILLER



A good handbrush is a necessary aid.

THE care you give your beauty aids and accessories will be reflected in the way they serve you!

Clean combs and brushes are essential aids in ridding the scalp of dandruff and oiliness and in keeping the hair lustrous. Scrupulous rouge and powder puffs go far toward overcoming blemished skin, oiliness and enlarged pores. Choose your beauty helpers carefully, seeing that you have exactly the right accessory for the job, then take care of them if you want to put them to work for your better looks.

If the hair is shampooed every week, it is well to wash combs and brushes at the same time. But if you shampoo your hair only every two or three weeks, by all means see that your comb and brush are washed weekly. Clean hairdressing aids will help eliminate soil and oil and go far in checking dandruff. As a further step toward ridding the scalp of dandruff, it is vitally important that your hat-band, comb, brush, curlers, and everything that touches your hair and scalp be washed every day. Of course this special precaution is only to be taken in case of severe dandruff.

To clean your brush and comb: To a basin of moderately hot water add soap powder or flakes and a little household ammonia. Whisk the soap to a good lather, then douse the brush up and down. Use either the hairbrush or a handbrush for cleaning the teeth of the comb and, at the same time, letting the teeth of the comb aid in cleaning the brush. If soil and oil persist in clinging to the brush, let it soak in the water for half an hour or so. However, if the brush is washed each week, or oftener, the chances are it will not need such a drastic washing method. Finally rinse all soap from the brush and comb. Pat the comb dry, but place the brush on its side to dry. If possible dry your brush in the sun, or open air. If dried in the sun, remove it after an hour or so to prevent the heat of the sun from drying out the natural oil.

Be sure to place the brush on its side to dry! I repeat that because it is important. If the brush is placed on its back, the water will seep down to the "roots" of the bristles, causing them to loosen and fall out. And if the brush is placed on its face, or bristles, to dry, it is likely to weaken the bristles. Also, if the brush has genuine boar bristles, the weight of the brush on moistened bristles may have a tendency to weaken them.

The three other brushes . . . handbrush, toothbrush and complexion brush, should not be forgotten. Because of the shorter bristles of the hand brush, it isn't necessary to place such a

brush on its side. Letting it stand on its bristles will not prove the least bit harmful to this important grooming aid. However, it is not advisable to let the brush remain in a basin of water for long periods. Let me suggest that a little hook be placed on the end of a wooden handbrush so that it may be hung up to dry. Or, if the brush has a plastic back, shake as much water as possible from the brush, then let it dry naturally. Toothbrushes should be thoroughly rinsed each time they are used. This will prevent a gathering of dentifrice at the base of the bristles. Complexion brushes, once again available, should be rinsed in lukewarm water and placed on their side to dry.

Every successful skin-care routine calls for the use of clean washcloth and towel. To be sure, the washcloth can be rinsed out in clear water each time it is used, but this is not always enough. As often as possible, wash it well, then hang it in the sun or breeze to dry. An occasional boiling with a little ammonia or other washing fluid will do much to keep your facial cleansing cloth clean.

Powder and rouge puffs, whether on your dressing table, tucked into a bureau drawer or in your compact, should be clean. Puffs are very personal items, and because they are sometimes used long after the skin has been cleansed, they are likely to become easily soiled. This is especially true of those of you with oily skin. Follow these suggestions for washing powder and rouge puffs: First shake as much powder and rouge from the puffs as you can. Then use warm soapy water, into which a little ammonia has been added, for washing the puffs. Swish the puffs around or rub them between your hands or on a board until they are clean. Finally rinse them in clean water and hang them in the sun.

Most inferior brushes today have bristles that are either dried or split and which have sharp or jagged points. Such a brush may be inexpensive, but it will last only a short time and will not even serve well during its short life. The sharp ends will soon irritate the scalp and will not have the polishing effect that well shaped bristles have on the hair.

When buying a hairbrush, choose one with gently rounded bristles. The constant contact of such bristles on the scalp will prove stimulating. Because of the durability of good nylon bristles, they are in great demand and certainly wear well. Genuine boar bristles, hard to get during the war years, are once again available and some of you may prefer such a brush.

A comb with rounded teeth instead of sharp points is preferred. Whether a fine or coarse toothed comb is used, whether large or small, and with or without the so-called rat-tail or curling end, is also a matter for the individual to decide. Of course if you have a head of long, heavy hair, you will choose a comb with widely spaced and heavy teeth.

If you use a complexion brush for giving your facial skin its daily scrubbing, you'll naturally select a brush with rounded bristles. The day after day use of a brush with sharp bristles would prove damaging even to the hardest complexion.

The majority of manufacturers of toothbrushes use nylon bristles with rounded ends. It has been proved that nylon takes kindlier to moisture without going limp and stands up under ordinary usage better than boar bristles.



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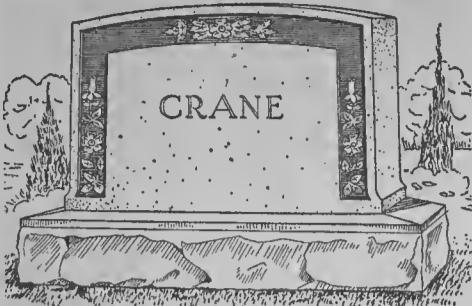


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FRESH rhubarb from the garden is one of the treats for the table in the early summer days. Young and tender stalks are particularly good for a tart flavor and attractive pink color. In order to keep its popularity during the summer when it is available, rhubarb may be served in a wide variety of ways. Serve it stewed, in pies or tarts, baked or steamed sauce, or combined with other fruits as in a jellied mold or fruit salad. Rhubarb shortcake is a tempting dish and one which is almost as good as the favorite strawberry shortcake.

While there is a plentiful supply of rhubarb it is wise to put away some for the winter months. If short on sugar, can the rhubarb without and mark on the label "no sugar" to identify it. This unsweetened rhubarb may then be used for pies and tarts and other recipes later when the sugar ration is better able to stand the loss.

Rhubarb Betty

3 c. rhubarb cut in 1-inch pieces	Grated rind of 1 orange
3/4 c. sugar	2 c. soft breadcrumbs
	2 T. butter

Melt butter, add crumbs. Mix orange rind with sugar. Put $\frac{1}{4}$ of crumbs in bottom of casserole dish. Add 1 c. rhubarb, then $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar. Repeat twice, ending with crumbs. Cover, bake in a 425 degree oven for 45 minutes. Remove cover and brown crumbs. Serve hot, with cream, if desired.

Rhubarb Shortcake

4 c. rhubarb	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. water
$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar	

Put the rhubarb, sugar and water in a baking dish and bake in a rather slow oven until the rhubarb is tender. Cool. Make biscuits of the following:

2 c. flour	2 T. sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. shortening	3 tsp. baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ c. milk

Mix as for tea biscuits and cut with a large biscuit cutter, or cut in squares with a knife. Bake in a quick oven, split and butter generously, put rhubarb between and on top. Put a spoonful of sweetened whipped cream on top and serve.

Rhubarb Pie

3 c. diced rhubarb	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
1 c. sugar	2 T. butter
2 T. flour	

Combine rhubarb, sugar, flour and salt. Fill pastry-lined pie pan, dot with butter and adjust top crust. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees Fahr.) 10 minutes, then in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) about 30 minutes. Makes one 9-inch pie. For variation use stripes of pastry, placed criss-cross, as top crust of pie.

Baked Rhubarb

4 c. rhubarb, cut in 1 or 2-inch pieces	1 c. sugar
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Prepare rhubarb. Mix with sugar and let stand one hour. Bake in a covered baking dish in moderate oven, or cook in top part of a double boiler until rhubarb is tender.

Rhubarb Scallop With Meringue

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rhubarb	2 T. powdered sugar
1 c. granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
Grated rind of 1 orange	1 small sponge cake
	2 egg whites

Wash and peel rhubarb and cut in 1-inch pieces; add sugar, orange rind and salt mixing well. Cut sponge cake in thin slices, line bottom of greased baking dish with 3 or 4 slices; cover with $\frac{1}{4}$ of rhubarb. Continue to make alternate layers of cake and fruit until material is used. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) for 30 minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff; add sugar slowly, beating until blended. Pile on baked pudding and bake 15 minutes longer, or until meringue is slightly browned.

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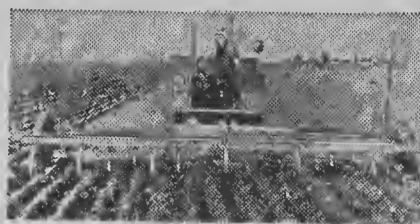


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**UNDER THE
PEACE TOWER**

Continued from page 13

Now then, as soon as Abbott was finished, the criticism began. There is no room to go into it all now, but the official opposition critic, James M. Macdonnell, of Muskoka-Ontario, complained that first of all, this budget, like others from the present government, was taxing the great middle class taxpayer out of existence. He described the middle class man as a man getting from \$3,000 to \$7,500, and he further designated them as "people who looked after themselves, and who never looked to the state for aid of any kind." It was a watered down version of the familiar Conservative argument, but many people felt it had some validity.

He also went after the government for failure to remove the nuisance taxes. These are the taxes on candy bars, pop, postage stamps, electricity, alarm clocks, wedding rings, furs, and so on. (In the case of jewelry and furs, they are not precisely nuisance taxes, they are luxury taxes, and no small item as any married man can testify!)

Opposition critic Macdonnell felt that all things considered, it didn't bring much relief, it left undone much that it ought to have done, and that it wasn't so good as a budget. Since it is the traditional role of an opposition critic to pull a budget to pieces, this speech has to be viewed in that light.

The C.C.F. failed to be impressed with the relief alleged to have been given in the lower brackets. It might seem on the face of it that the poorer man was getting a real break in the income tax reductions. But the C.C.F. produced figures to show that the cost of living had gone up so much that the rising cost of the things the average man had to buy completely nullified income tax gains. The government might better have given him complete relief from taxation, said the Commonwealth Co-operative Federation, and let pay those who have the money. Thanks for nothing, said some C.C.F.ers.

Another complaint was that controls were valuable, in fact, indispensable, and that the Liberals had been stampeded by the Conservatives. They felt that another quarrel therefore with the budget was that it did not take into consideration the retention of controls, and this capitulating to Tory pressure should not be condoned.

The Liberals themselves of course were very gleeful about the budget.

They felt that this was the answer to everything. Later, as the opposition parties' oratory began to flow, they said they were surer than ever they were right. The Conservatives wanted more relief for men in the higher brackets, the C.C.F. wanted more relief for men in the lower brackets, and the Liberals felt, on balance, that they had just about steered right down the middle.

At this moment, the government might have done more, one way or another. But first, the rehabilitation programs of the returned men are not complete. This costs a lot of money. Department of Veterans' Affairs is liquidating itself fast, but it cannot dissolve itself down to economic limits for a while yet. The rapidly disappearing Reconstruction Department is going fast too, and when it goes, there will be moneys saved.

But the tax paying public often overlooks this; they overlook that social services are here to stay. The baby bonus is going to be with us for ever and ever, in some form or other. We shall have to bring more aid to our old people. Our old age pensions by modern standards are a pittance, a disgrace. Now it is all very well for all of us to condemn these, but if we want decent pensions, we've got to pay for them. The same is true for hospital aid, for indigence at whatever age, for many other things. We cannot let people go hungry or be sick. It is no crime to grow old. We can and must take care of these people. But let it be realized by the taxpayer that there is just one set of taxpayers, and he's part of that set. Therefore, he cannot clamor for lower taxes out of one side of his mouth, and clamor for more government help out of the other.

All in all then, this seems to have been about as far as the government could go, having in mind its commitments, keeping before it the dead horses it had to pay for.

Lastly, I have seen a lot of budgets come and go. This one came in like a lamb, and if I am any judge of budget debates, this must have been one of the pleasantest pills any parliament had to swallow. I have seen the Commons torn apart after a budget. This time, the debate is dying on its feet. Except for some occasional outbursts, rare enough unfortunately, most of the time the whole Commons takes on the general aspects of a prayer meeting. You judge an earthquake by the disturbance it causes, and it is recorded by a wildly waving stylus, 5,000 miles away. Budgets are judged the same way. This budget doesn't seem to have disturbed anybody very much. All in all, from Sydney to Skeena, I'd say the people like it.



"What is your number again?"

The Country Boy and Girl

Rumors

By BARBARA AQUILA HIGH

"Winter is going," croaked the crow,
Winging sunshot air.

"It's gone, it's gone," the south wind
whooped,
And swept the prairie bare.

"Spring is coming," chanted the creek,
In voice both loud and clear.

The silver-stemmed anemone
Whispered, "Spring is here."

The Silly Goldfish

By MARY E. GRANNAN

ONCE there was a little goldfish, and he lived, like most goldfishes do, in a bowl. He had been a happy goldfish until one day the little brown turtle came to the bowl to live. The turtle had been everywhere. He, himself, said he had been everywhere. He told tales of many adventures.

"Once," said the turtle, "when I was on the sea shore, I saw a fish as big as a man, and he had a great big sword."

"What kind of a fish was he?" asked the little goldfish who had never seen anything except the seaweed in the goldfish bowl, and the people who stopped to look in at him.

"What kind of a fish was he?" repeated the turtle. "He was a swordfish, of course."

"Oh," said the little goldfish. "Then I suppose he was the biggest fish in the sea."

"Maybe," said the turtle. "But I saw something bigger in the sea. I think he was a fish, but I don't know. Anyway, he was as big as a house."

"Oh," said the little goldfish. "What was his name?"

"Whale," said the turtle. "He was a whale. And everybody in the sea ran when they saw him coming. He's the king of the sea, I guess," said the turtle.

The little goldfish sighed. "It must be nice to be big, and live in the sea." He sighed again. "I wish I was big and I wish I lived in the sea. Turtle, you seem to know everything. Do you know how I could get to be as big as a whale?"

"Sure," said the turtle. "Eat a lot. The more you eat, the bigger you'll get."

"But Jimmy . . . he's the little boy who feeds me . . . he just gives me a little bit to eat every day. I'll never get to be a whale on the food he puts in the bowl," said the little goldfish.

"Well, get out of the bowl then," said the turtle. "When I don't get enough to eat in a bowl, I just get out and find more."

"Yes," said the goldfish, "but you can walk. I can't."

"No, neither you can," said the turtle. "Well, I'll tell you. The next time I get out to go for a walk, you sit on my back. I know where the pantry is. There's lots of things to eat in the pantry. If you eat all the food there, you'll be as big as a whale in no time."

So the next day when Jimmy was changing the water in the goldfish bowl, the turtle winked at the goldfish. The goldfish scrambled up on the turtle's back and the turtle walked away with him.

Before they reached the pantry door, the little goldfish was struggling for breath. He found it hard to breathe outside of the bowl. He was trying so hard to get his breath that he did not see the housecat coming. But when the housecat saw the little goldfish, he gave a loud greedy meow . . . and he pounced on the fish. The turtle tried to chase the cat away. But he could not.

CLOSE your eyes—now just think—school will soon be out. Six weeks' to two months of holidays are ahead, birds' nests are to be looked into (not too often or the mother bird will leave the nest), flowers are everywhere for you to discover, and strawberries are to be found and brought home for a family treat! No wonder "June" is a magic month for boys and girls! The sun has warmed up the water in the "old swimmin' hole" and what is so refreshing as a splash after an afternoon of weeding in the garden? Then summer picnics come along and perhaps a camping trip or special family outing at a nearby lake—June is indeed a magic month!

Marbles and tops are very useful these days so we have sketched a new surprising kind of top for you to make. Use cardboard and trace a circle the same size as the one shown, with the smaller circle at the centre. Now divide the large circle and blacken one half, then draw black curved lines on the other half. Punch a hole in the centre and fit in a wooden peg which you have sharpened at one end for spinning the top. You will be surprised to find that when your top is spinning it will show many bright colors although you used only black and white.

Have you pansies growing in your garden? Have you noticed that pansies have no sweet scent like most other flowers? "Three Pretty Faces Under One Hood"—don't you think that is a suitable name for these velvety flowers with their happy mischievous faces?

firms the art department employs many artists who work under the direction of an art director. Try to get work with such a firm, even as a "man of all work," then when you see how this department operates ask for a chance to do some sketching for them. Keep on practising your drawing and if possible take a course in "advertising layout" at an art school.

Costume Designing—At one time most of the dress designers were women but today many of the top-notch designers are men. You must have an interest in materials and an ability to sketch. Training for this work is expensive but as an apprentice to a recognized designer you will learn the work well. More and more schools of design are opening in Canadian cities so it will not be necessary for you to go to the United States to take your course. Manufacturers of clothing are constantly on the lookout for young designers who can make it possible for them to manufacture the new styles profitably and easily. Men are especially interested in the designing of fur coats.

Industry—Yes, many artists are needed here to work out the shapes of the new automobiles so that they will be both beautiful and serviceable. Machinery of all kinds is designed by experts with an eye to the beauty of the finished machine. Even the shape of a can of sardines is an important fact when it comes to the number of tins that sell because of their attractive or unusual shape. In this work, art and a technical knowledge are needed.

Interior Decoration—Do you like to arrange the furniture in a pleasing way, and are you interested in the history of furniture? This work of interior decorating is best carried on when you are working with a large department store which offers to its customers the services of an interior decorator to advise people as to the most suitable furnishings and decorations for their homes. After you have become known for your work it would then be possible for you to open your own office and look after your own customers. A course in interior decoration is offered by most universities. Write the registrar of the university in your province for information.

Magazine illustrating, cover designing and calendars—Here we come to the overlapping of the terms commercial art and fine art. Magazine illustrating and calendar painting covers a field ranging from low-priced drawings by comparatively unknown and mediocre artists to paintings by the greatest artists and which often run into thousands of dollars. Somewhere in this wide field there may be a place for you, but bear in mind the competition is keen and the most rigorous training is required, beginning preferably with several years of study under a really good drawing instructor. In this field above all others your constant watchword must be: Observe! Think! Practise! That last is really the secret of success in any of the arts—practise constantly, and success will crown your efforts.

As a first step to illustrating it is not a bad idea to try to get work with an engraving house or printing firm. You will there learn how drawings are reproduced, and the mechanical side of layout preparation and also you will have the opportunity to see work by professional artists with which you can compare your own efforts. As in all professions or trades, your early school training is important. Good students make good business people.—A.T.

FIG. A.

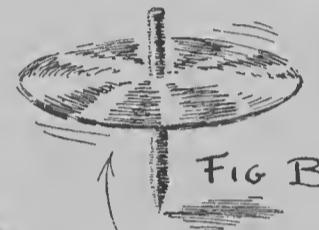


FIG. B.

DRAW A CIRCLE
ON HEAVY CARDBOARD
MAKE ONE HALF
BLACK AND MAKE
MARKS ON OTHER HALF
AS SHOWN PUT A
SHARP PEG THROUGH
HOLE IN CENTRE AND SPIN
THE TOP. THE BLACK AND
WHITE WILL CHANGE TO DIFFERENT COLORS.

"Meowwww," growled the housecat.
"Meowww."

Jimmy heard. Jimmy missed the goldfish. Jimmy ran to the pantry. "Oh . . . Oh you wicked cat. I just got here in time. Little goldfish, what on earth are you doing here?"

The little goldfish, trembling in fright, sobbed out his story. "I came to the pantry to get a lot to eat, so I would grow into a whale."

Jimmy roared with laughter. "Little goldfish, you could eat all the food in the world and you'd never be a whale. You're a goldfish. And the thing for you to do is to be glad you are a goldfish and be the very best goldfish that you can."

"Yes," sobbed the little fish. "I guess you're right. I've been very silly. After this I'll be happy."

And he was. Everytime anyone went by the goldfish bowl after that, he would stop to say, "Oh . . . see the happy goldfish. He's smiling at me."

Perhaps he was smiling at passers-by. Perhaps he was smiling because he was glad he was alive. I don't know. I do know he's never been a silly goldfish since that day.

A Riddle De Diddle

By AUDREY MCKIM

How soon can you guess what it is?

1. It has two kinds of legs—for jumping and walking.
2. Its ears may be found in the knees or back of the wings depending on the species.
3. It sings by rubbing its wings against its legs.
4. It has breathing holes along its sides.
5. Birds are its enemies.

Answer: A grasshopper.

What Do You Want To Be?

Have you thought of being an artist?

BRADLY speaking, art is grouped under two main headings: the fine arts, and commercial art. In actual practice the two terms overlap considerably, but as less than one in ten thousand has the genius, the perseverance and the luck which is required for success in the fine arts alone, we will in this article deal only with the commercial side.

Art is finding its way into many branches of industry so if you are interested in this line of work you will find opportunities to use your artistic ability, which will prove both profitable and interesting.

In architecture, you will get a chance to design homes, public buildings or large manufacturing plants. With today's housing shortage and the desire of cities to replace slum areas with clean, airy homes and apartment buildings, the young architect is an important person in the program. If you desire to go overseas, you will find work in helping to plan the rebuilding of the many bombed areas there. In considering architecture as a career, the desire to sketch and an interest in mechanics should indicate that here may be your life work. Your training? . . . Complete your high school grades and apply to enter university to take the four-year course in architecture.

Advertising—Here again the person with artistic ability is needed. The many attractive advertisements which you see in magazines and billboards have been worked out by artists. The advertisements must be eye catching and command attention. In large advertising

Ad. Index

Apart from giving Guide readers a ready reference to items advertised in this issue, the coupon below may be used to order literature, samples, etc., offered our readers, by our advertisers. Advertisers offering literature, samples, etc., are numbered at the left and these numbers should be used in the coupon. Where stamps, labels, etc., are required an "X" appears alongside the number. The ad. itself will tell you what to send.

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THE COUNTRY GUIDE, June, 1947
Winnipeg, Man.

From the items numbered 1 have selected the following in which I am interested in the literature, etc., offered.

Name _____

P.O. _____

Prov. _____

Numbers _____ Please print plainly.

Between Ourselves

I HAVE noted that several of your editorials are in favor of a "get tough with Russia" policy. During the last year of the war Russia was building planes faster than all the rest of the world. Do you think for one minute that Canada and the U.S.A. could send bomb laden planes to Moscow? I think, and you really do too, that the Russians would unload (atomic) bombs as near their starting point as possible. I don't think Winnipeg would be spared, even if The Guide is there.

I would like to see a policy among editors of more friendly relations with Russia. This would include the conclusion of trade agreements aimed at the prevention of unemployment and the export from Canada of the many commodities needed in Russia. Yours for democracy, Roy Addy, Alhambra, Alberta.

* * *

I HAVE just finished reading "Katrina and the Stampede" in your March issue. I liked it fine as far as a story of that sort goes, but why did the author mention the Peace River when she was picking out a river obstacle for her heroine to cross? Let me tell you that fording the Peace River with team and wagon just cannot be done, not at any place in its whole course, nor at any time of the year.—JAS. N. BOND, East Pine, B.C.

* * *

WE know for certain that R. D. Colquette's article on page 7 will meet with a mixed reception. Some western stockmen have snorted with disdain at the first sight of these Prince Edward Island Yorkshires. "Certain Ontario breeders tried to sell us that kind of pig 20 years ago and we wouldn't have 'em," is another comment we got. On the other hand the persuasive Frank Baker, who speaks for the packers, says they are good pigs and the West would be making a mistake to discount them. The verdict rests with the pig growers. At the present time The Guide isn't making any recommendations.

* * *

ALL the government fellows who are paid to boost dairying will be on our necks for publishing J. W. Gallenkamp's article on page 55 of this issue. Not even that fate, however, was enough to keep us from publishing the story because the cows we had to deal with possessed the same ornery habits as the author's. Like all good stories, his has to have a Hollywood ending and a moral—good equipment and management can take a lot of sting out of keeping milk cows. Out in Bashaw, Alta., where all the strange goings-on in his story occur, Mr. Gallenkamp says that three new milking machines have come into the community since he purchased his.

* * *

A SASKATCHEWAN farm woman gave The Country Guide directions for a mixture, which she has used successfully for cleaning and polishing furniture. Through error it was included in an article on washing windows in the May issue. There are many bottled "window cleaners" on the market today. Any of these or clear water with a little added liquid ammonia, or some of the new detergents are excellent for producing the desired sparkle to glass. Some housewives tell us that they use soap. If they do they are in for a lot of extra rubbing and

polishing as soap leaves a grey film that is hard to remove. But if any one tried the furniture cleaner on the windows by mistake, they may be wondering still how to get it off again. No one has yet written in about it so we still have great faith in the common sense of the farm housewife in knowing what is good for what.

* * *

GUIDE readers who were pleased with the two serials "My Friend Flicka" and "Thunderhead" will perk up at this bit of news. Mary O'Hara has produced a companion volume "Green Grass of Wyoming," first instalment of which will appear in the July Guide. Ken, the dreamy little boy who wanted his very own colt in My Friend Flicka, has grown into a sturdy, self-reliant youngster, eagerly probing the fascinating mysteries of the grown-ups' world. Ken is old enough now to have got himself into a love story. Clarence Tillenius is doing the drawings. Most of them feature range animals and there is no man in Canada who can do better justice to a beast.

* * *

ANOTHER old favorite to be heard from in the July issue is Kerry Wood, who writes of the small town stampedes that will take place all over his home province during that month. From Nanton to Sundre to Wainwright, and back to Pincher Creek, the names change but the pattern is the same. Albertans will recognize some of their local characters and the familiar buildup leading to the biggest event of the year.

* * *

MAYBE our American contemporaries could retaliate with similar stories about receptions they have met at the hands of Canadian restaurant keepers, but we reproduce herewith a story just as it came to us from Mrs. Albert Bruns, Lacombe, Alta.

One cold morning we stopped for an early breakfast at a small cafe in Wyoming. Here we found the two "chefs" rushing between the frozen water pipes and the sleepy eyed customers that awaited their ham and eggs. After a hectic half-hour which we found highly entertaining, if not filling, we were served a delicious, if impromptu breakfast. By this time we were bosom friends with Red and Charlie.

"So you're from Canada?" Charlie asked for the second time. "Hell, I'd never of known it. You speak English just as good as me and Red."

My husband explained that the French lived in the eastern part of Canada and that we did not know the language.

Later when Charlie was out of ear range Red snorted "Don't think we are all as ignorant about Canada as Charlie is. You can't use guys like him as a yardstick. Charlie's just naturally dumb."

He gave our little son a wink and a piece of chocolate candy. "Now I've always been interested in a huntin' trip to Canada so I've done a lot of readin' about it. I have an uncle in Halifax. Yep, great wheat country Canada."

We agreed.

"Where did you say you were from?" Wearily we repeated "Alberta."

"Alberta—Alberta." I could see that he was puzzled. He mused over it for a moment and then threw discretion to the winds. "Say, just what providence is that in, anyway?"

What's In This Issue
